Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/oldsailorsjollyb00olds_0

A. H. Sharp.

RUM
THE OLD JOLLY
SAILORS BOAT
Davey Jones his Locker
Robert Cruikshank

THE

OLD SAILOR'S JOLLY BOAT,

LADEN WITH

TALES, YARNS, SCRAPS, FRAGMENTS,

ETC. ETC.,

TO PLEASE ALL HANDS;

PULLED BY

WIT, FUN, HUMOR, AND PATHOS,

AND STEERED BY

M. H. BARKER.

LONDON:
W. STRANGE, 21, PATERNOSTER ROW.
ALLEN, NOTTINGHAM; ALLEN, LEICESTER.
1844.

PRINTED BY R. ALLEN, ALBION OFFICES, NOTTINGHAM.

PREFACE.

On May-day of last year the Jolly Boat was first launched upon the tide of popular favour—since then it has made twelve successful monthly cruises—and now the several reckonings are collected together, so as to form a Journal to excite the risible faculties, and to awaken human sympathy—sunshine and showers—a smile and a tear—a broad grin, and a look of commiseration—all calculated to harmonize the mind, and render man a friend to man.

Such has been the Editor's design: and he trusts that, together with the Artist, he has fully succeeded in his endeavours to gratify the Public. To the Friends who have assisted his efforts, and held on by the *sheets*, he begs to tender his grateful acknowledgments—we have all rowed in the same Boat—all pulled together—and though now separated, he trusts that it will not be long before every man has his oar again in the row-lock, and stretching out with a hearty good will.

THE OLD SAILOR.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

All Hail 41
Anecdotes 390
Anne of Munster (by S. M.) 101, 169, 209, 242, 295, 326, 377, 420, 434
April (by S. M.) 433
August (by S. M.) 121
Away, Tardy Sun (by J. W. T.) 100

Bacchus was a Gentleman (by J. W. T.) 25
Ballads, Sea (by the Old Sailor and his Son)..... 219, 285
Buccaneering, a Chapter on (by the Old Sailor) 91, 136

Calling the Watch (by the Old Sailor)..... 105
Captain Gardiner 151
China, a Piece of (by the Old Sailor) 26, 59, 112, 181, 255, 337, 367
Chrystmasse (by S. M.) 345
Climax (by M. H. B.) 80
Content (by S. M.) 34
Conundrums (by J. W. G.) 344
Crossing the Line (by the Old Sailor) 452

December (by S. M.) 273
Detraction (by M. H. B.) 168
Dick Fitton (by the Old Sailor) 13
Duke of Sussex and young Princess..... 40
Dying Sailor Boy (by L. M. S.) 163

Electioneering Lieutenant (by the Old Sailor) 265

February (by S. M.) 353

Greenwich Hospital (by the Old Sailor) 37, 67

Harry Paulet (by the Old Sailor) 153, 194, 234, 274, 314, 355, 394

Incident in Ireland (by S. N. B.) 348
Introduction 1
Invocation of the Dreamer (by L. M. S.) 336

Jack and his Prize Money 150
January (by S. M.)..... 313

PAGE

Jeanette Durand (by the Old Sailor) 4, 43, 82, 122
June (by S. M.) 41
July (by John Westby Gibson) 81

Macnamara Russell 39
March (by S. M.) 393
Mary (by M. H. B.) 90
May (by the Old Sailor) 3
Memories of Childhood (by John Westby Gibson) 253
Mother Carey's Chickens (by the Old Sailor) 451

Naval Gradations (by the Old Sailor) 163, 226, 346
Nelson (by the Old Sailor) 430
Norah O'Shee (by a Lady) 135
November (by S. M.) 233

October (by S. M.) 193
One—Two—Three—and Away (by M. H. B.) 390

Poor Will of the Nile (by W. Aspull) 55
Power of Conscience (by J. W. T.) 221
Preacher's Horse (by S. M.) 25
Pretenders to Genius (by M. H. B.) 34
Purser's Cheese (by W. A. B.) 287

Real Ghost Story (by a Captain in the Navy) 78
Recollections of Service (by a Marine Officer) 188, 263, 309
Ruling Passion 351

Sea Song (by Jack Junk) 192
September (by S. M.) 153
Ship's Ghost (by W. A. S.) 178
Song (by M. H. B.) 148
Song of the Broken Bough (by John Westby Gibson) 50
St. Loo and the Bostonians (by the Old Sailor) 146
Sweet Kate of Arno Vale (by S. M.) 232

Trinity Monday 120

Vastly Polite (by M. H. B.) 104

Wager by Battle (by the Old Sailor) 68
Where are the French 391
Wind Spell, set to Music 56
Woman (by L. M. S.) 262

Yarns for all Hands—Another Electioneerer (by the Old Sailor) 290

ENGRAVINGS.

NO.		PAGE
1.	An Unexpected Visitor	(to face) 450
2.	Attack on the Pontoon	217
3.	Bagging the Tartars	67
4.	Berrin at the Old Abbey	309
5.	Boatswain's Love Letter	32
6.	Boatswain's Wedding	377
7.	Calling the Watch	107
8.	Caught in a Squall	261
9.	Crossing the Line	455
10.	Death of Tim	389
11.	Dick Fitton and Davy Jones	20
12.	Election Spree	294
13.	Frontispiece (to face Title).	
14.	Go at him, Jack	54
15.	Hot Work in China	344
16.	Jack in Port with his Despatches	33
17.	Killing the Shark	186
18.	New Acquaintance	327
19.	Pontoon Hotel	177
20.	Raal Boys	253
21.	Saint Loo and the Bostonians	147
22.	Save me—save me	135
23.	Scattering the Enemy	199
24.	Widow's Babby	117

THE OLD SAILOR'S

"Jolly boat boys, away!"

NAVAL COMMAND.

INTRODUCTION.

NEED I apologise for launching my little bark upon the stream of Time, and inviting my kind friends, the Public, to take a cruise with me? No!—I feel there is no necessity for it—the remembrances of upwards of twenty years, in which I have enjoyed a full share of popular favour, induce me to believe that my desire to amuse and interest has hitherto been appreciated. At the same time, the breath of eager expectation fills my sails, and bears me on with flattering hope, that I shall still experience the generous patronage which has hitherto been extended to me Hurrah! then, for my JOLLY BOAT! Here I shove off—haul in the painter, and down with my *bow*.

Hurrah again!—stretch out bravely, my lads! Keep your hands and sculls in vigorous play, and never miss a single stroke that you can make tell. Once more hurrah! and pull heartily together, so that we may dance gallantly over the waters, though the sprays of human sympathy may sometimes darken the eyes. Our thwarts shall be merry thoughts, and our sheets, though *stern* sheets, shall provoke to laughter. What our cargo will be remains to be seen, but much of it will accord with the Yankee entry of "NOTIONS." There shall be no lack of "tough yarns," we have plenty of tale "blocks," and a few cases of "choice spirits" down in the "run"—portraits of smart beaux for ladies to wear in their hearts, and belles which gentlemen may ring when they please—pictures of life, past and present—rough and smooth—ups and downs—now a gale then a calm—fair winds in the morning and foul in the afternoon—pleasant breezes and sunshine at daylight, but frowning and squally at night. But avast! my old and worthy friend, Ned Duncan, sings an excellent song, which exactly suits my view of the thing; and though neither new nor original, yet pleading in extenuation the admirable sentiments conveyed, I am sure I shall be pardoned for closing my introduction with it here:—

SONG.

"OH! life is the ocean, and man is the boat,
That over its surface is destin'd to float;
And joy is a cargo so easily stor'd,
That he is a fool who takes sorrow on board.
We all have a taste of the ups and the downs,
As Fortune dispenses her smiles and her frowns:
But may we not hope, if she's frowning to-day,
That to-morrow she'll lend us the light of her ray.

"I would not that man without caution should steer,
'Mid the quicksands—the rocks—that encircle him here:
Be honour his compass—the needle his mind;
Let him keep to truth's course, and dull care leave behind;
There's plenty of sunshine, then why choose the shade,
Half the clouds that come o'er us our own fears have made;
We may go right a-head into joy's smiling bay!
Why run from our course to meet trouble half way.

"Would summer be priz'd for its fruits and its flowers.
If winter ne'er follow'd with storms, snow, and showers;
And do not the brightest of pleasures appear
Still brighter when checkered by moments of care?

I ask not for gold—are there virtues in wealth
So dear to the heart as contentment and health?
Oh! give me but these, nought can add to my store;
Without them—though riches are mine—I am poor."

Hurrah, then, for my JOLLY BOAT.—Off she goes.

THE OLD SAILOR.

TO MAY.

BEAUTIFUL month! thou art come once more,
Over the threshold of summer's door;
And we welcome thee forth, in thy bright array,
As dear to our hearts—sweet smiling May.
Earth blooms with delight in thy sun and showers,
As thou scatterest round thee a thousand flowers,
From which the breezes, with eager will,
In the silence of night their censers fill,
And swinging them round thy brow so fair,
With odorous incense fill the air;
Whilst nature exulting, in rich display,
Is calling thee "foster sister"—May.
I love to look in the calm clear night
At thy silver moon with its full orb'd light,
When the stars of heaven, like lamps on high,
Spangle the arch of the azure sky;
Whilst dazzling gems from their glist'ning beams
Sparkle and dance on the rippling streams.
And oh how dearly I love to feel
The glow from thy sun o'er my senses steal;
Filling the soul with a joyous mood
Of rich harmonious gratitude—
Lifting the spirit, with all its care,
To the blissful realms of praise and prayer,
Where angels worship, and prostrate fall,
Before HIS throne who created all.
I love the breath of thy gentle gales,
With perfum'd fragrance filling my sails,
Like winds from off the cinnamon isle,
That gladden the heart and make it smile;
Or light-wing'd zephyrs, that warmly blow
Over the groves where the spices grow;
And whilst I gaze on thy glorious mien,
Thy days so calm, and thy nights serene;
I sing with pleasure that swells my breast,
Of all the twelve months I love thee best! M. H. B.

JEANETTE DURAND.

A TRUE TALE OF TRAFALGAR.

"Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity."
SHAKSPERE.

"Twas in Trafalgar's Bay."
DEATH OF NELSON.

It was soon after the eventful period in the French Revolution, when the sanguinary monsters in power sacrificed every principle of religion on the altar reared by their own depravity and licentiousness, that the opulent city of Bruges decreed the sacred festival next approaching should be commemorated with the utmost pomp and magnificence, in honour of the great DEITY whose services had been desecrated and denounced by the Jacobins of Paris. And a truly splendid spectacle it was, as the procession, composed of several thousands of the inhabitants, proceeded to the Church of Notre Dame, to testify their adherence to the faith that was in them. There were the priesthood, in their gorgeous vestments, pouring forth their solemn chaunts, as they swung their golden censers to the breeze, dispensing a rich fragrance upon all around—there were the authorities of the city in their robes of office, with bands of music and flashing banners—there were the citizens, arrayed in their best attire, and redolent of nosegays—there was age and childhood—high and low—rich and poor; the craftsmen, with their costly emblems, and the guilds with their official staves—figures of the saints and martyrs, in perfect mimicry of life and death, drawn upon platformed carriages, tastefully decorated; and there were the English soldiery, mingled with those of Hanover, Belgium, and Prussia, in the varied uniforms of their country, in full military array, with colours and music to do honour to the occasion. But the most pleasing part of the long line of order was formed of two hundred young females, from the age of four years to sixteen, all dressed alike in white muslin, with long flowing sashes, and a chaplet of dwarf roses, on white satin, round the head. These had been selected from the most respectable families, and presented an assemblage of loveliness that has seldom been surpassed—a resplendent display of youth and beauty, heightened by devotion.

It was the early morning of a splendid day, and there was a delicious freshness in the air that tempered the warm and cheering rays of the glorious sun—the heart expanded with benevolence in generous re-

solves—distinctions in rank were lost in the bond of nature's brotherhood—it was indeed a fitting season in which to offer fervent adoration to the Great Creator of all things. High mass was celebrated in all the churches with more than usual solemnity—the clergy vied with each other in manifestations of religious fervour, and the festival closed with public rejoicings, suitable to the sacred character of the declarations that had been made before the altar of the Supreme.

I have mentioned the train of young females that formed a part of the procession, and now I must single out one from the rest, as more immediately connected with the narrative I am about to relate. Jeanette Berghaume, then advancing to her fourteenth birth-day, was the fairest and prettiest of the whole; her clear complexion, her large dark blue eyes, full of affectionate expression—her finely rounded shoulders, over which clustered in profusion her light silken hair—her perfectly moulded frame—her graceful figure—all these combined to render her an object for admiration and applause, as with a sweet smile upon her bloom-touched cheeks, she moved silently along amongst the pleased spectators, who could not refrain from expressing their approval; and from that hour the fair girl became a popular favourite, and was always spoken of in terms of warm regard.

The father of Jeanette was extensively engaged in the linen trade, her mother had a large establishment as a milliner and dressmaker, and both were highly esteemed and respected for the probity and uprightness of their character. They gave their daughter (and she was an only child) the best education the city could afford, which, combined with her own natural talent and quickness of perception, rendered her more intelligent than most young females of her age; whilst her sweetness of disposition, and gentleness of temper, endeared her to every one.

But ruthless war was spreading its baneful influences in the Netherlands—treachery, selfish ambition, inertness, and dissensions, were busily undermining the cause of the allies. Prussia, whilst receiving subsidies from England, was secretly negociating a dishonourable peace with republican France—Germany was aiming at aggrandisement in territory—whilst England, possessing ample resources to crush the revolution between its army in the north and its forces in the south, pursued a tardy and vacillating course, unworthy of a great and powerful nation. Had a bold masterly policy been then promptly acted upon, millions of lives might have been spared, and £600,000,000 of the heavy debt which now overwhelms the industry of our country would most probably never have been contracted.

As it was, the allies were compelled to retreat, leaving Bruges to its fate; and it was soon occupied by republican troops, whose atrocities,

by way of revenge, were horribly fearful and cruel; for the officers, having been principally raised from the ranks by the choice of the privates themselves, held but little control over the actions of their subordinates, especially as in most instances the superiors shared the plunder of the men, and but too often set them disgraceful examples of oppression and debauchery.

The terror of the inhabitants was extreme; a fine of four millions of francs was levied on the citizens in which the religious festival was not forgotten, for the clergy were decreed to pay two millions, and the authorities one million of the whole. The work of devastation and slaughter was unceasing, and none felt it more than Johannes Berghaume, his warehouses were plundered and destroyed, heavy exactions were constantly imposed upon him; and as he had manifested more than ordinary zeal in the cause of the royalists, he had but too much reason to fear that his life would be sacrificed to the implacable enmity of the revolutionary leaders. Flight, therefore, was his only alternative; but the proposal, when made to him, was sternly rejected—nor was it, till repeatedly urged by his family and friends, that he reluctantly gave his consent, and took his departure, leaving his wife and daughter to make the most of the remaining effects, promising to inform them, as early as practicable, of his circumstances and locality, so that at a fitting opportunity they might follow him.

Bitter, mournfully bitter, was the parting of the fond father from the home of his enjoyments; and hard indeed was the task of tearing himself away from the clinging embraces of his attached wife and darling child, whilst a sick shuddering came over his agonised spirit as he contemplated their unprotected state, amongst wretches who scoffed at the restraints which law and justice impose upon society, and sought alone the gratification of their licentious passions, utterly regardless of all appeals to virtue, honour, or humanity. Laisson—the unprincipled Laisson—was there with his ruthless myrmidons, who were ever ready to obey his sanguinary and ferocious commands. Berghaume had indeed been marked out for death, and was only indebted for the postponment of his execution to the hope which Laisson cherished, that more gold could be wrung from him, under a prospect of having his life spared—this effected, and the axe of the guillotine would soon have terminated his existence.

The establishment of Madame Berghaume had closed on the first entry of the Republicans; and she disposed of what articles she could to any purchasers, in order to secure a supply of ready money. Jeanette, terrified at the atrocities which she herself had partially witnessed, kept in the retirement of her own apartment, and never went

abroad; the visiting of friends was at an end—all were too much absorbed in their own peculiar afflictions to think of, or feel the sorrows of, their neighbours. A revolutionary agent had arrived, who spared neither sex nor age; the young men of all ranks were compelled to work at the canals and fortifications, or ascend the scaffold for decapitation—no one felt himself secure.

Laisson had gained accurate information of the attachment of Berghaume to the Royalists; and he was highly exasperated when he was informed that his victim had escaped—in the outburst of his rage he hastened himself to the house, and traversed the apartments, directing everything to be destroyed; but when the disconsolate mother, and her weeping child knelt before him, and he beheld the extreme beauty of the latter, he checked his impetuosity, and his demonaic ingenuity resolved to inflict the deepest possible wound on the hearts of the parents by the debasement of the daughter.

Thus determined, his manner became changed—he countermanded his orders, complimented the ladies, and sought, by assumed kindness, to gain their confidence, for, with a vanity inherent as a national characteristic, he believed he might win Jeanette to his wishes by compliments and flattery. At first, Madame Berghaume's mind was much relieved by this sudden alteration; but when, after two or three visits, maternal solicitude and watchfulness detected the object, her fears grew stronger, and she sunk with dismay from the consequences, especially as they had been denounced to the Revolutionary Commissioner, who was only restrained from taking their lives by the persuasions and inducements of Laisson. Still the latter knew that this could not last long, and impatience getting the better of him, he came to the determination of putting the matter to the test. Accordingly he repaired to the house, saw Madame Berghaume alone, stated the peril in which they were placed, professed the most ardent attachment for Jeanette, and then proposed the conditions under which he would afford them every protection. The agonised mother listened with impatience and disgust, and yet she judged it expedient to temporize: the announcement had not come upon her unawares—she had expected something of the kind, and therefore was the better prepared with a reply. But Laisson was not the man to be easily deceived, he saw bitter repugnance in the mother's looks, and he imperatively demanded to see Jeanette. She was called—similar statements were made to her, but she had been forewarned; he addressed her in softened accents of tenderness, but her quick intellect instantly penetrated its design; she was firm in her refusal, even beyond her mother's expectations. Thus foiled, the brigadier at once threw off the mask, and declared that he would resign them to the fearful tribunal, and their crimes

against the Republic could alone be expiated by a public execution, the horrors of which he described in terms sufficient to appal the soul; but Jeanette continued firm, and he therefore quitted them, resolved to carry her off secretly to his own quarters and compel submission.

Amongst the most devoted admirers of Jeanette was a young Frenchman, a native of Bordeaux, whose father owned and commanded a brig that traded along the coast, and frequently received and brought freights on account of Berghaume. Pierre Durand had repeatedly accompanied his father to Bruges, and sometimes remained for days at the residence of Jeanette. He was a plain unsophisticated young sailor, manly and handsome in appearance, noble and generous in conduct, and his attachment to the fair girl was so unbounded, that he would willingly, at all times, have perilled his existence to secure her welfare and happiness; yet his love was unavowed—his adoration was firm, but it was secret and silent. Jeanette esteemed him as she would a brother; and a stronger regard was creeping upon her feelings, so that at the departure of her father, she expressed a wish that Pierre was with them to afford his aid in the time of trouble.

And Pierre came—came too at a most critical juncture. As part of his newly formed scheme, Laisson pretended regret for his violence and not only sent apologies, but in the evening some of his satellites took presents for the mother and the daughter. Madame Berghaume and Jeanette were sitting clasped in each other's embrace, when these things arrived; to avoid insult and rudeness she sanctioned their being admitted, and Jeanette having taken a seat apart from her parent, the messenger was allowed to enter. This was the very point the scoundrels had in view—four or five men rushed in, and proceeded to perpetrate the premeditated outrage. The beautiful girl was torn from the arms of her mother, whither she had fled for shelter, her limbs were bound, her mouth muffled, all resistance was at an end. In vain the mother entreated, implored, and threatened; fruitless were her struggles to release her child—her cries, her tears were alike disregarded; there was no succour for them—her lovely daughter was borne away, and the wretched parent was locked in her apartment, where, overpowered by intense anguish, she sank upon the floor in a state of insensibility.

The marauders, congratulating themselves upon their success, had opened the door of the dwelling, to depart with their victim, when several armed men opposed them, a desperate struggle ensued—Jeanette was forced from their hold, and immediately released by one of the assailants, who assured her of his protection; with eager delight she clung to his embrace, for the voice had told her that it was Pierre Durand.

"Hasten, Jeanette" said he, "not a moment must be lost, you must away instantly with me."

"I cannot leave my mother," replied the terrified Jeanette; "take me back to her, Pierre; take me back."

"And then both of you will perish," uttered the young man in agony. "I have rescued you once, Jeanette—I care not for my own life, if I lose you. Those wretches are overpowered, but others are at hand; this will be the only minute allowed you for escape; my comrades must seek their safety, and if you will it, I cannot but die for, or with you, Jeanette."

"Oh! do not talk so, Pierre," said the affrighted maiden; "I will follow your counsel, indeed I will."

"Wrap this cloak around you, dearest," directed Pierre in a tone of unusual tenderness, as he assisted in the arrangement. "Pull this cap closely over your head—conceal your female dress as much as possible. And now, comrades, are we safe?" A brief affirmative was the response, for the villains, finding themselves overpowered, had resigned the contest and suffered themselves to be bound by cords. The assailants then gradually dispersed, Pierre and his fair companion taking the lead, and after traversing several streets they reached the abode of the mother of a confederate, and apprehensions of an immediate pursuit were at an end.

"I fear I have done wrong, Pierre, in quitting my mother," said Jeanette, whilst her eyes overflowed with tears. "Oh! what will become of her now?"

"One of you is thus far saved," replied Durand with emotion, "and my best efforts shall be employed in endeavouring to rescue your mother. I arrived but this afternoon, and through one of those strange chances by which innocence is sometimes delivered from its enemies, I became acquainted with Laisson's design. My shipmates and a few friends were promptly assembled, and Jeanette, dearest Jeanette, this is indeed the happiest moment I ever experienced. Oh! if you did but know how proud my heart feels"—and he pressed her to his side—"if you could but be assured how much my very soul loves you! but I will not take advantage of your tremor or distress." He opened a chest, and, taking out the habilaments of a mariner, "there Jeanette," continued he, "you must dress yourself in these. Nay, flinch not, dearest; we are still surrounded by peril, and disguise will be absolutely necessary; my father's vessel is at Ostend—once on board of her as part of the brig's crew, and all will then be well."

"But my hair, Pierre! my complexion!" urged Jeanette. "Oh! too much I fear there is no help for me."

"Your hair must be cropped and stained, as well as your skin," said Pierre with some embarrassment, as he felt he was touching on delicate ground. "Indeed, indeed dearest, I would not counsel you unadvisedly, but I have that stirring in my breast that tells me, if you

will but comply with my requests, we shall soon be beyond the reach of persecution. I must leave you now, Jeanette, to do my best to preserve your mother. Summon the old woman when you wish it, she will tell you what to do. One parting embrace, dearest—it will be the first in our lives. Oh!"—he checked himself, and straining the fair girl in his arms, he pressed a kiss on her cheek, her forehead, and her lips, and the next moment she was alone.

Pierre Durand returned with cautious steps towards the residence of Madame Berghaume; all was still and solitary in the street, though the sounds of drunken revelry and the shrieks of hapless victims at times rose fearfully from the distance; Pierre lingered and watched before he ventured to approach the door, but at length he did so, and was instantly seized by some of Laisson's gang, who, having heard the shouts of their comrades, had broken in and liberated them, and taken possession of the house. Without a moment's delay he was hurried into the presence of Jeanette's mother, who not being aware of what had occurred instantly recognised him, and in frantic language called upon him to rescue her child. Pierre at once saw that to deny all knowledge of the lady would be useless, he therefore availed himself of the advantage offered, and in mournful accents demanded what had become of Jeanette.

"They have torn her from me," exclaimed the agonized woman. "They have deprived the mother of her offspring! Oh, Pierre, why were you not here to save her?"

"Would to heaven I had been," uttered Durand, as he wrung his clenched hands together. "But whither has she gone? who has perpetrated this outrage?" He turned to the gang—"Countrymen, I am a Frenchman like yourselves."

"No, no," shouted one of the party, "France disowns you; you are a traitor. Come, come, comrades, bring him along before the brigadier; I've heard quite enough to satisfy me; bring him along."

"Why am I thus grappled with? Of what do you accuse me?" demanded Pierre. "I am no traitor, and will go fearlessly to your General. Surely he cannot, will not, sanction such uncalled-for violence. Allow me one word with this lady, and I am at your service."

"Sacre! bring him along, I say," ordered the other, as he stamped his foot in anger. "A few turns of the thumb-screws, and he will be glad to make confession."

"Oh! that I could resist even to the death," exclaimed Pierre, in bitterness; "you should not find me tamely yielding to your force, but I am overwhelmed by numbers"—

"As we were some two or three hours since," responded the leader of the gang. "I like your spirit, young fellow; you may make one of us, if you will but tell the brigadier all about it."

Pierre was silent, and he rightly judged that a public intimation of Jeanette's safety to her mother would but tend to increase the danger, so bidding her farewell, he was guarded off by the soldiers to the quarters of the General, who, when he heard of the escape of the maiden, and was assured that the young man before him was a party concerned in it, burst out into uncontrollable rage. Laisson was generally a cool, calculating man, seldom indulging in outbreaks of temper; but he had been stimulating his evil passions with wine, and the loss of both father and daughter maddened him to the extreme.

"Traitor! villain!" vociferated he, as, springing up, he drew his heavy sabre from its steel scabbard, and then raising his sinewy arm, was about to become himself the executioner of the defenceless being who stood unshrinkingly in his presence. But the blow was arrested by the still stronger hand of the leader of his marauders, who exclaimed,

"Citizen General, he is a seaman, such as the nation is in want of; and, *pardonnez moi*, you know there are positive orders that every sailor who can be procured is to be sent to Brest, to man the fleet against the ships of England."

"You have stayed my just vengeance," answered Laisson, returning his sabre to the scabbard; "but, my friend, you are right—let the traitor live to do service to the state."

"I am no traitor, General," responded Pierre with cool firmness. "I am a citizen of France, a native of the vine-clad hills of the Garonne."

"How came you here, to interfere in my concerns?" demanded the brigadier. "Who and what are you?"

"A seaman, who at various times has received favours from the hands of the citizen Berghaume," replied Pierre. "I arrived at Bruges but this day from Ostend, and cherishing sentiments of gratitude, I went to visit my generous benefactor."

"You went at an unlucky moment, my friend," said the man who had seized him. "Prevarication is useless, I should know you from a thousand."

"What proofs have you?" demanded Pierre. "I presume, Citizen-General, you will not inflict punishment without evidence of crime."

"I was certainly very near doing so," observed the brigadier more calmly; "and if I find that you are deceiving me, you shall—but proceed, Dubout—proceed to your proofs."

The man, thus commanded, entered into a detail of the occurrences by which his plans had been defeated, and stated his positive conviction that Pierre was the individual who had rescued the girl; he had clearly and distinctly seen him as he emerged into the street, and immediately recollected his person; he had heard him speaking to Jeanette, and the

peculiarly musical nature of his voice had at once betrayed him when they met again, the captives having become the conquerors.

Laisson looked at one of the attendants, and gave a significant twirl with his fingers; the man thrust his hand into his pocket, and brought forth a small curiously-shaped instrument, whilst at a nod from the brigadier two others seized Durand by the arms, and the first promptly applied the machine to the young man's thumb; he then turned a screw to press the joint till the blood spirted out from beneath the nail, and stood awaiting further orders.

The General watched the countenance of his victim at each turn of the screw, but though the torture was excruciating, yet they wrung but one groan from the heart of Pierre, and his features remained unchanged.

"You will, perhaps, now confess that you were an agent in the girl's release, and inform me where she is concealed," said Laisson with perfect coolness; but Pierre continued silent, and resolutely looked the General in the face. A nod from the Brigadier, and another turn was given to the screw; it brought the water into the sufferer's eyes, but no other indications of pain were evinced. Again the Brigadier waved his hand.

"He is perverse, obstinate, contumacious," said he with quickness; "you must indulge him a little further, citizen soldier. His perceptions are not yet awakened; his sensibilities want arousing; to your office, my friend. Try the other hand; or possibly he may wish a little relaxation. Will you obtain relief, young man? a few words will do it."

"I am in your power, Citizen General," responded Pierre, "and you may taunt me at your pleasure; I have nothing to communicate, and if I had I would not do so at the cost of honour."

"You are determined then," remarked Laisson; and Durand remaining silent, the General shrugged his shoulders, and added, "Pauvre garcon, I pity you; mais, the fault is not mine. Laborde, you may proceed."

During this time the man had been affixing a second instrument of torture to the other thumb of Durand, and turning the screw suddenly, the agony was so acute, that Pierre was near fainting; but quickly rallying his energies, he once more stood firm.

"It is painful—I know it must be painful," said Laisson mildly, and looking at his own hands; "what can the girl be to you? come, get rid of this distress, and a few gold pieces shall repay you for your information; if not, the screw will bear another turn, and you will be sent to Brest."

"Thus mutilated," replied Pierre, holding up his hands, whilst his sickening heart was sinking under the torture, "I shall certainly be well able to do my duty to the Republic, whatever ship I may be sent to. You will not believe my assertions, and therefore it is useless for me to plead. I have committed no crime, as Heaven shall be my judge; why, then, inflict this torture?"

"It is in your own power to get clear of it," answered Laisson with seeming compassion; "you are inflicting the torture upon yourself."

"I know you are destitute of every sentiment of mercy, and therefore I will not implore it," said Pierre, as the paleness of death spread over his cheeks, and he closed his eyes, whilst his senses became dizzy and reeling. The Brigadier gave a sign, the screws were instantly relaxed, and the unhappy Durand would have fallen to the ground, but for the support he received from his persecutors.

"You have borne it well, young man," said the Brigadier, "and I admire and honour you for your fortitude: why should you deny my request relative to this truant girl?"

At this moment, and before Pierre could reply, an officer entered with a sealed packet in his hand. "Sorry to interfere with your pastimes, Citizen General," said he ironically, "but the orders are urgent, nor have I, till within these few minutes, taken boot from stirrup during a two hours' hard gallop. The Commander-in-Chief was imperative that I should give this into your own hands."

Laisson took the packet, broke it open, and read the positive commands of his leader to march at daybreak and advance upon Sluys.

"It shall be done, fellow citizen," said the Brigadier; "in the meantime order what refreshments you please, and as for rest"—

"Excuse me, General," responded the officer, "I need but an anchovy sandwich, to give better zest to a cup of wine, and then must make but short miles of it between this and Ghent. You will, perhaps, have a few words by way of despatch for the Citizen Chief."

The Brigadier knew that this would be looked for, and as there was not much time to spare previous to his departure, he commanded Pierre to be conducted to the citadel, and placed amongst the mariners already collected for the fleet. All thoughts of Jeanette seemed to pass away: he had to secure his present plunder, and his avaricious longings promised him a future booty; he issued his orders, and soon after daylight the following morning he quitted the city, amidst the silent maledictions of its remaining inhabitants.

(To be continued.)

DICK FITTON.

A REMINISCENCE.

My old shipmate, Dick, belonged to the gunner's crew, in a smart thirty-eight gun frigate—when sober, as clever a seaman as ever took a trick at the weather wheel, or flew aloft to furl a main course; but when drunk—and drunk he would be whenever he could get the stuff—a sad mutinous, though humorous dog, caring for neither angel

of light nor angel of darkness, and ready for any thing that promised mischief or fun. Dick often tasted the tails of the cat; and sometimes, when brought up to the gangway, the Captain would reason with him, promising to look over that particular fault, if he would pledge his word not to get drunk again. Now a lubber, under such circumstances, would readily have promised, whether he meant to perform or not; but Dick was an honest and an honourable seaman, who scorned to falsify his word. He would listen earnestly to the Captain's harangue, and then shaking his head in a business-like way, he would exclaim, as he began to strip, "Carn't do it, yer honour—so it's of no manner of use my promising—and that's all about it." It was in vain that his grog was stopped—Fitton always managed to bowse his jib up by some means or other; and unfortunately for him, as soon as he had brought the skin of his nose to a taut leech, he generally contrived to throw himself in the way of the officers, for the avowed purpose of convincing them that he was perfectly sober.

The efforts of a man in a state of ebriety to imitate intoxication are frequently extremely ludicrous; but certainly nothing in life is so eminently ridiculous as a drunken man fancying himself the very perfection of sobriety, and this was the case with Dick; for though when recovered from his potations he was fully sensible that he had been "tosticated," yet, whilst in a state of elevation, no persuasions in the world could induce him to believe that he was not as sober and as precise as a Bishop in his pulpit; in fact, at these times he claimed to be "inspired;" and had there been any penalty attached to the crime of mutilating the king's English, Dick would have been mulcted of a fortune, for during his moments of inspiration, oh! how marvellously did he cut and mangle his words, and then splicing the disjointed syllables together again, in the most monstrous and unnatural manner, he might have readily passed for a high Dutchman, or a low Dutchman, or any other barbarian.

Such was Dick Fitton; but there was one occasion in which he escaped punishment for the indulgence of his easily besetting sin. We were cruiseing off the south-west coast of France, between L'Orient and Noirmoutier, to pick up the coasting trade and watch the French fleet, and not unfrequently we anchored within the Isle of Hedic, a small island about three leagues from Belleisle, and forming, with Houat and the Taigneuse rocks, an admirable breakwater for Quiberon Bay. Its distance from the French coast and Belleisle rendered it a sort of neutral ground, or rather belonging to the party that held it for the time being. There were strict orders, however, that no one belonging to the British ships was to be ashore beyond sunset; for it was nothing uncommon for the French row-

boats, from Belleisle or Quiberon, to pull to the back of the island after dark, and gain what information could be obtained from the inhabitants—of course any stragglers they could pick up were made prisoners.

The village was poor, but still, notwithstanding the threats that had been held out for selling it, *eau de vie*, and that too of real good Nantes, was abundant; and as a very natural consequence, the seamen indulged to excess at every sly opportunity. Now it so happened that a party (of which Dick was one) was employed on shore for some particular purpose, I forget what, and Fitton, a short time previous to embarkation, had attained that exalted pre-eminence of intellect, which induced him to thrust his officious exertions right under the immediate cognizance of the lieutenant commanding, who insisted on knowing from whom and from whence he had obtained the liquor. Dick unhesitatingly declared his perfect sobriety; that "he was not in the least distosticated;" and as a proof, whilst staggering along to show how straight he could walk, nearly knocked over one of his shipmates, whom he charged with trying to trip him up. He was instantly ordered down to the boats, and as obedience could not be resisted, away went Dick.

The sun was just touching the verge of the horizon, when the lieutenant reported his return on board to the Captain, and at the same time announced that Fitton was drunk.

"Confound the fellow," exclaimed the skipper, "I really do not know what to do with him; he is thoroughly incorrigible; but there must be example, Sir, we cannot carry on duty without it. Tell the first lieutenant to clap the drunken rascal both legs in irons, and on no account to suffer him to set his foot on shore again; though it is but of little consequence, on shore or aboard he will get drunk."

The officer delivered his orders to his senior; the Master-at-arms was sent for, and received instructions to put Dick in the darbies; but after a diligent search, and an equally diligent inquiry, no Dick was to be found, nor could it be correctly ascertained that he had come off in any of the boats. The small cutter was promptly despatched to the landing-place, with directions to the Midshipman in charge not to go beyond that spot; and after waiting half an hour, if Fitton did not come down, to return on board. The injunctions were strictly complied with, but no Dick made his appearance; the boat came back, and was hoisted up on the quarter. Notwithstanding Dick's failing he was greatly esteemed by both officers and men as an excellent seaman, who never shrunk from the performance of a duty, however difficult or dangerous, and his absence and probable fate became the theme of the yarn-spinners for the rest of the evening till the quarter-watch was called, and the subject was frequently reverted to during the night.

It was just as the day began to break on the following morning that, having the watch on deck, I was expressing my regret to my watchmate for Fitton's loss—as the conjecture prevalent was, that he had fallen overboard and been drowned—when one of the look-outs on the fore-castle shouted "sail ho," and taking my glass forward I ascertained that the stranger was a large boat with three masts standing, but only her fore-sail hoisted about half way up, and she was running directly in for the anchorage. At first we apprehended that some vessel had been wrecked, and the remnant of the crew were making for the land; but as the daylight grew stronger and clearer, and the boat closed nearer and nearer, it became evident that she was an enemy's row boat, but not a soul could be seen except the individual who was steering it, and he was rather conspicuous from the immense cocked-hat upon his head, and his being closely enveloped in a boat cloak.

What to make of it no one could tell; the circumstance was duly reported to the Captain, who promptly came on deck, and orders were issued to have all clear at the quarter and stern boats, so as to lower and man them at a moment's warning; but as the enemy's vessel was coming direct for us, it was deemed advisable to keep all fast, lest any alarm should be excited. However, on she fearlessly came, and a more beautiful model certainly never moved upon the water; her brass six-pounder shone bright in the early sun-rise, and the musketoons on her gunwale seemed prepared for action. As for the man in the cocked-hat, he steered with the most imperturbable gravity, occasionally addressing some one or other who could not be seen, and it was supposed that the boat's crew were stretched out in secrecy in the bottom.

Every glass was in requisition, and the field of each was directed at that cold-blooded Frenchman who was steering right down upon us, apparently with the utmost unconcern. "He takes the frigate for a national craft," said one of the lieutenants; "shall we just show him the French ensign, Sir?"

"No, no," answered the Captain, "keep all snug, he cannot escape us now, as he is well within range of the guns, and will soon be alongside."

In a few minutes she was near enough to be hailed, but still not a word passed, onward came the boat with that enormous cocked-hat in the stern sheets, and now we could plainly discern the tri-coloured cockade; onward she came till a little open on our larboard bow, when down went her foresail and she rounded to.

"Boat a-hoy," shouted the sentry on the larboard gangway, and was promptly answered "No, no."

"He's English, Sir," exclaimed a boatswain's mate from the fore-castle, as the craft came gradually dropping down; "Halloo," he bellowed out, "What boat's that?—who are you?"

There was deep silence for a moment, and then it was broken by the steersman answering "Now Lord love your silly head, Jem, never to know an ould messmate." It was Dick Fitton—he caught sight of the skipper standing at the gangway, and instantly the cocked-hat was removed, as he uttered "She's our own, yer honour, I took her myself."

A burst of laughter followed this announcement, in which the Captain heartily joined. "And where are your prisoners?" demanded the latter.

"Rousez woo Johnny," shouted Fitton, pointing a pistol towards the boats bows; and two Frenchmen—one with his head bound up in a bloody handkerchief—immediately showed themselves. "I've expended all the rest on 'em ashore, your honour," continued Dick; "and if so be as you'll send the boats, you may soon pick 'em up."

The small cutter was again lowered, and a party of seamen was despatched to the prize to strike her masts and bring her alongside, but Fitton was directed to return to the frigate, which he readily did, and on reaching the quarter deck it was impossible to help laughing at the curious figure he cut. A large blue cloak, lined with scarlet, enveloped his person; and round the waist was belted a heavy hanger, a brace of pistols, and a bayonet—the cocked-hat, as a matter of respect to the skipper, was removed from his head and carried under his left arm, and Dick's comical face, half serious, half humorous, as he gave an extra twist to his quid, and put his right hand to his forelock, sailor fashion, was droll enough; and there he stood with his two prisoners before his commander, who found it very difficult to preserve a steady countenance.

"Mr. Anson reported you drunk last night," said the Captain; "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Look at the prize, yer honour," answered Dick with appropriate assurance; "does Mr. Anson think that a man in a state of distostication could go for to capture an enemy's craft?"

"But where was you last night when the shore party returned on board?" demanded the Captain.

"In course, yer honour, I was cruising," returned Dick, "for someut run in my head."

"Aye, I believe there was something running in your head; why you are not altogether sober now," exclaimed the skipper; "you have broken the orders, Sir, you have"—

"Taken a prize, yer honour," said Dick, finishing the Captain's sentence, and looking up archly in his face; "and there's the rest of the prisoners ashore, if nobody aint never gone to take 'em off."

"Man the boats, Mr. Spicer," shouted the Captain to the First Lieutenant; and the boats were speedily manned and pulling for the shore, with Dick in his new costume acting as guide. The island was searched,

and a French Lieutenant, with twenty-one men, were taken and carried on board the frigate. Dick was called upon to state the manner in which he had got possession of the enemy's vessel, and this he did apparently to the satisfaction of the Captain, but I prefer giving the tale as he narrated it to his messmates in their berth, over his afternoon grog, and as he had contrived to muster an extra bottle of rum, the two Frenchmen he had captured were generously invited to share it with them.

"Come, Johnny, bring yer onspressibles to an anchor, will you," said Dick to his French guests; "there, draw a chair and sit down upon the shot-case, my hearty; why never say die! I honours yer bravery, for you behaved like men—that's Frenchmen I means—and it aint many a single hand as would have captured a couple o' sich smart-looking lads as you two."

The unfortunate prisoners did not understand one word that was uttered, but the motion of the hand directing them to sit down was comprehended and complied with, and they responded "remercie, remercie," the first syllable much abbreviated in utterance.

"Well, and I did show you mercy," said Fitton, "and I means to show you mercy. Why I'm bless'd, Jem," addressing the boatswain's mate, "if they aint like them black fellows, who think, when the grub is sarved out, that they're going to be fattened for the cook's coppers; what the blue blazes do they cry out for mercy for now, I should like to know? howsomever, never mind, they'll have no mercy on the beef, I'll take my davy. Come, heave ahead mountseer, munjey, munjey."

The Frenchmen seemed pleased with the invitation, for bad as Dick's French was they understood it, and in the politest manner possible repeated the former expression, "remercie, remercie, mon ami."

"Mercy, mercy, mongamee, now what the deuce do they mean by that, Jem?" asked the puzzled seaman of his messmate. "Well I'm blowed but they beat my larning into splinters; why last night, when I fetches one on 'em a click o' the head as sent him under the thorts, and called to the other to strike, they both sings out as loud as they could bawl, 'noo run dong, noo run dong.'"

"Oui mon ami, nous rendons," said one of the prisoners, shrugging up his shoulders. "Vous parlez bien François?"

"Parley bang Franchay, Johnny!" uttered Dick. "Well, I'm bless'd, but I thought you'd have know'd better than that arter the click under the ear as you got last night. No, no, Johnny, I doesn't go for to parley much in the regard o' banging on 'em; my thoughts and my cutlash are always pretty much in the same latitude when I sees the enemy."

"I tell you what it is, messmate," said the boatswain's mate, address-

ing Dick, "to my thinking, you're on the wrong tack in respect of his meaning; he says 'Parley bang Franchay,' which I take to be 'Up and tell 'em all about it.' 'Parley,' you know, means 'speaking out,' or 'spinning a yarn;' and 'bang Franchay' is as easy as 'kiss my hand.' So d'ye see, Dick, why jist overhaul the consarn to us; not as you did to the skipper, in Tom Pepper fashion, to make him think you was sober; but let's have the right arnest jometry of the thing, for we all on us knows, Dick, that you wur more nor three parts slued. The last time I seed you, was when you'd brought up alongside of that pretty little French girl, and was coaxing her for a drop more stuff out of her mother's locker; and then, messmate, your head sails were all lifting, and another spoke or two of lee helm would have brought you slap aback."

"I arnt never going for to deny it, ould boy," answered Dick with a grin, "though I pitched it into the skipper that I was all *cobbler's mentis*. Howsomever, it's of no use to keep a false reckoning; I were groggy, and that's the truth on it. But you know, messmate, I arnt altogether sensible to being so when my jib's taut up; and in course when the leftenant called me a drunken son of a female dog, and ordered me down to the boat, why I thought I'd just convince him of his oncapableness of judging whether a man was sober or not, and so I detarmined to study a bit of the jography of the island by taking a cruise to myself, which no man as was drunk could possibly do, seeing as he'd get bothered in regard o' shaping a proper course. Well, shipmates, I hauls my tacks aboard, and makes a long reach amongst rocky ground, and a head-swell as kept me pitching bows under, till I could hardly carry my canvas; and there I was, heaving and setting like a Dutch schuyt off the Taxel, and rolling gunnels under like a deep Ingeeman running down from the Cape to Saint Helena. At last my compass card spun round in the most onnatural way till it made me dizzy, and I'm bless'd if I didn't see a craft right a-head of me, as loomed in the haze like one of your 'long-shore Davy Jonesesis, ownly the horns got to dancing and bobbing about in a muzzytistical kind of a way, as if there had been three or four couple on 'em twisting and turning and capering in ever so many double hornpipes, and up to all sorts of antics; and, 'Yo hoy,' I sings out, 'who the blazes are you?' for I thought it best to hail him civilly at first, though I know'd precious well what the ugly beggar was. But the ondeckerous chap made me no answer, ownly blow'd out a cloud of smoke, like the fogo from a thirty-two pounder, and then there was a report, and a someut a good deal like the hissing of a shot from his muzzle, as warn't one muzzle eather, but seemed, to my idea of the thing, to be three or four muzzles all a keeping company in their motions with the owld fellow's head-bumkins, and 'Hallo, your reverence,' shouts I, as I always thinks it properest to fillycum-

bother them sort of varmint with hand-over-hand politeness whensomever I falls in with 'em, which has been pretty often in the course of my cruising. 'Halloo, your reverence,' says I, 'what does your holiness want with a poor tar as is bellygojimcrackt in this here no man's land sort of a place, as belongs never to nobody, nighther English, nor French, nor Dutch, though it arnt onpossible but your honour may have some call to it by your being here.' Howsomever he never answered my hail, and I did'nt like his oncontemptible silence; so, 'mayhap,' says I, 'my lord, you may think as I'm groggy; but, love your heart, Dick's more soberer than twenty judges—I don't deny as I'm a little wizziwazzy-flumatical, but that's in regard of the fog, as is so thick that it won't let me keep a straight course'—and here, shipmates, the wagabon stopp'd my discourse by discharging another bow chaser, the smoke of it coming like hot steam right in my face. 'A miss is as good as a mile,' says I; 'and as your worship don't never seem to be over fond of my sociability, why, I'll just wear round, and make sail out of this. Heaven bless your handsome phiz,' says I, as I bore up, when I'm blow'd if the onconscionable owld rip didn't clap his helm a-weather arter me, and, pitching his head-rails right slap into my starn gallery, gives me a reg'lar hoist aloft till I'd lost my plumpindiclar, and capsized horrumzontally all along the ground, and there I caulk'd, as it were, onsensible, till my thoughts began to come to me once more, and something seemed to whisper in my ear, 'Have a slap at him again, Dick, for rampajerous as he's behaved to you, the blaggard's a coward at heart'—'Is he?' says I, 'then here goes'—not as I was in any way frightened afore, if so be as he'd clapp'd me alongside and fought fairly; but, as I towld you, messmates, he raked me onawares, and so up I jumps, and there the scamp was, backing and filling, and all ready to run aboard of me. And now I could see him plain enough, with a great red face, like the cook's galley fire, and a nose like a joint of meat down afore it a roasting—eyes that would have sarved for mess platters, and a mouth like a bisket-baker's oven—my precious wig! often as I'd seen him, I never saw him such a monstrous sight in my life; and there was his bumkins, with a huge Spanish cock'd-hat upon each one of 'em; and he was rigged out in flame-color'd togs, though it was easy enough to diskiver his onprincipled shanks and cloven hoofs, as it was bootless, to try and hide from sight—he had a tormentor in each hand, and there was his outrigger abaft swagging about like the spanker-boom in a calm; and he looked at me just the same as a flash of lightning. Well, shipmates, I squares at him, and he comes on at me; and 'ware hawse, you lubber,' shouts I, as I gives it him right and left, and every blow fizzed and sparkled, and brought out a smell of brimstone. All at once he raises his tor-

mentors, and, sticking 'em into my indescribabilities, he flings me—Oh, I carn't tell you the distance; but down I came again, shaking every timber in my frame; and, seeing as it was no use trying to manhandle the enemy, I buttons up my eyelids, and, as I had two watches out the night afore, I made up my mind to bottle off a little sleep. So, messmates, I composes myself accordingly, and snoozes away like a parish clerk in sarmon time, till I'd laid in a goodish stock, and then I rouses out, and looks round me, but seed nothing but a poor harmless cow, with her calf alongside of her, nibbling the grass, and I wondered how the deuce I got there: but arter a little while I bethinks myself of all about it, and not knowing how many bells it was, it struck me mayhap the cutter arnt shoved off, and so here goes for the landing place; so I hauls my wind, steering rather wild at first, but getting to a small helm as I made more sail, but not a bit of a landing place could I diskiver, and it was too dark to make out the frigate. But still, messmates, I warn't a going to give in; so I sarcumpolegates the island, and there I seed a boat lying close in shore, and 'it's all right now,' says my thoughts to myself, 'there's the cutter just ready to shove off, so quietly stow yourself away in the bows, Dick, and that 'll save the officer the trouble of axing questions.' So accordingly, messmates, I shapes my course towards her, and as I went permiscuously along, my foot strikes again summut comical, and so I picks it up, and what should it be but a cutlash; 'Halloo,' says I, under my breath, for I didn't want to let them know I was so close aboard of 'em. 'Halloo, but they're making pretty ducks and drakes of the gunner's stores,' says I; but when I came to handle it, Jem, it was soon made wisibly onparent, dark as it was, that it did not belong to the frigate; so I was put to a nonplush as to what nation it hailed for. But I warn't long in the doldrums, messmates, for I hears a gabbling in an outlandish lingo on board the boat that made me take an amagraphy of her build and rig—so I stretches myself out horrumzontally again, and keeps a sharp look out, crawling along every now and then, like an oyster larning to run alone, till I'd got close under the bows, and then, Jem, it was as plain to me as is the nose on Bill's face; and 'Yo-hoy!' says I to myself, 'it's Johnny Cropoh,' says I, 'and now to work the ballygrimauffery of the thing!"—One of the Frenchmen shrugged his shoulders; "Ha you know it's all true, Johnny."

"Pardonnez moi, mon ami," returned the prisoner whose head was bound up, "Je ne comprends pas les Anglais,"—he raised his pannikin of grog—"mais boire a la ronde."

"Round, Johnny—ay boy, but we'd two or three rounds afore I'd done with you," said Dick with a half laugh; "and as for boring all round, why I didn't disactly know how many there was on you, for, to

my thinking, what with the grog, and what with Davy Jones, and what with the heat of the attack, there appeared to my hoptical wision to be four or five, though when I comed to close quarters there warn't never no more nor you two. But I'm saying, Johnny, being dubersome as to the number you mustered, why I did bore all round, as you call it, for there's no telling what a stray shot may do in the heat of action. Now messmates, the row boat laid just as this here fashion—supposing this bread-bag was a rock, with one side on it plumpendiclar—shove that biskit out a little more, Jem, and flatten in, my boy—well, this bread-bag's the rock running out into the water, and this here bottle—see as the bung's tight, Jem;—this here bottle's the row boat—all well and good."

"Now it stands to reason, messmates, if so be as any one on you was up atop o' this here biskit, as has got somut like a face on it, why in course you could jump down on to that ere bottle, which I see is half empty"—the men nodded assent to both positions. "Well, just as this here row boat lies alongside the bread-bag—no, no, I don't mean that—it's just as this here bottle lies close to and under the rock—oh! bother, I don't mean that either; but I'm saying, shipmates, it's just as this here bottle lies alongside o' the bread-bag that the row boat laid close aboard o' the rock; and thinks I to myself, if I could get a top o' the bread-bag—no, I means the rock—why then I should be better able to overhaul 'em below and fall foul o' the bottle, that is, I means the row boat, if opportunity should sarve; so I crawls—ah! jist the same as that ere weavil's a crawling to the bit o' bread afore it—I crawled and crawled, moving along horrumzontally, and lanching ahead withal till I gained my point; and so I peeps over and twigs the brass gun, and as I thought three chaps that crouched abaft in the starn sheets—two sitting on the thort, and tother caulking in a boat cloak. Well, messmates, I watches 'em for some time, and thinks I to myself, if I can but separate 'em into divisions I might board and capture the weather ones first, and then bear down upon the squadron to looard; for arter all, shipmates, three to one is somut of odds. So I catches up a piece of broken rock and pitches it right into the boat's bows, and one o' the Johnnies jumps up and sings out "Hooky wee.'"

"Non, non mon ami, c'est ne pas ça," exclaimed the Frenchman, who had been attentively listening, and had gleaned from Dick's motions what he was describing, "Je dit, qui vive."

"What does he say, Jem?" inquired Fitton—"I used to know somut about the French lingo at one time; but to my thinking, messmate, he doesn't speak it clandexterously, and that's the reason I don't understand him."

"Mayhap so, Dick—mayhap so," responded the boatswain's mate,

"I arn't much skilled in matters o' that ere kind; but it's clear enough, Dick, he carn't speak French, English fashion, or else we might savvy somut about it."

"All right, my hearty," returned Dick, "and so I'll go on with my yarn. 'Hookey wee,' or 'kee we,' or somut o' that sort, sings out the Frenchman, as much as to say 'catch a weasel asleep;' but not nobody never answered, for I stowed myself away all snug again. Presently I sends another shot into her bows, and 'Hookey wee,' sings out the Frenchman again. But this time I hears one of 'em rattling along the thorts, and thinks I to myself, 'Look out, Dick, they're parting company, stand by to pipe the boarders away;' and so, messmates, I grips hold o' my cutlash, and I peeps over, and there I seed one right forud, as it may be here away on the cork," pointing to the top of the bottle

"Diable!" exclaimed the embarrassed Frenchman, who appeared to understand most that passed; "Cette a moi," pointing to himself.

"Why, aye, Muster Setter Moore, if that's your name—you was the man as was forud in the eyes of her," said Dick, "and Johnny, here, was chock aft, so up I springs and makes a leap aboard, and 'hookey wee,' says I, as I gives Johnny a click with the cutlash over his cocoa-nut, but the head was precious thick, and he comes at me like a good-un, but I was too quick for him; and it wondered me to think why the fellow under the boat-cloak didn't turn out to lend him a hand. Howsomever Setter Moore—as he says his name is—runs aft, only he made a slip bend in his hurry and came down upon the thorts, but was soon up again, though not afore I'd sent Johnny down in the run, with a splendid illumeneration dancing in his eyes. On comes t'other, and 'Hookey wee,' says I again, as I sent my fist right in his face—for d'ye mind, Jem, my cutlash broke short off at the haft, and it warn't by no manner o' means fit to trust a fellow's life to; and back again he went under the thorts, just as Setter Moore roused out to have t'other slap at me, which he did by discharging a pistol, but the ball whistled by without stopping to ax any questions, so I jumps into the starn sheets, lugs the pistol out of Johnny's hands, and gives him a taste of the butt on his sconce that quieted him. 'Hurrah!' shouted I, 'Hookey wee for ever. Lay still you lubber, rustay, rustay, or I'll shoot you like a dead dog.' And still enough both on 'em laid. 'Well, I'm blessed,' thinks I, 'but she's my own—they've all struck except the chap under the boat cloak, and mayhap he's "Hookey wee." 'Yo hoy!' says I, giving a kick, 'rouse and bitt;' but lord love your hearts, shipmates, there warn't never nothing more than this here cocked-hat, and 'Hurrah!' says I again, 'Dick's sober enough to take a prize. Where's your Hookey wee now?'—So I gets the end o' the main sheet, and I seized Setter Moore's arms behind him, and claps

him by the main-mast, and then I does the same by Johnny with the mizen halliards abaft; and 'mayhap,' says my thoughts, or my throat, or somut or other, 'mayhap they arn't never got a drop of stuff stowed away in the lockers.' So I overhauls, and works a traverse, and I'm blowed if I didn't find a bottle o' brandy, and that was the best prize of all. 'Here's a health to Hookey wee,' says I, as I claps the muzzle to mine, and takes a lime-burner's twist, 'and now for turning the hands up to haul out.' But, shipmates, I hadn't never no hands except these here two fistes, so I warn't long in having 'em all upon deck, and then I turns to, to find how she was moored; well, there was a head-rope forrud, and that I soon roused in, and she'd a grapling and hawser out astarn, so I claps on like a good un, and the craft seemed to know she'd got into honest company, for she glides out as pretty as a ship-launch, and afore you could say Jack Robinson, I was all afloat, and swinging clear of the shore. Howsomever it wouldn't do, messmates, to ride there very long; and as I couldn't weigh the killick, why I just peaks the mizen to keep her to the wind, and then I cuts the cable, and she rounded-to clear of all, and seemed for all the world in her behaviour as if she wanted to make acquaintance with the frigate. Well, shipmates, the tide was in my favour, and I soon made out that she'd drift clear, so I 'xamines the lashings of my prisoners, makes all fast, and takes a pull at the brandy to 'Hookey wee' atween whiles; and then I stows myself in the boat-cloak, and takes the cock'd-hat for a pillow, and gets a snooze and a nip of brandy alcumternately, and so I goes on till near day-break, when I onlashes Setter Moore, and gets him to lend me a hand to hoist the foresail, and then I gives 'em both a toothful o' stuff, just to keep the cowld out of 'em; but as soon as I catches sight of the frigate, I gave 'em both their liberty, with only this proviso, that if they started tack or sheet, I'd blow 'em to shivers; so I wraps myself in the cloak, and claps the cock'd-hat over my mast-head, and took my berth at the tiller as big as an Admiral, till I brings my prize alongside; and thinks I, 'here's a convinceticating argyment, that Dick Fitton, gunner's-mate of his Majesty's ship the Toebiter, wasn't drunk last night.' There, messmates, that's all about it, and so here's another tot o' grog to 'Hookey wee.'"

The facts were pretty much as Dick had related them. Davy Jones was the old cow defending her calf. The row boat had come to the back of the island; the Lieutenant and his men had crossed over to the houses to gain information as to our movements; two boat-keepers had been left in the boat, whom Dick had captured in his prize, which afterwards became of the utmost service to us, as probably will on some future occasion be narrated.

BACCHUS WAS A GENTLEMAN.

Bacchus was a Gentleman,
A nobler never born,
With strength of arm, and strength of soul,
And face like ruddy morn;
The mighty giant brood he quell'd,
With lion courage fired,
And hurl'd them headlong to the Earth,
Whose aim to Heaven aspired.
Yes, Bacchus was a Gentleman,
He had the spark divine,
Each glory of the head and heart,
In him did all combine.

The fiery Ind before him bent,
And then upon the plains,
That Nilus fruitful waters lave,
He school'd the peaceful swains;
He taught them how that tillage gain'd
The wealth of nature's mine,
And as a lasting boon to man,
Himself did plant the vine.
Yes, Bacchus was a Gentleman,
His fame shall never cease,
For he, though dauntless still in war,
Shed glorious light on peace.

Oh what a change came o'er the world,
When burst the grapes to life,
The charms of love and friendship spread
Where all before was strife,
The satyrs of the savage woods
To souls harmonious turn'd,
And poets struck the lyre to love,
And all with kindness burn'd.
Yes, Bacchus was a gentleman,
As all true hearts must know,
He gave the social charm to Earth,
And taught bright wit to flow.

When age had bared his merry pate,
His cheeks still wore the rose,
And if tradition be believed,
The bloom adorn'd his nose;
The bowl he gave still passes round,
Uniting man to man,
And prince and peasant kiss the boon—
Deny it he who can.
For Bacchus was a gentleman,
And song and mirth combine
To weave a chaplet to his name,
And bless his generous vine.

J. W. T

A PIECE OF CHINA.

THE BOATSWAIN'S LOVE LETTER.

"Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself,
After the thing it loves."

HAMLET.

IT was a beautiful moonlight evening, and the atmosphere so clear and transparent, that minute objects could be plainly defined though at a considerable distance—the air was cool and pleasant, bracing to the system, and requiring a smart pace to keep up a warm circulation. This was experienced by a fine bold handsome-looking young man in naval uniform, who, with a companion about the same age, was walking the quarter-deck of the Mercury, a pretty little ship that had been purchased in India, by the government, to form one of the armed vessels in the expedition to China, and was now lying at anchor off the island of Chusan—she mounted sixteen twenty-four pounders, with a crew of seventy-six men, commanded by a lieutenant, who had under him for officers, a mate, two middies, a surgeon, and a purser; and the vessel was fitted up either to fight or to carry troops, and as a matter of course was styled "Her Majesty's Ship, Mercury." The persons on the quarter-deck were the mate, Mr. Wildgust, and one of the midshipmen (who had passed his examination at home), Mr. Driscoll, between whom, though they were not messmates, the most perfect friendship and familiarity existed.

"I cannot for the life of me conjecture, Harry, what can have come over the boatswain," said Wildgust; "since we captured Tinghæ, he seems to have got a blast from the evil eye; he moves about like a log of wood, and has fallen away in his dimensions, so that his clothes hang about him like a purser's shirt on a handspike"—

"Or a lobster a moulting," returned the other smartly; "there appears to be something pressing heavily upon his mind, the doctor declares he is not bodily ill, and we have both tried to get the secret out of him."

"So have I," said the mate, "for I am sorry to see him so miserable; he is, or rather was a valuable and smart seaman, but he's dragging his anchors to a certainty, and"—— he stopped short, for his servant made his appearance in front of him at that moment, and taking between his thumb and finger a straggling lock of hair that hung over his forehead, announced,

"Mr. Pearson, Sir, is below, in your cabin, Sir, and wishes to speak to you, Sir, if you could make it convenient to"—

"Very well," responded the mate, "I will be down directly;" the boy disappeared. "What can he want, Harry? perhaps I shall get it out of him now; keep your eye on the Admiral, my boy—no great difficulty on such an evening as this, and watch for the commander's coming; he likes to be hailed a league off."

The usual "aye, aye" was given, and the mate descended to his cabin, leaving Driscoll in charge of the deck; he found Pearson standing the very image of mute despair, except that he was trying to smooth down the rough curly hair that clustered round his brows.

"I'm come, Mr. Wildgust"—said the boatswain, still continuing the operation, "I'm come"—and he pumped up a heavy sigh.

"Well, I see that you are come," exclaimed the mate good-humouredly, "and now bring yourself to an anchor, my boy, and we'll have a glass of grog together."

The boatswain shook his head as he sat down on a camp stool, which Wildgust drew towards the table. "It is not in regard of a drop of grog that I'm come, but I feel as if I had a marlin-spike sticking in my throat, and another in my heart, and I don't know what to make of it."

"Take a stiff nor-wester and clear your throat," said the mate, putting the case bottle and the goblet towards him.

"I've tried all them sorts of things, Mr. Wildgust," replied Pearson, still trying to level his rough hair, which only curled the more from the friction, "but no marlin-spike ever floated in liquid, and so the more grog I swallows, the deeper the thing seems to sink."

"What devilry was you up to ashore, Pearson; for I suspect that it was something that you fell foul of there which has caused your showing signals of distress? come out with it, Pipes, and make as clear a conscience as the sound of your call."

"My conscience, never don't accuse me of any thing wrong, Mr. Wildgust," answered the boatswain, "I did my duty in regard of them onfortinate wretches as calls us barbarians, by killing as many as I could of them who run away from their guns, the lubbers, but it isn't got nothing to do with that, though the thought did strike me when I seed a shole of heads rolling about, that it would be as well to pick up a few of 'em, for spare dead-eyes, in case any of ours should be carried away; still I don't think such a thing as that would be logged down agin me: true enough I've never felt altogether right since, but I'm bless'd, Mr. Wildgust, if I can tell what's the matter with me arter all. Them Tartar fellows paid out the slack of a good

many curses upon us, but it can't be that, or else all hands would be tarred with the same brush; the doctor says there's nothing the matter with my corporal substance, and yet I wastes away to a hatomy."

"It must be your mind that is troubled, Pearson," asserted the mate, "did you have any adventure ashore?—Come, drink your grog."

"Why, for the matter o' that, Mr. Wildgust, we all on us had our adwentures, I'm thinking," answered the boatswain, "but there sartinly was one thing I shall never forget, but it's hardly worth spinning a yarn about."

"Let's have it by all means, old boy," requested the mate, "it will serve for nuts to our grog—here, lay hold of a cheroot—and they're getting scarce now—that's it; heave ahead with your story."

"Oh, it's a very short un," said the boatswain, with something like a groan, "but—Howsomever, Mr. Wildgust, you know I was in the town when the troops entered, and them Tartar chaps took to running away with what they could lay their grappling-irons on; nothing was too heavy or too hot for them except shot or bagonets, with here and there a taste of the cutlash; and a good many hid themselves in private houses and arterwards plundered the inhabitants who had sheltered them. So, as I was taking a bit of a cruise to myself, with my chief mate, Jack Moberly, as kept close upon my starboard quarter, now and then yawing a little out of his course to pick up any light stray article as nobody seemed to own, I heard a loud screaming in one of the habitations, and placing Jack as sentry at the door, I claps my pistol to the lock and blows it open, when, on entering, three or four Tartars run at me with pikes, but I quieted 'em a little and then handed 'em out to Jack; still the screaming continued—it was up stairs, and consequently away I shinned aloft, cutlash in one hand and pistol in the other, and boards a room, when I beheld several more Tartar sodgers as had got hold of some young girls and were pulling 'em about in a very on-English sort of a fashion: so I fires my pistol at one of the fellows, who gave a few kicks and then laid still enough. But it was no place to be idle, and therefore I sings out 'ware hawse,' and rushed forward in the smoke, cutting away from starboard to port and from port to starboard, and the lubbers not being able to diskiver that I was alone, started off, some down stairs, others out at the windows, all except two, who stood their ground, and grappled a pretty little soul, who, when the thick cleared away gave me such a beseeching look—oh!" and he sighed, "if you'd seen that look, Mr. Wildgust! Well, it was enough to melt the heart of a grindstone, and dash I went at 'em—sarving out slops—and after a goodish tuzzle one struck and the other made sail below, where he was picked up by my mate.

I've seen many beauties in my time, Mr. Wildgust, many beautiful women, but I never seed any one as interested me so much as that ere poor girl when she kneeled down at my feet, and catching hold of this hard horny flipper,"—he held out his left hand,—"she pressed upon it more kisses than ever I got from my mother, or had during my whole life afore; and so, Mr. Wildgust, I thought I was but in duty bound to give her some on 'em back again; consequently I lifts her up, and though you may despise me for it, I couldn't help crying like a child along with the poor dear—and all the women came thanking me—and so I sarves it out all round, old and young, ugly and handsome; and then they took me into another room, and there lay a fine boy a dying from a desperate wound in his breast, and an aged man dead with his skull split—and the wretched girl with her lingo and her voice broken with sobs, gives me to understand as far as I could larn, that it was her father and her brother, slain by the Tartar sodgers, and a venerable female as was clinging round the neck of the corpse was her mother; and the mournful creature again takes my hand, and I felt her's all soft and delicate, and though she was rather brownish in regard of the colour of her complexion, yet I felt, Mr. Wildgust, as I never did afore, and the consarn has never been out of my head since, whether snoozing in my hammock at night or out on sarvice in broad day-light, and when I looks over the bows as the ship lifts to the swell and sees the water trickling down the bright copper, it puts me instantly in mind of the tears running down her handsome face."

"I have it! I have it! Pipes, by all the trophies of war; I have it," exclaimed the mate, scarcely able to refrain from a burst of laughter.

"I never sees a piece of sinnet," continued the boatswain seriously, and disregarding the assertion of the mate, "I never sees a piece of sinnet* as doesn't remind me of her long plaited hair."

"Proof upon proof—oh, 'tis all as plain as a pike-staff," remarked the mate.

"At night, Mr. Wildgust, ah," he mournfully shook his head, "at night then I'm reg'larly in for it," added Pearson, solemnly, "for directly I falls asleep I feel such a sort of a kind of a ondescribableness come over me as the lady's face seems to approach close to mine, and we get to chin-chinning till our noses meet against one another, and then I dreams of them kisses—oh! it's dreadfully onbearable, Mr. Wildgust."

"I'll be your doctor, Pipes," exclaimed the mate, struggling to suppress his humour; "I'll cure you, my boy—you're in love."

"Now you don't think so, Mr. Wildgust," uttered the boatswain,

* Plaited rope yarns.

starting up in alarm, and looking earnestly at the young officer, "never say as it's that, Sir; for if it is, then Lord have mercy upon me, for I'm reg'larly done for," and he groaned aloud.

"Have you ever seen her since, Pearson?" demanded the mate.

"Never, Sir; though I own I have been cruising in the neighbourhood, and more than once tried to get into the house, but the door is guarded so closely, and the Admiral's orders are so strong that none of them are to be mislested, that I don't dare to use force, and yet I wouldn't mind risking my life to set eyes on her again."

"In love—in love, Pipes, and there's no use in denying it," said the mate, to the discomfited Pearson, who resumed his seat, "but as I have found out the disease so I will prescribe the remedy,—as you cannot clap her alongside, you must write her a letter."

"Do what, Mr. Wildgust?—write her a letter?—why, she can't read English, and I know nothing of Chinese; how then can I write her a chit?"

"Oh, easy enough," responded the mate, "Chinese is nothing more than hieroglyphics; that is, a set of figures typical of certain things"—the boatswain shook his head. "Why, Pipes, the old style of writing was a lion to represent courage, an elephant for strength, a serpent for wisdom, and so on—it's something of the same kind with the Chinese, so what hinders you to get Jem Phillips who painted the coats of arms on the fire-buckets and booms, to draw you out a set of figures on paper, all ship-shape, as will explain to her"—

Up sprang the boatswain, snapping his fingers and cutting a caper, "A bright thought—a bright thought—hurrah—and I'll do it, Mr. Wildgust; I'll do it; a bright thought; a bright thought;" and off he danced out of the cabin, leaving the mate almost convulsed with laughter.

In less than ten minutes a trio were in close discussion in a small apartment down in the fore orlop; these were the boatswain, his chief mate and privy counsellor, Jack Moberly, and Jem Phillips of the gunner's crew—grog was on the table, as well as a sheet of paper and pen and ink.

"I'm regularly bamboozled how to begin, Jack," said Pearson, "though I think I should get on after the first broadside."

"Why in regard to beginning, Sir," replied Moberly respectfully to his superior, "I take it you should do as they do in all letters, put the latitude and longitude at top, along with the name of the craft; so if Jem would just draw the head of the Queen—God bless her—and here's a fourpenny bit as Poll guv me hanging to my watch-chain to copy from, and then rig out a ship—a smart-un too, Jem, with ensign and pennant

flying, so as they may know she's a man-of-war; and then a little further on a figure of Marcury, why that ull be plain enough for anybody to read—'Her Majesty's Ship Marcury'—but don't forget the pennant, Jem, and lay down an anchor underneath to say as she's at anchor."

Phillips went to work, and where the date is placed in a letter drew the required objects.

"Good," said the boatswain. "And now instead of Dear Lady, or Dear Miss, begin again with a pictur of myself making a bow to the beauty"—

"And put the governor in full uniform, Jem," added the boatswain's mate, "with his call round his neck and a cock'd hat in his hand, that they may know as he's a quarter-deck officer—you may do what you like with the lady."

This was also done, and a debate ensued on what should come next. "If I may have my say, Mr. Pearson," said Phillips, "I should put a Cupid with his bow and arrow aiming at a heart."

"That's too common, Jem," observed the boatswain's mate, trying to sketch out something in the grog that had been spilt upon the table. "Now if it was me, Sir, why I should put my heart floating in the sea, to signal to her that it's adrift upon the troubled waters, and then I'd have a Cupid in the bows of a whale-boat going to strike it with a harpoon, in regard of such a heart as yourn, being stout, and tough, and strong, so as no arrow could pierce it."

"You're right again, Jack," said Pearson; "log all that down, Jem, and bear a hand about it, my hearty."

Jem acquiesced, and after some labour, aided by the corrections of old Jack, it was done to the boatswain's perfect satisfaction.

"Now then," said the lover, "just put me there next, offering a ring and a bag of dollars for the girl's acceptance."

"Ah! that will do, Jem," assented Moberly, "but clap his honour's heart in his right hand, holding it out with the harpoon through it, and make it a big heart, Jem, that they may know it's a generous one; and then as to the ring, it should be as large as the ring of the best bower, and a precious whacking bag of dollars, for nothing goes down so well with these here China people as money."

This was also accomplished, and Phillips suggested that a figure of Hymen should follow, to manifest that marriage was intended.

"All very proper," said the boatswain, "but clap a cock'd-hat on his head, to say as nobody shall top the officer over me arter I'm married."

"And ship the call in his mouth, Jem, piping all hands to harmony," requested old Jack, with the whole of which the gunner's mate com-

plied, adding an altar with two hearts upon it, transfixed by the same harpoon.

"And now arter that comes the splicing," said the boatswain, "which I take it you can do without directions, Jem, seeing as you've been married yourself."

"Only just veer and haul upon your fancy, messmate, in regard of his reverence's wig," added old Jack; "never don't you go for to give him a little bit of a truck not bigger than a hartichoke, but an out-and-out cauliflower consarn, as large as the shell of a four-fold block, so that they may take him for a Bishop or some other digmuntary of the church—and don't scratch down the lady with a fan afore her eyes, but haul the fan on one side, and let her show her face as if she'd no need to be ashamed on it, and give the clargy a large prombong-sis, that's a nose, Jem, as a sartin sign of his having a good living."

Down went the design, Phillips embellishing it in his own way. "And that, I take it, will be quite enough," said the boatswain, looking with great complacency on the drawing.

"Why not ezactly, Sir," remarked old Jack with some degree of hesitation, "there's the sigmanture to come; and I should put a true lovier's knot over my name, with 'Yourn till Death;' and as mayhap she'll not be able to make out the writing part, why I'd just log down a hint of it underneath, so as she mayn't be bothered in regard of not knowing English, Jem."

This instruction was consequently carried into execution, the knot inscribed with tts real character, the boatswain's name and the et ceteras were clearly displayed with the hint at the bottom—neither of the tars recollecting that, if the lady could not read the writing, the latter was a very useless appendage—however, down it went.

"And now, Jem, to make a wind-up and a finish on it," said the boatswain's-mate, after he had taken rather a persevering draught of half-and-half, "why clap a gallon measure here, on the larboard side, and write the name of the stuff upon it, and then put a hand over it, and put another gallon measure on the starboard side, and let 'em know there's some more in that, so as it may read 'grog *and* more grog.'"

"Well, there they are," declared Phillips, "and an unrolled ball of spun-yarn from one to the other to keep up the relationship."

"Capital," exclaimed the boatswain, rubbing his hands together with greater pleasure than he had enjoyed for some time past; "if that don't let her into the secret in spite of all the Tartars, aye and cream of Tartars in the world, then I'm a Dutchman; but there's a space atwixt the two gallon measures, Jack"—

Dollers
True Loveers Knot
Yours till Death
R° Pearson
if you can make
it out
Grog
more grog

"Which Jem may fill up," replied the boatswain's mate, by putting Muster Richard Pearson, and Missus Rong Ching Fou Pearson, a dancing together to the music of Davy Bradbury's fiddle ; and Davy knows how to play all sorts of hops——"

"With you and Jem abaft there, giving us three cheers, whilst you drinks both our healths," added the boatswain, as during its progress he looked over this last effort of Phillip's talents, which as soon as it was accomplished, drew forth the hearty encomiums of all, Pearson declaring that "it was the most completest thing he had ever seen in his life," and perfectly satisfied of its being wholly irresistable. The letter was proudly displayed to Mr. Wildgust who highly approved of it, and we present our readers with a fac-simile.

Jack Moberly was to be the messenger, and early next morning he was clean rigged and allowed to go on shore on leave, and as every one at that time went armed, Jack buckled round him his cutlass-belt, in which he tucked a brace of pistols.

Arrived in front of the house he observed two tall stout Tartars, leaning against the door-posts, and eyeing him with looks of contempt. Jack walked up to them, and very civilly requested permission to pass in ; they demanded his business, and jostled him,—this the boatswain's mate bore patiently for a short time, but finding that forbearance would not do, he coolly knocked down one of the fellows with his fist, and presenting a pistol at the other, made good his entrance. In obedience to the orders, he had received, Jack walked leisurely up stairs, and coming to the door of an apartment that was closed, he knocked loudly with an air of authority. There was instantly a jabbering and noise within-inside, but no one answered the summons, Jack knocked again rather louder, and this time hailed "House a-hoy." The confusion in the interior of the room increased, when the seaman well considering the danger of delay, threw open the portal, and beheld half a dozen ladies in a terrible fright at his appearance their alarm being excited, not only on account of Jack himself, but dread at the edicts issued by the mandarins against all who should countenance the "barbarian eye". The ladies had upset the tea table in their endeavours to retreat, and the terrible clatter of little tea cups about the size of thimbles, made the confusion greater. Two of the dear creatures, were sprawling on the floor, an elderly fat woman was shrieking with affright, the rest chiming in occasionally so as to give a general chorus. Jack lowered his truck and putting his hand to his forelock saluted the party, but it was sometime before order was restored, the result of which we defer till next number.

CONTENT.

Give me a rural homely cot, with thatch and woodbine lined,
In some sequestered quiet spot well sheltered from the wind,
Not grand enough to foster pride, nor mean, that I should be
As if I wish'd my face to hide from men of high degree.

There with a kind and loving wife, and children good and fair,
Give me to pass a happy life without a single care;
With good old books to speed the time when wintry nights are long,
And haply now and then a rhyme or some heart-stirring song.

In cheerful sport or healthful toil, each passing day should glide,
Contented on my native soil with what that soil supplied,
With wealth enough to treat a friend and something for the poor,
That smiling beggars I might send rejoicing from the door.

And when at length my eyes grow dim with long and cheerful years,
And strength forsakes each aged limb as death at last appears;
Without regret my bones be laid beneath my parent sod,
My dust to mix with kindred clay, my soul to rest with God.

S. M

PRETENDERS TO GENIUS,

BY AN

ADMIRER OF SHAKSPERE.

Modest merit is dumb in its own behalf—real talent is diffident at all times—it is your pretenders to genius that affect eccentricity, practising volubility instead of wit, or assuming a mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind—characters that Shakspere well describes,

"There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,'
And, whem I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"

They cannot afford to live in quiet retirement; for, except they make a noise, and are

"The idols of idiot worshippers,"

They would starve. But even men of sense are often deluded by them,

whilst the ignorant and the simple wonder and admire, and generally are made to pay dearly for their astonishment and admiration. I have seen one of this class kiss his friend's wife before his face, but it has been placed to the account of "eccentricity of genius," and received as a compliment rather than resented as an insult. I remember another who in public company, knocked down a celebrated singer just as he was quavering on the last bars of a popular song, and then wringing his hands in seeming agony, exclaimed, "What have I done?—what have I done?—it is my destiny, it is my fate!" Notoriety is their stock in trade; they will coin oaths, commit all sorts of extravagancies, cozen a dozen tailors, palm themselves upon kindly men for a month, make love to their laundress; and thus obtain meat, drink, clothes, lodging, and washing, at no other expense than common honesty—and that they have long parted with—to pay their debts of honour. A genius of this class may soon be known;—

"His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical."

Simple minded folk are struck with his showy qualities; and he

"Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his work."

He will affect religion, too, as long as it does not thwart his inclinations.

"Like the sanctimonious pirate that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table,"

And all this is not the effect of chance, it is a fixed and settled plan.

"His sin's not accidental, but a trade."

He will pretend to a knowledge of music, though ignorant of *so la me fa*; he seems to have the sciences at his fingers' ends, but it is after the fashion of the pickpocket.

"He has been at a feast of languages, and stolen the scraps."

He will affect the subtle disputant, too, and enter eagerly on a controversy, to gratify his own love of talking,—for

"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."

The vulgar applaud him to the very echo of praise, and his name is coupled with the terms "eloquence" and "ease," but

"A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear;"

It engenders thoughts both new and strange, which the unlettered cannot comprehend, and therefore is he dubbed.

"A gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great

admittance, authentic in place and person, generally allowed for many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations."

I was once unfortunate enough to be invited to sup with a creature of this grade, and it was my greater misfortune to keep the appointment. He tenanted a handsomely furnished first floor, at the west end, and on admittance to the house, I was requested to walk up and knock at the door, as the "gentleman" was within. This I did once, twice, thrice—aye nearly a dozen times; and though I could hear that some one was inside, yet no answer was returned. Impatient at evident neglect, I seized the handle of the door and opened it, and there in front of the fire with his legs spread wide, and his feet on the fender, sat my literary acquaintance. He had on a flowered morning dressing gown, and a greasy cap of knowledge. He never turned or took the slightest notice of my entrance, but appeared to be busily engaged in some especial and strange pursuit, which sorely puzzled me to understand. I walked close up to him, and then discovered that he had a small switch it his right hand, about two feet in length, from which dangled a piece of pack thread, having at its end a pin crooked like a hook. This he was whirling above his head, and throwing it on the burning coals in the manner of fly fishing, and no sportsman trying for a fine trout could be more eager or acute. At length he hooked a large cinder, and shouted with uncommon glee "hurrah I have him at last," and he carefully raised it on the hook.

Now, all this time I had stood unspoken to, and apparently unlooked at and unrecognised, but seeing that he had hooked his *game*, I entered into the humour of the thing, and taking up the fire shovel, proffered my services with the "landing net," for which he thanked me most cordially, and we were proceeding *secundem artem* to land the fish, when his recollection suddenly returned, and jumping,up, he smote his head, exclaiming.

"God bless me! what have I been doing?—I really beg your pardon, my mind was so absorbed—how long have you been here—my dear fellow do pray excuse it; alas! alas! it is the fate of genius to be absent—come, we will have supper, though I had almost forgotten it."

I did sit down with him to a miserable meal—plenty in quantity but bad in quality, and worse cooked—his manners were gentlemanly, but his conversation perfectly outrageous; he would talk of nothing but cutting throats, suicides, battles, murders, and sudden death, and occasionally his eye in

"A fine frency rolling,"

glared upon me with terrific vengeance, till at last I could endure it no

longer, and snatching up my hat I ran out of the room, turning the key and locking him in, and with a hop, skip, and a jump, I was soon clear of the house. You may say what you please of eccentricity, but I would rather take a lonely snack upon a raw turnip in the middle of a field at midnight, than sup with a genius again.

"Unquiet meals make ill digestions."

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

EASTER WEEK.

The veterans of this noble establishment were nearly swallowed up by the awful inundation of visitors during the late holidays. On Easter Monday in the fair, the park, the town, and on the heath, there could not have been less than two hundred thousand persons, male and female after their kind, and the Greenwich Pensioners in their deep marine blue, looked like minor convolvulus, amid flowers of every varied hue; it was indeed a busy scene, and the old blades seemed to enjoy it.

There too in their school-grounds were those glorious lads to whom the nation must look up, as the future guardians of England on the ocean, against the aggressions of foreign powers.—Yes there they were, some eight hundred of them singing in one general concert of heart and soul,

"Rule Britannia."

Every word could be heard clearly and distinctly from the summit of the Observatory hill, and as their young voices swelled on the breeze, they seemed to say,

Oh England's my country, and dear is her name,
But dearer, far dearer to me is her fame;
And dearest of all as the place of my birth,
That halo of glory, her honour and worth.

Yes their youthful minds acquainted with the renown of those who so ably sustained the supremacy of the British flag in former times long to emulate their deeds of daring, in defence of those rights which their ancestors freely shed their blood to secure. "Rule Britannia" was not a mere *song* to them, and the energy of manner with which they gave the last lines of each stanza, plainly evidenced that mind and spirit were both engaged in the cause of British liberty. I love my country, and to me who must shortly trip my anchor for another world [for I have been "The Old Sailor" now for more than twenty years,] it is a source of proud gratification to witness the devotion of these youngsters, who are looking forward to the exalted title of "lords of the main; it satisfies me that the colours which I have seen nailed to the mast, will never be disgraced in the presence of an enemy.

The soul stirring sounds of that

"Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,"

I can still hear in fancy, as the wind of memory sweeps over the harp of thought, and the "never, never, never, never," declaration, which announced that they would not stoop to degradation, burst forth and was repeated by those who meant it to its full extent. A thrilling interest in the welfare of their native land had been awakened, and each one felt as he gazed upon the many thousand listeners,

Oh England's the land of the fair and the brave,
It fosters no tyrant, it should have no slave,
But England, old England, for ever should be,
The birth place of beauty, the home of the free.

Yes I love my country, and loving my country with the warm fervour of an English heart, every faculty is aroused, when I look upon those glorious boys; and not upon them alone, their prowess has yet to be displayed, but close at hand are veterans who have served under the gallant chiefs of former days, when the names of Howe, Nelson, Duncan, and many others were as familiar in seamens' mouths, as the Bill, the Jack, and the Tom of intrepid and jovial messmates. Within how small a compass is presented a spectacle that is well calculated to excite the admiration and respect of all mankind. The aged who have done their duty faithfully and nobly, and who bear about them their honourable scars, now enjoying the benefits arising from national gratitude, —and the bold aspiring youth imbibing instruction in the first rudiments of nautical art, determined that what ever changes may take place in naval warfare, his object must be to carry out that grand principle which proclaims

"Britains never shall be slaves"

What though adverse gales may frown upon their fortunes in after life, they will know, —for the sunny hours of childhood are never forgotten, —that if compelled to bear up before the stormy breeze of adversity, there is a comfortable asylum under the lee, a palace for the sea-kings who "rule the waves."

To me both old and young, offer one of the most interesting sights of which England may be justly proud, and visitors who take pleasure trips to their locality, would do well to cherish similar sentiments.

I have some old ship mates in Greenwich as well as worthy friends, with whom it is a pleasure to spin a yarn of deeds and days that never will return. Can I for one moment suppose that the records of such veterans will not be interesting to general readers? No! as long as the

name and character of the Old English Sailor is borne in remembrance, so long will a narative of their courage and eccentricity be welcome to my countrymen. I shall collect memorials of old men who are still boys in heart; and anecdotes of youths, who in spirit are becoming men, and present them occasionally for perusal under the cherished influence of those feelings, which on Easter Monday, made so deep an impression on my mind by the shouts of—:

"RULE BRITANNIA."

MACNAMARA RUSSELL.

THERE are not many now living who can remember this brave but eccentric man. I recollect him when he commanded the old Vengeance, seventy-four in the West Indies, and one day he had invited a midshipman to dine with him, but during the forenoon watch the "young gentleman" had done something to offend against etiquette, and on the complaint of the first lieutenant, the captain directed that the middy should be sent to ride the weather main-yard-arm for two hours.

Now this sentence was carried into execution just one hour befor the captain's dinner was placed on the table, and as those who received invitations to dine in the cabin were never allowed to share in the mess of the midshipman's berth for that day, the hungry youngster saw the savoury dishes carried aft, with a savage fierceness and a keen despair, that made him almost wild. He had had nothing to eat since eight o'oclock in the morning, and it was then near three o'clock in the afternoon. The pinching of the bowels, and the thoughts of what he had lost brought tears into his eyes, but the scorching sun dried them up in a moment—and his tongue was becoming very parched in the extreme heat of the climate, so that he began to lament the hard fate which had induced him to mount the "weekly account," and to wish that "his mother had sold small-beer, and he had remained at home to bottle it off. Whilst suffering these torments he was hailed by the lieutenant of the watch on deck, and ordered to "descend immediately." It may be relied on as a fact in natural history that he was not very slow in obeying—down he came; and when on the quarter-deck the captain's steward told him that dinner was waiting for him, and he was not to stop and change his dress but go as he then was. Here was a change from torture to delight, and without delay the ravenous young reefer took his seat at the festive board, where he was treated with great kindness and not a word uttered relative to his misconduct, so that he began to hug

himself under the idea that he should enjoy his wine in comfort. No sooner, however, was the cloth removed than Captain Russell looking at his guest said mildly,

"You were taking a spell at the main-yard-arm, Mr. ——— eh, was it not so ?"

The abashed youngster replied in the affirmative, but still felt satisfied by the bland manner of his commander that he had nothing to fear in the way of coercion.

"I hope you have dined well, Mr. ———," continued old Macnamara, in his softest tones,

"Oh yes, Sir, thank you—excellent dinner, Sir—I was very hungry, very hungry indeed, Sir," answered the gratified midshipman, smiling with increased pleasure.

"Glad to hear it," said the captain ; "and as you have still another hour's penance to perform, away up to the main-yard-arm, Sir, till the time has expired. I shall not allow you to take wine for fear it should make you sleepy or giddy :—away up directly, Sir."

The unfortunate reefer knew that it was in vain to plead on his own behalf, so rising and bowing, he retired from the cabin, and was compelled to resume his uncomfortable seat aloft, where he was exposed to the merciless ridicule of his messmates till the full period of his punishment expired.

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX AND THE YOUNG PRINCESS.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, fifth son of George the Third, brother to George the Fourth and to William the Fourth, as well as uncle to her present Majesty, has departed this life, leaving an honoured and respected name as the patron of literature and the fine arts, and the friend to every institution that had benevolence for its object. He expired rather unexpectedly on Friday, April 21st, aged seventy-one. Whilst the colours on the flag-staffs were yet drooping half mast, as a mournful tribute of respect to the memory of his late Royal Highness, the standard was on Tuesday morning, April 25th, at nine o'clock, suddenly hoisted at the tower, and the guns proclaimed that her Majesty was safely delivered of another child. The colours were immediatly hoisted chock up where a few minutes before they had been half-mast, and the introduction of a young princess into existence superseded the deference paid to an old and valued prince whose days were at an end. Joy for the safety of the Queen had overcome sorrow at the death of her uncle. Her Majesty was brought to bed about four o'clock that morning. Peace and repose to the ashes of the dead—Joy and prosperity attend the living

THE OLD SAILOR'S

All Hail!

FRIENDS, ahoy! Here I am once more ataunt-o, to thank you heartily for the unlooked for success which has attended the first launch of my Jolly Boat. To the Public generally I am under great obligations for the many years of favour and patronage which has been bestowed upon me; to the gentlemen of the press, my gratitude is most sincerely given for the numerous aids which I have experienced from their friendly notices. Once more I have been indulged by all. Hurrah! then, for my "Jolly Boat!" and her crew. Here we are, afloat for a second trip; and that it may be as fortunate as the preceding one, is the earnest desire of

The Old Sailor.

TO JUNE

Month of the merry face! mirth-loving June!
Thou'rt with us once more, not a moment too soon,
For the sky has been weeping that thou wert away,
And the earth scarcely smiled at the presence of May.
The trees were all drooping, and blushed to be seen,
They were waiting for thee, to break out into green,
Poor Flora stood nursing her lilacs and sloes,
But lo! at thy bidding she puts on the rose;
Here and there, a poor daisy besprinkled the ground,
But now, all the meadows her beauties have crown'd,

The king-cup, the poppy, the clover, the bean,
The lily, the crowfoot, all bloom with their queen;
The pinks and sweet-williams are daintily drest,
And the earth at thy presence seems happy and blest.
The sky-lark awoke at the coming of May,
And the mavis and linnet enlivened the day,
But the nightingale tarried, to welcome thy birth,
And burst into song as thy foot touched the earth;
Oh! welcome! thrice welcome! thou mirth loving June,
Thou'rt with us once more, not a moment too soon.

But where hast thou been since we parted last year?
Our roses soon withered, our leaves they turned sear,
And friends that we cherished who smiled in thy ray,
Since then have grown cold or been taken away,
And eyes that we loved for affection's sweet light,
When we look on them now, they have ceased to look bright;
The music of voices that prattled all day,
Has grown full of discords or melted away;
The earth has been changing from beauty and bloom,
To heart-ache and sadness, to darkness and gloom;
Not winter alone, since we saw thee depart,
But the winter that sunk on the desolate heart!

Thy suns are as bright, and thy skies are as clear!
Cans't thou give us the raptures we tasted last year?
The flame of affection thy beams may impart,
And kindle the love that lies cold in the heart,
The chill of distrust at thy presence may melt,
And friends may yet feel as aforetime they felt,
But again to our hearts thou canst never restore
The joy of our youth when its season is o'er!
The eye may seem bright, and the cheek wear a smile,
But where is the joy of the heart all the while?
The voice may be blithe, and the spirit be gay,
But the lightness of youth and its magic's away,
We try, back and back, to recover the strain,
But the music of youth we can never regain;
Yet welcome! thrice welcome! thou mirth-loving June,
Thou'rt here once again, not a moment too soon.

Yet why should we pine though the seasons roll on,
Since the dark days along with the bright ones are gone;
If the season of sunshine has fled from our view,
Its sins and its sadness have died away too,
The June of the past may not gladden our sight,
Yet the June of the future is teeming with light;
Then let us enjoy the bright month as it flies,
And look for the good that each season supplies;
If the spring time of youth cannot gladden the heart,
The wisdom of age greater peace may impart,
And to look for the change which we know may come soon,
Will be better than waiting for roses in June.

S. M.

JEANETTE DURAND.

A TRUE TALE OF TRAFALGAR.

" Sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And, after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with its wrathful nipping cold :
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

SHAKSPEARE.

INCARCERATED within the walls of the citadel, Pierre Durand passed the remainder of the night in excruciating pain of body from the torture he had undergone, but still greater agony of mind, when he reflected upon the unprotected state in which he had left Jeanette; nor were her mother or his own parents forgotten. A heavy pressure of affliction had come suddenly upon him, and though he was a lad of great firmness and quick invention, yet the accumulation of so many misfortunes within such a short space of time almost overpowered his faculties. The dungeon-like place in which he had been thrust was tenanted by many more unhappy creatures, destined for the same service as himself; the hardy, industrious canal-men, the crews of all the fishing boats and schuyts, (a great portion of whom had fled from the coast of Ghent under a vain hope that they should escape the general muster)—fathers of families, tenderly loving their children, husbands torn from fondly attached wives, sons who venerated their parents, brothers united in the firmest bonds of fraternal regard, each and all, with heavy hearts and bowed-down spirits, mourning over their calamity and contemplating the dark future with sickly apprehension. Not a ray of light illuminated the spacious apartment; a black gloom enveloped them, and loud were the groans and imprecations that burst forth from the assembled multitude.

When day-light came—oh! what a scene of misery was there! and yet the sun shone warmly and brightly—the face of the heavens was calm and clear, Nature was smiling and cheerful in her aspect, whilst those to whom the Creator had given understanding to love and enjoy His works were crushed with a weight of wretchedness that rendered them incapable of noticing the glories by which they were surrounded. During the forenoon the incarcerated mariners—more than three hundred in number—were paraded in the grand square, preparatory to marching; other parties, of a similar description, were brought in to join them; they were encompassed by a strong escort, and soon after noon they commenced their march. On emerging from the citadel the wailings and lamentations of relatives, kindred and friends, were heart-piercing and terrible; nor could the bayonets of the guards, though unsparingly applied, enforce the continuance of silence—indignant anathemas and hootings from thousands of voices rose fearfully in the

air as the mournful procession moved along through the streets, and had a less forbearing man commanded the troops, many lives would have been sacrificed to the fury of the escort, who were with difficulty restrained from firing upon the people. Numbers pressed forward to take one farewell look—to bid one last adieu to objects dear to their souls, and whom they never could expect to see again, and though thrust violently back, struck, and even wounded, they still persisted in their endeavours to obtain a parting, and as all believed, a final embrace. Thus they proceeded, and with them was the brave and resolute Pierre Durand.

In the solitary loneliness of her humble apartment, poor Jeanette recalled to her remembrance the melancholy occurrences that had so hurriedly succeeded each other during the few days that had recently passed; the destruction of her father's property; his flight; the breaking up of her home; the unprincipled conduct of Laisson—by turns occupied her agitated mind; and then her thoughts naturally reverted to the evident attachment and fervent devotion of Pierre, who now clung more fondly round the cherished feelings of her young heart—so closely allied is gratitude to love. As the night advanced, she became more and more uneasy at the protracted absence of Durand, and busy conjecture with all its attendant tortures, deprived her of one moment's respite from keen distress. She was well aware that he had gone to try and save her mother, and at his departure hope prevailed that not many hours would elapse before they should be restored to each other; but the time passed on, the night wore away, and still no intelligence of Pierre or her injured and distracted mother. Oh! how trying to the mind, and how difficult to bear up against, are the agonies of suspense, when the heart, knowing its own bitterness and sorrow, can cling to nothing certain but misery; and the poor girl experienced this to its utmost extent.

The first faint light of early morning came streaming through the window of the room, and but too strongly enforced upon the conviction of Jeanette, the length of time that had elapsed since she had been left alone. Feverish and restless through the absence of sleep, and acutely alive to the situation in which she was placed, yet the poor girl did not want for firmness or intrepidity, and now that the occasion called for the free exercise of both, she endeavoured to nerve herself with courage and determination equal to the task she was about to undertake. The sun ascended the heavens in gorgeous majesty, Jeanette no longer hesitated as to what course she should pursue, and therefore, summoning the woman of the house, she requested that all her beautiful tresses should be cut off close to her head; the aged female at first declined, but the entreaties of the poor girl were so earnest, that

at length her solicitations were complied with, and the hair that remained was stained by some liquid to a dark brown, her fair skin was changed in its colour by a similar process, and then arraying herself in a rough flannel shirt, jacket, and trousers, blue worsted stockings, heavy shoes, with large buckles in them, and a red woollen cap, no soul breathing could have detected under this disguise the interesting and lovely Jeanette Berghaume.

The splendid luminary of day ascended higher in the heavens, it reached its topmost altitude, and the agitated girl having received no information would not delay a moment longer; she quitted her place of shelter, and was proceeding towards her once happy home for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of her mother, when on turning the angle of a street, she suddenly met the coerced mariners, who, under a strong escort were quitting the city, and among the leading division, she in an instant recognised her attached lover Pierre Durand. To speak to him was impossible, as the guards rudely thurst every one away, but she inquired of a bystander the meaning of the spectacle, and being apprised of its intent, the struggles in her bosom were for a few minutes most acute and painful. Unacquainted with the real nature of her own sentiments towards Pierre, she had been accustomed to treat him as a brother, but recent events had shown her the true character of her regard, and now she loved him with a fervency that was quickly developed. The officer of the escort observed a stripling in a sailor's garb looking on, and fancying that he must belong to his detachment, rode up, and commanded him to join the prisoners. The intuitive quickness of her sex took advantage of the mistake.

"I am no slavish cur," said she with boldness, "to be dragged into the service of the republic against my will. It is true my years are few, but that will be amended in the course of time. No, no, monsieur, if I go at all it must be as a volunteer, and that I am ready to do should you not consider me too young."

"Bravely spoken, my lad," exclaimed the officer, "I like your humour, and will give it play, you have a stout heart in your little frame. Come then, young Samson, if you wish it, and according to your behaviour so shall you be free from restraint; they must want boys as well as men."

For an instant Jeanette remained irresolute, the thoughts of her mother rushed upon her remembrance, but love prevailed, and springing forward with alacrity, the murmurs and disapprobation of the crowd never reached her ears. But as they proceeded forwards, and the city faded gradually from the view, often she turned with melancholy feelings; home, parent, kindred, she was leaving all, even the place

of her nativity, and future prospects of enjoyments she had none. Many fervent but secret prayers were breathed, grateful praises for past mercies were hymned in her heart; she had escaped the wretch who would have destroyed her, and she determined unknown to alleviate, so far as she was permitted, the distresses of her deliverer.

It had been in the first instance proposed to send the men by the canal to Ostend, and from thence to coast it along shore, but this mode was deemed so precarious, and raised so many objections that it was abandoned, and as many seamen had been collected at the small seaports near their route, it was determined to march by land accumulating as they proceeded.

Jeanette remained in perfect possession of liberty, her youth and her pleasing manners won upon the rugged dispositions of the soldiers, and she contrived by several little acts of attention to secure the favour of the officer in command. The first night's halt afforded them but short time for rest, and even that was on the floor of a dirty building, in a dilapidated state, that had been used for temporary barracks, without even straw to lay upon or food to eat, and many were the aching hearts that were bowed down beneath the pressure of affliction; that of Pierre Durand was almost bursting. The freedom enjoyed by Jeanette was not abridged upon the halt, and as she was supplied with rations her best endeavours were employed to get some portion to her lover, but this she found to be impracticable, for though availing herself of opportunity afforded to traverse the building, yet nowhere could she discover Pierre, for he had shrunk into an obscure corner by himself, to indulge in secret the anguish of his soul. After many ineffectual efforts to find him, Jeanette desisted, and sitting down apart from the rest she gave free course to her tears. At length the idea struck her that perhaps her lover had eluded the vigilance or obtained the favour of the guard and got away, a short time would solve this, and overpowered with fatigue she sunk into an uneasy slumber.

At day-break on the following morning they were aroused by beat of drum, and being told off in three divisions, the first set out immediately, the second an hour afterwards, and the third an hour after the second. The first tap of the drum had awoke Jeanette, who sprang up, and hurrying into the yard, she watched with intent eagerness the appearance of the prisoners as they severally emerged from the door. Nearly the whole had come forth, but Pierre was not amongst them, and hope beat high in her bosom that her conjecture respecting his escape was correct, and so strongly did this increase, that she could scarcely restrain an exclamation of delight, when all her rising joys were again thrown down as she beheld him pale, haggard, and miserable, crossing

the threshold—he was still a prisoner. Jeanette would gladly have flown to his side, but a sense of the indiscretion of such an action withheld her. Nevertheless, she contrived to get near him and proffered her little store of food. Pierre at first declined it, but a manifestation of kindness is always active in penetrating the recesses of a grateful heart, and Durand experienced it; he raised his drooping head to express his thanks, their eyes met, and strong affection at once revealed the secret which the disguise itself confirmed. Pierre no longer hesitated, he took the ration which had been tendered to him, and Jeanette perceiving that she was discovered, pressed his hand and separated from him.

The young seaman was still marshalled in the first division that took its immediate departure, and with it went the seeming lad, anxious to communicate with Pierre respecting her mother, and her mind at times shrinking with alarm from the probable consequences of her own temerity. But Durand bore the marks of punishment, and the guards without giving themselves the trouble to inquire into the causes, only looked upon them as evidences of a refractory spirit, and he was too closely watched to allow of any conversation on points so nearly touching the safety of both—yet they could see each other, and notwithstanding that many a bitter pang distressed the young mariner at Jeanette's exposed situation, still he was now convinced of her affection for him—she was near to him on his march, and that in itself was a blessing.

This day a scanty portion of provision was served to the prisoners previous to their setting out, but before night the attentive girl had availed herself of opportunities afforded during their progress, to purchase a few necessaries, and soon after they had halted and darkness began to spread its thick veil over the face of the surrounding objects, she cautiously crept to the side of the delighted Pierre, whose position she had already noticed, and there where no eye but that of heaven could witness it, she was clasped to his heart—not a word was spoken—not a whisper was heard—for they had near neighbours who might be dangerous—but in silence they shared the refreshment which Jeanette supplied.

The building in which they were immured for the night had been a factory, but in the movements of hostile troops who had alternately occupied it, the walls had been broken through, and roughly built up again, and every part was filthy—some loose straw had been spread, but this gave rise to angry encounters, as many were desirous of scraping together more than the lion's share for themselves, till it was agreed to collect it in one heap, so that as many as could might be accommodated with at least a soft though somewhat dirty resting place. Pierre took no part in the contest, but he secured a small portion in a lone

recess of the room, and there without one unhallowed thought or feeling, Jeanette's head was pillowed on the breast of the young mariner, and now for the first time she heard of the manner in which he had been captured—his last interview with her mother—the torture he had undergone, with other particulars, and though gratified by being thus together, their tears frequently ran down their cheeks mingling in one stream.

Thus, day by day, and night after night they continued in the same course, and though Pierre devised several means of escape, yet when he saw the extreme vigilance of the guards, and the exercise of their determined vengeance upon all who did try to get away, he became convinced of the impossibility of carrying it into effect without endangering a life he loved far dearer than his own. By assuming a nonchalance and a sprightliness she could not feel, Jeanette was left at uncontrolled liberty, and some of the gens d'armes even treated her with kindness; no suspicion appeared to be excited amongst them, and even the prisoners who had witnessed their attachment, placed it to the account of fraternal regard, which they revered too much to betray to those who had them in charge.

At length they reached their place of destination—Brest; and the seamen were sent on board the different ships of the fleet, Durand being drafted to a large frigate under sailing orders for the East Indies. Jeanette had never once contemplated the chances of being separated from Pierre, so totally unacquainted was she with the nature of maritime service, and when the hour of parting came she earnestly entreated permission to accompany him; but her solicitations were disregarded, and in the agony of denial her true character became revealed, so that at the moment when the wretched Pierre was forced away for embarkation, he had the additional anguish of knowing that the maiden he so ardently loved, was left alone among strangers —unfriended and unprotected.

We left Madame Berghaume in her apartment, distracted by the accumulated weight of evils that overpowered her faculties—that apartment she soon quitted for one of a more humble nature to accord with her means—it was but little she had saved from the wreck of their property, nor indeed did the possession of wordly goods seem of much consequence to a mind bereft of all that was precious upon earth—her husband whom she tenderly loved—if he yet lived, a wandering and impoverished outcast—her daughter whose affection had filled her breast with all a mother's fondness, had been torn from her arms by wretches who were utterly insensible to the precious sentiments of mercy or of pity, and she could gain no intelligence of her fate—these

things tortured her spirit, and though prepared to quit her native place, now become the theatre of horrors to her troubled soul, yet she knew not whither to go as a place of refuge, and the fear which constantly haunted her of missing any communication from her husband by removing, bound her to the spot. Months passed away—time was rapidly growing into years, when sitting during the lone and chilling darkness of a winter's evening in the humble apartment which she occupied, some one entered, and by the pale glimmering light of a lamp, she beheld a youth whose mulatto-like complexion and dark hair spoke of warmer climes and sunny skies—he was in plain sailors attire, and on being addressed, indicated by his actions that he was both deaf and dumb, but placing in her hand a token from her husband she at once comprehended the object of his visit, and procured writing materials for further converse. But the youth shook his head—he was unacquainted with their use, and then commenced a series of signs and motions by which she at length understood that her partner was still living, and anxious for her to join him, though the place was at some distance, and there would be difficulty in getting to it.

The agitated woman paid the utmost attention to every thing; and what was distance, what were difficulties when compared with the rich delight when all would be surmounted, and she should again embrace her husband. This feeling, however, was damped and subdued when she called to remembrance the probable condition of her daughter, and tears—scalding tears forced their eager way down the pale cheeks of the bereaved mother. Still her path of duty was strait before her—obedience to Berghaume's summons she considered of paramount importance, as Providence had thus far appeared in her behalf, a ray of hope illumined her mind, that perhaps Jeanette—her sweet Jeanette might once more be restored to the longing bosom which had been the pillow of her infancy.

The youth proffered his services to be her guide, and on the following morning they departed by the track-boat for Ostend, where they embarked on board a chasse-maree that was bound along the coast to Cherbourg. But, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, the vigilance of the British cruisers was too great to allow of any rapid progress—they were driven into Calais, and from thence the anxious wife and her conductor pursued their way by land. Sometimes suspicions would arise in the lady's breast that she might be the victim of deception, but these were soon quelled when she experienced the constant respect and attention of the boy, who, in his way, endeavoured to converse with her on topics that were precious to her soul. By them she ascertained that her husband was under no restraint—that he was in

good circumstances, but the lad knew nothing of any daughter nor had he seen a young female with his master.

Wearying indeed was their journey—sometimes compelled to pass the whole of a cold frosty night in the open air—seldom obtaining the means of conveyance, and often pinched with hunger—nature would have sunk under such privations but for the future prospect which cheered her up. The money she had saved was secured about her person, and she feared even to let her guide into the knowledge of her possessing it, lest it might prove a temptation too powerful for him to resist. At length after numerous hardships and privations—after being imprisoned on the borders of La Vendee as suspicious characters, and held in durance for many months before being liberated they reached the department of Charente and a carriage deing obtained, it was not long before they arrived the fertile banks of the Garonne where full summer in its luxuriant fruition was swelling the vineyards with the produce of the season.

(To be continued.)

THE SONG OF THE BROKEN BOUGH.

It was a pleasant life of old in the bosom of the wood,
To flourish with my kindred boughs all green with leaf and bud,
Yeilding the burning noontide hours a cool and twilight gloom,
Or bowing back our leafy crowns, give the bright heavens room
To smile on the free wild natures all haunting our sylvan clime,
And feel the fragrant welcome given by the green earth in her prime—
O the difference to the broken bough since that delightful time.

What years have pass'd since my germ lay hid in its birth-place still and dark,
Yearning to break its subtle folds and pierce the rugged bark !
The sap in the tree from root to head, and every wind that blew,
The rain, rich largess of the heavens, the balmy evening dew,
And the sun, creation's kindly helps, all furnished me with powers
Enough for the wants of rugged strength, enough to nurture flowers
Whose odours, a sweet waste of love, should woo the flying hours.

When the eldest spirit of the year brought comfort to the land,
And the squirrel and the dormouse broke from Winter's frosty hand,
Unfolding wide my leafy fans, and blossoms white as snow,
I cast the old year's withered leaves among the weeds below,
And soon grew dark and proof against the fervent Summer heat,
A shelter for the hatching bird, the fainting doe's retreat,
And a shade where the languid pilgrim lov'd to cool his burning feet.

When Autumn came, and his weird touch shook the mellow fruitage down,
And the high-heaped wain rock'd to and fro in the harvest rich and brown,
A splendour fell upon us all, it was gorgeous to behold
The tame green pass from the fiery hues of purple and of gold,
But our beauty waned when the leaves were toss'd in stormy eddies round,
Or loosening in the breathless air with a low complaining sound,
Dropped one by one reluctantly, and slowly reached the ground.

When Winter toil'd thro' the knee-deep snow and the winds were wailing by,
And the old and wayworn year lay down, in the solitude to die,
On the forest branches black and bare, but the ancient moss was seen
With the woodbines faded tapestry, and the ivy ever green;
But in bough and bole, thro' a hundred rings, the soul of beauty stirr'd
In the folded germs that would bud anew, when the voice of Spring was heard,
As lover's thoughts in my twilight shade are breathed in some sweet word.

So time moves on, and is led in turn by the bright and gloomy hour,
While ever I shew like a face of care in pleasure's glorious bower;
I bring a fear of the Autumn-time to the manhood of the year;
The sap runs not in my withered limbs, my leaves are shrunk and sere,
Nor have I strength to cast them off, though so frail a hold have they,
The lightest gust that stoops so low, may bear them all away
To the cold wet ground, at length to feed the spirit of decay.

A few more years shall bring the light, and darken in the tree,
And the elm bough once so beautiful the spoil of death shall be,
Unconscious when the world at morn awakens in the sun,
Or sleeps at noon in the wearying light; or when the day is done,
Lies in the glory of the dew, touch'd by the the white moonbeam:
In the stillest night my rustling leaves, restless, shall ever seem
The voice of death in the ear of sleep, whispering a fearful dream.

Wild flowers in their season still shall spring in wood and field,
The violets like first thoughts of love a balmy influence yield,
All day and night shall the hawthorn blow to welcome in the May,
The rose shall give its inmost sweets like trustful hearts alway,
And the woodbine climing evermore, as it long'd to see the sun,
Clasp the green boughs with fragrant trails that blossom as they run,
Yet wary of my fragile hold, the broken elm bough shun.

Wild natures of the forest realm! the cony and the hare
Shall play in the dewy fern and grass, the brown deer's secret lair;
The squirrel's sharp hilarious cry from tree to tree be heard,
With the ring-dove's croon and merry chant of many a wilder bird,
And the golden bee that ever makes a pleasure of his toil,
Where the wood-top rears its milk-white cones, keep up his dreamy coil,
But pass by me, who can yield him not as of old a honied spoil.

And merry-hearted youth shall come with the basket and the crook,
For the hazel-nut and purple sloe, ripening in secret nook,
To plunder the poor bird's hidden nest, or hive of the forest bee—
Their joyous whoops and laughter wild, that startle every tree,
A moment hush'd when the wither'd bough through the foliage they espy,
'Twere a childish feat then to pull me down, and with triumphant cry
To trail me at their own wild will in a distant place to die.

But wherever I rest, and at length become the hoary lichen's prey,
My ruins shall be to the human heart a lesson of decay,
For the fairest boughs of life must fall, time ever will destroy
Desires and hopes, that are as buds to the open flowers of joy;
All things must fade, and fall, and die, or young or past their prime!
The mighty trunk that a thousand years hath stood in the forest clime,
Must pass away like the smallest leaf in the burning breath of time.

And death shall quell the merriest voice, the clearest eye be dim,
And make the stoutest heart to quail, nor battle do with him;
The good, the evil, the blithe, the sad, the king, by the beggar's side,
Shall pass together thro' that gate wide as the world is wide,
For the earh is all the hunter's path and he keenly doth pursue
The affrighted quarry *all* the year, with his swift and silent crew—
Turn where ye may and his dark eye turns, and the arrow pointeth true.

By Hylarion

THE PREACHER'S HORSE.

BY S. M.

(With an Illustration.)

As the Rev. Mr. Brown, a methodist preacher, was riding through one of the wildest districts of Connaught, he was suddenly attacked by a savage dog, whose owner stood in the adjoining field, apparently enjoying the fun, and hardening the dog with shouts and halloes. This was not the first, by many a one, of such annoyances that he had experienced from the same quarter, but as they had generally been confined to the abuse of the tongue, or perhaps now and then a blow from a lump of turf, the good man quietly passed them over in silence, or only expressed his pity for the ignorance of his assailant. Had the attack on the present occasion been likely to have passed off without more personal injury, it is highly probable the old preacher would have gone on his way, as he had often done before, unnoticing his ignorant brutality; but another actor was brought in, who completely changed the scene. At first the dog confined himself to barking and growling, galloping round the horse, and ever and anon approaching quite near, as if he would use the teeth he showed so plainly, until at length, either prompted by his own savage nature, or urged by the encouragement of his master, he rushed silently behind the horse with the evident intention of fastening on his leg. The horse, however, was not one to suffer himself thus to be taken by surprise. He had been an old dragoon, and had fought at Waterloo, and many other places, and had consequently learned something concerning the stratagems of war. When therefore, the dog was just in the act of seizing his heels, the horse suddenly jerked out his hoof, and striking his antagonist in the middle of the skull, laid him dead on the highway. One bitter howl, a deep groan, with a hard convulsive struggle, and the fierce beast lay as quiet as the surrounding sod.

The old preacher, not expecting such a fatal catastrophe, looked with a feeling of pity on the martyred brute, and was just about to express his regret to the man for the accident which had befallen his dog,

when he beheld him approaching with the most enfuriated expression on his countenance, a large turf spade grasped in both hands and evidently bent on taking the most summary and fatal vengeance for the loss of his dog. One glance at his face was sufficient to convince Mr. Brown, that he had no time to lose if he valued his life, and, with as much coolness and promptness as any general ever displayed he instantly decided on the most effective measures for his safety. It is true, he might possibly have escaped by setting spurs to his horse and riding off beyond the reach of his enemy, but he knew that if he succeeded in this instance , he should be liable to renewed attacks whenever he journed that way, and he therefore availed himself of the means, not only to free himself on the present occasion, but also to do that which might put a salutary check on the man for the time to come.

The horse as we have said before, was an old soldier, and amongst the other tricks he had learned in the service was one of assisting his rider in attacking the enemy. The old trooper who used to bestride him in the day of battle had taught him to rear up on his hinder legs and to strike with his forefeet as well as very effectually to bite with a most formidable set of teeth, which he showed to perfection. The horse and his rider had been for many years on most intimate terms, until the sagacious quadruped had become acquainted with his speech, and in many instances it appeared as if he really understood the language of his master. Of these peculiarities, the preacher had become aware by accidentally meeting with the old trooper, who less fortunate than his horse, had left one of his legs behind him, and he now availed himself of the habits of the animal to free himself from this imminent danger. The red hot Irishman, boiling with rage, was within five yards, and in another instant the terrible weapon would have been buried in the head of the preacher, when the latter, wheeling round so as to face his adversary, put the spurs to the sides of his horse, and shouting "Go at him Jack," soon turned the fortune of the day, for no sooner had the noble animal ascertained the will of his master, by the long remembered war-cry, than he instantly became animated with the most lively emotions— a thrilling tremour ran through his frame and uttering a wild expressive scream, he instantly reared on his hind legs opened his mouth, and drawing back his lips grinned fiercely on his astonished foe, and at the same time flinging out his forelegs so as to come within half a yard of the Irishman's head, he so terrified poor Pat, that dropping his spade he made but one leap across the ditch, and fled over the field as fast as if old Harry had been behind him.

The old preacher, forgetting for the time his more sacred calling, entered into the spirit of of the contest, and amused by the terrors of

his former tormentor, determined to give him a sufficient dose to serve him for some years to come. Accordingly when the poor Irishman had rounded a hill and began to hope himself free from the terrible spectre, the preacher came suddenly upon him, and crying loudly "Go at him Jack," made his horse rear and plunge, and grin and fight, in the same dreadful manner as before. Away ran Pat, roaring for mercy with the lungs of a wild bull, and away after him went the preacher ;—whenever he slackened his pace through exhaustion, up came again the dreadful monster, and as Pat thought, with the devil on his back, breathing flaming brimstone and, and roaring "Go at him Jack, go at him Jack" till the sounds struck upon his ears with the agony of the accursed. In vain he attempted to go upon his knees, neither the horse nor his rider would listen to his prayers, in vain he called upon the saints, not one took pity on him ; if he ran up the hill, or down the hill into the highway or across the fields, it was just the same, the faster he ran, the faster the enemy bore down upon him ; he rushed into a thicket of young trees, hoping to screen himself from his pursuer, it was all in vain, the tremendous creature came snorting and blowing, and crashing the trees at every bound ; he rushed into a river and tried to swim across here also he was disappointed, for the horse leaped fairly over his head and stood on the banks ready to devour him ; he tried to dive, the horse rushed in and he felt the fierce splash of the waters, and had only just time to creep out and up the bank, when the animal was again upon him. What will I do ? what will I do ?" he roared out in the bitterness of his soul, as he cast his terrified looks for a moment behind him, and again saw the excited horse rearing and plunging, and breathing fire, and as he thought mad to devour him alive. Off he rushed again with redoubled speed, still more and more frightened, for as his nerves grew higher excited so his terrors increased, and the loud tramp of the galloping horse, and the fierce shout of his rider, became every instant more and more terrible, and nothing but the excessive terror of his mind enabled him to hold out so long, and to rush with such fearful rapidity from place to place. Any one that had seen him as he flew along, with his hair standing upright, his eyes half bursting from his head, his long grey coat streaming behind him, his hands streached forward, and his whole frame quivering with agony, would have fancied him some lost spirit from the bottomless pit flying from his merciless tormentor. If he made rowards a cabin with a view to take shelter his intention was anticipated, and the terrible phantom was sure to intercept him ;every hope was extinguished, and notwithstanding the desperate energy he had hitherto displayed, there appeared no chance of his ultimate escape.

After the chase had continued for a length of time, the preacher began to think that poor Pat had had almost enough, and as he had now circled round again till they were pretty near the place from whence they first started, and he was, in fact within a stone's throw of his own home, he allowed the terrified fellow to proceed in that direction, and was not sorry to see him enter the door of his cabin, which was immediatly closed with great violence, and on the preacher coming up, he could hear the tables, chairs, and every other article in the house, being piled against the door to prevent the entrance of the pursuer. The old man smiled to himself as he noticed this fresh proof of the Irishman's terror, and whether it was a smack of the old Adam that still lurked about him, or whether solely as a precautionary measure for the future, to strike the lesson deeper home it is hard to say but certainly there appeared some touch of roguish humour in the preacher's face, as turning the horse's haunches towards the door, he once more said "Go at him Jack," and the horse striking out his heels shattered the frail barrier to shivers, and exhibited the terrified creature fainting on the floor. The sight at once awakened the humanity of the preacher, and he galloped swiftly to a neighbouring farm, whose owner he knew, and dispatched such assistance as was necessary to recover poor Pat. On arriving there, they found his senses were restored, but his mind was fully impressed with the belief that he had been chased by the evil one on a fiery charger, who but for the interposition of St. Patrick and the blessed Virgin would have devoured him alive.

POOR WILL OF THE NILE!

A BALLAD, WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY WILLIAM ASPULL.

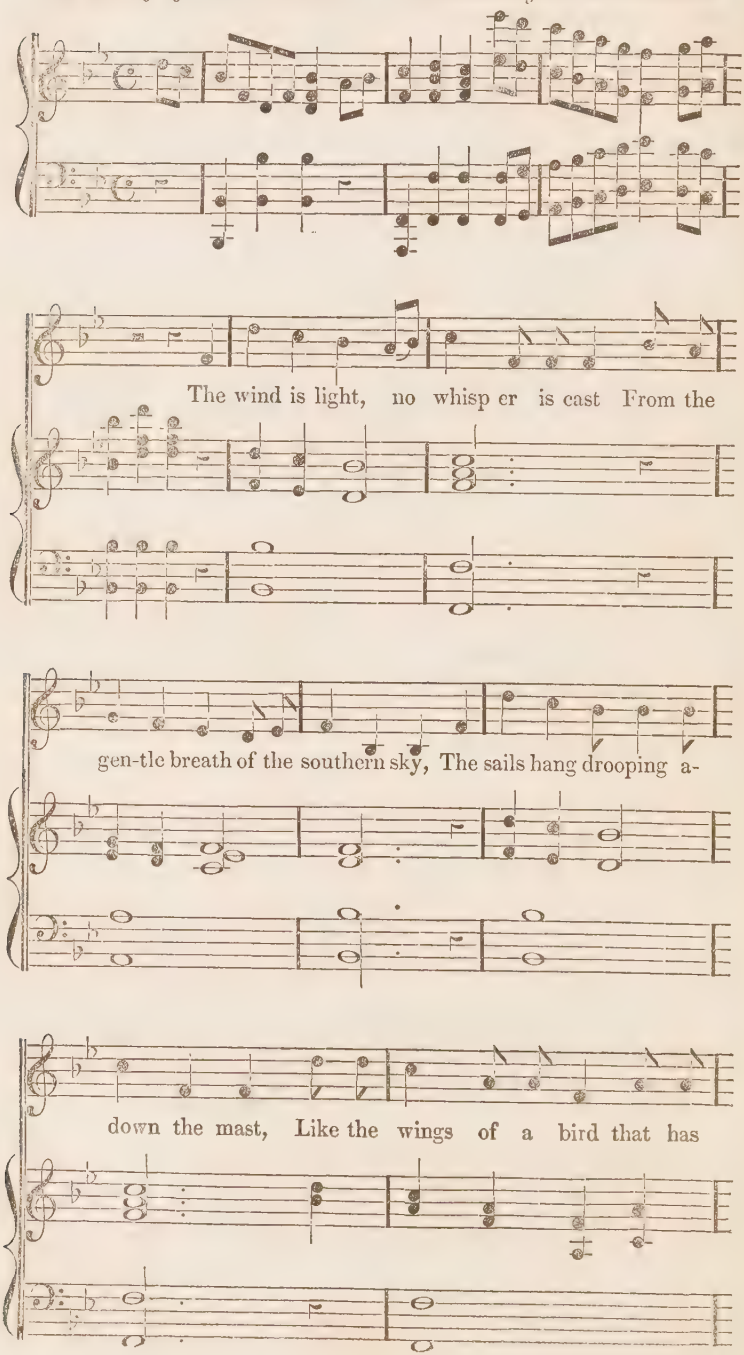
E'ER heard ye the tale of poor Will of the Nile,
As gallant a tar as e'er left Britain's isle;
He trusted his Mary's fond love would not fade,
His soul beam'd with candour, but false proved the maid;
She slighted poor Will of the Nile.

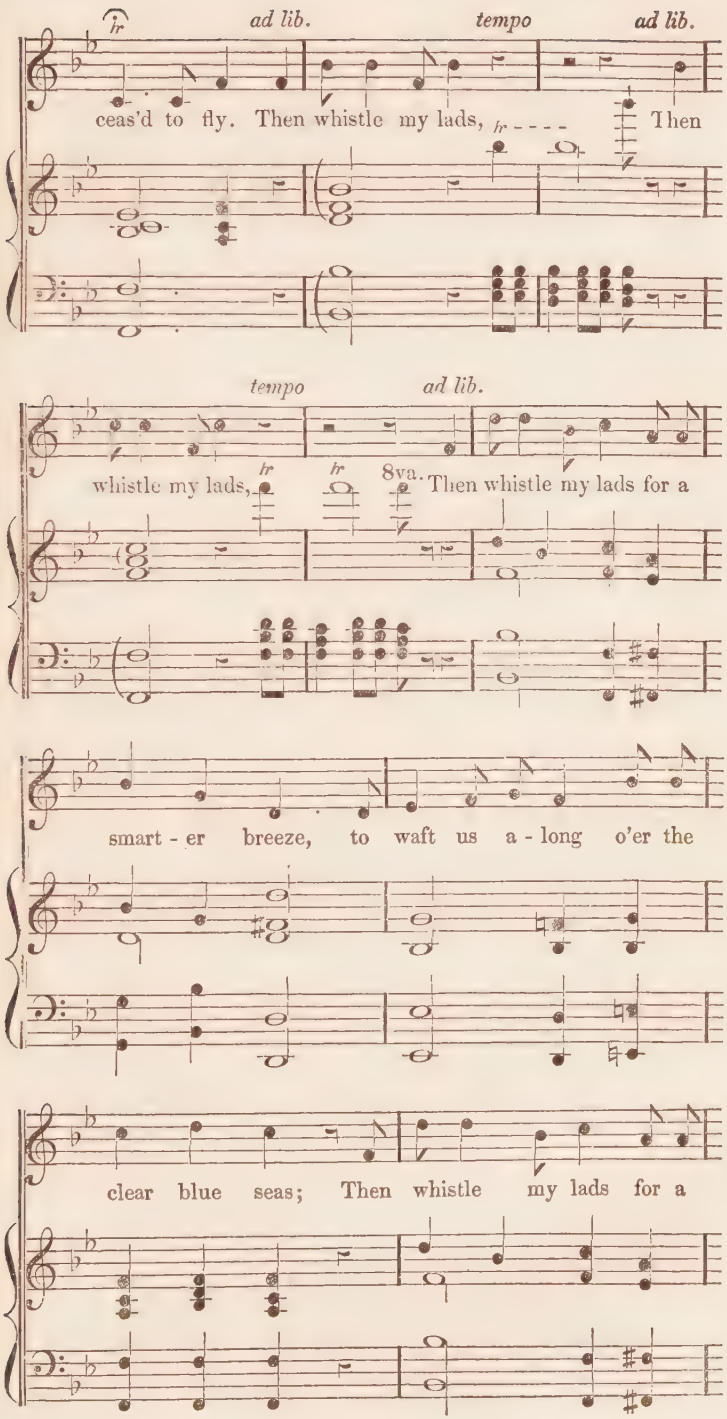
From his long cruise returning he leap'd on the shore,
To bear to his Mary his hard earned store;
But the false one had fled to conceal her foul shame,
Yet malice soon blew the loud trumpet of fame
In the ear of poor Will of the Nile.

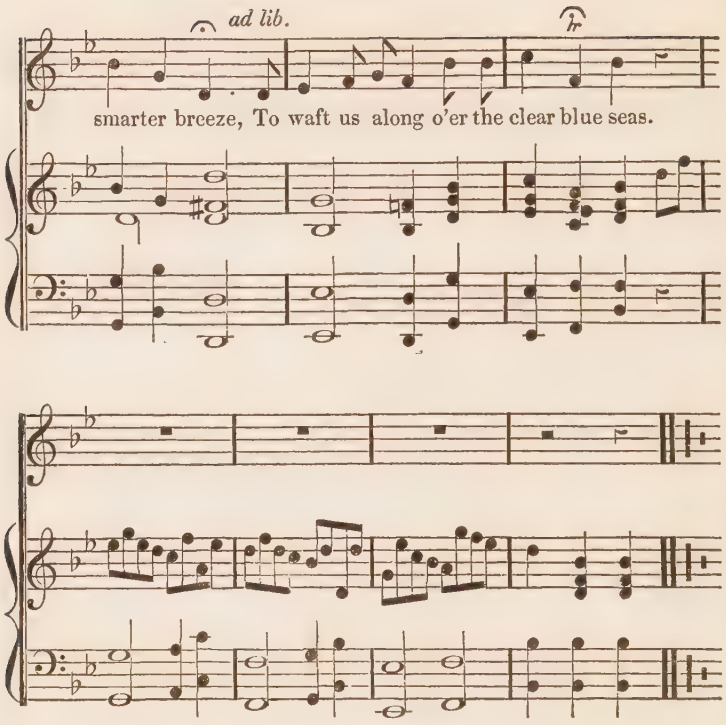
Distracted and frantic the mariner fled,
Far, far from his home, and in honour's cause bled;
Trafalgar's bright morning received his last breath,
He smil'd as he lay, and cried "welcome, now, death,
Thrice welcome to Will of the Nile!"

THE WIND SPELL.

The Poetry by the Old Sailor. *The Music by J. W. Thirlwall.*


The wind is light, no whisp er is cast From the
gen-tle breath of the southern sky, The sails hang drooping a-
down the mast, Like the wings of a bird that has


ad lib.
tempo
ad lib.
ceas'd to fly. Then whistle my lads, lr - - - - Then
tempo
ad lib.
whistle my lads, lr lr 8va. Then whistle my lads for a
smart - er breeze, to waft us a - long o'er the
clear blue seas; Then whistle my lads for a



II.

It comes, it comes, and old Ocean's breast,
To meet its embrace is swelling with pride,
Now curls the white foam on its azure crest,
Like the down of the swan as she cleaves the tide.
Yet whistle my lads, &c.

III.

Hurrah! the gale shall our canvass fill,
'Tis come, and we feel all its eager force;
The bellying sails sleep deep and still,
And the reeling bark steers her northern course.
Yet whistle once more, &c.

IV.

Now, now we mount on the billow's foam,
And the whistling wind mocks our feeble power;
'Tis bearing us on towards our home,
And we rattle away, twelve knots an hour.
Then whistle no more, we've a gallant breeze,*
And sweep like a bird o'er the rolling seas.

* Omit the Shakes in the last verse.

A PIECE OF CHINA.

WHAT FOLLOWED THE BOATSWAIN'S LOVE LETTER.

(With an illustration)

In our last we left Jack Moberly crossing the bar of a Chinese arbour under a bare *poll* and assailed by heavy *squalls*, but like Prospero in the "Tempest," he stood as stiff as a midshipman, weathering the breeze he himself had kicked up, and quietly contemplating the display of small soles and heels which the Chinese call feet, but which in English estimation are sadly deficient in measure.

Some of the females were really pretty, and one who stood behind the chair of the corpulent dame, had an extremely interesting countenance; but honest jack, judging by quantity instead of quality, made certain that the fat lady—so much like his own Poll at Deptford—must be the selected choice of his master, the boatswain.

"Here's a precious bobbery," thought he, as he looked round him, "and me the bearer of a love-chop as 'ud melt the heart of a holystone." He turned round to the fat lady, who still kept screaming, and innocently waving his hand, according to the most approved method adopted by the mesmerites, for the purpose of soothing her fears;—"Avast there, lovey," said he, aloud—"Now don't you go for to continny opening and shutting your bridle-port in that sort of an onnatral fashion. 'Scuse me, Ma'am, but if you'd jist clapper a stopper on your muzzle and belay that hullahbaloo, why, I could have a fairer scope for overhauling the matter of the letter to you, with the governor's love and dooty, and hopes you're stout, as he is at this present—thank God for it. Jack still kept waving his hand, and the noise of the lady gradually ceased. "Ha! ha! that's all ship-shape," remarked the boatswain's mate, "the pampoosa is going down by degrees, and sure there must be sumut in this owld flipper of mine, as acts as a sort of conductor from my good wishes to the beauty's bussum." The other ladies, seeing that no mischief was intended them, grew more tranquil, and Jack went on making his *passes*. "All square my hearties; and did ye go for to think as owld Jack would ever hurt a hair of your heads—well I'm bless'd if the darling isn't dropping off asleep." This was actually the case with the corpulent dame, but whether from the effects of Jack's mesmerising powers, or caused by the use of opium, or having its origin in fear, the narrator is utterly incapable of deciding—at all events her head fell forward, and she resigned herself to somnolency.

"Ayah, Mister Sailor—what for talkee, talkee," said the prettiest of the girls. "Ayah—no good that."

"Now that's what I calls a lucky wind-fall," exclaimed the boatswain's mate, with no inconsiderable glee," who would ever have thought to hear his own wulgar tongue from the lips of a Chinese. But in regard to this here lady, my precious"—pointing to the lusty woman—"well I'm bless'd if she aint moored hard and fast in the arms of Morphus, and—pulling out the letter—"who will I get to read it, seeing she isn't not by no manner of means oncapable o' doing it for herself."

"Ayah, Mister Sailor," uttered the same sweet voice that had spoken before, as she looked at the letter, sewed up as it was in a pink silk covering, "ayah, what callee that?"

"Callee that," reiterated old Jack, as he hitched up the waistband of his trousers, "why that's a grand chop from my governor Muster Richard Pearson, boasun of her Majesty's Royal Ship the Flying Mercury, for this here lady here," pointing to the sleepy mountain of flesh, "whose name I don't ezactly know, seeing as how I never had it logged down in my memory."

"Ayah, no can saavez Mister Sailor—no can see," said the female, "and no can see how can do?"

"Oh, if that's all, lovey," uttered Jack, in an off-hand business-like way, "I'll soon show you the contents of the inside." He put his fist into the pocket of his trowsers, and pulled out a large clasp knife, usually carried by seamen; but no sooner had he opened the bright blade, than the young female threw her arms round the ample neck of the corpulent lady, and cried out most lustily.

"Well, I'm blow'd if I can make anything at all of this here," exclaimed the boatswain's mate in surprise, as he gazed earnestly at the women, "here am I going only to rip open the stitches, and she pipes, up 'Bob's a dying.'" The young girl looked with terror at the knife which Jack immediatly observed, and promptly guessing the cause of affright, he at once ripped off the silk, and having closed the apparently formidable weapon, it was promptly restored to its capacious receptacle. "The female observed the action, and became once more calm and tranquil. And now, my darling," continued the seaman, holding out the epistle, here's the chop."

The girl took the letter, eyed it with more attention than the Chinese generally bestow upon sublunary affairs, and then stood irresolute how to proceed. Jack tried to convey the purport of his despatches by laying his hand upon his heart and making love in dumb show, which excited the curiosity of the other ladies who, grown more bold now crowded round the first, and all seemed anxious to learn the nature of the

letter—who it was designed for, and other particulars, before the stout woman should awake; and for several minutes there was as pretty a piece of pantomime going on, as could be well conceived, and acted, as the seal was broken—the hieroglyphics exposed, and Jack big with importance, entered upon explanation. It was impossible for the dullest mind, after examining the various designs, not to understand the meaning; and though the Chinese are not very quick in jumping to conclusions, yet, here everything was so palpable, that woman's ingenuity was not long—especially with Jack's assistance—in comprehending the whole; and this new mode of courtship, so contrary to the practice of their own country, appeared to amuse them very much; but their mirth was somewhat abated when they were apprised that all this vigorous representation of devoted regard, was intended for the fat lady, whose repose was so sound that she might have been mistaken for the seven sleepers rolled into one. Each thought herself the preferable choice; but the youngest, who had superior intellect to the rest, and knew a few words of the English tongue, had gathered from the messengers recital that the incomparable effusion had been sent by her friend and deliverer, of whom she had cherished the most lively remembrance, not only from motives of gratitude, but also derived from a source always allied to gratitude—sincere esteem; and she longed to enjoy another interview with the good-looking "and generous barbarian eye"—nay, more, from her latticed window she had secretly beheld him cruizing about in the neighbourhood, and evidently trying to get sight of somebody, which personal vanity whispered could be no other than herself—she could not speak to him—she did not dare to make a sign for fear that her motions might be seen by other eyes than his—she possessed no means of communication, but still hope clung to her thoughts, and in the midst of disappointment she had nourished a fervent conviction, that they should meet again. Now, how cruelly were all her ardent expectations blighted. It is true he still retained the character of her deliverer from the atrocious intentions of the brutal Tartars; it is true her affections had strengthened under opposing influences—yet, now, the truth was forced upon her heart, that the demonstrations she had witnessed were not designed for her; the eager watchings of Pearson were offerings at the shrine of another, and that other a woman old enough to be her grand-mother, as Jack had declared that the despatches he had brought were addressed to the corpulent lady—oh! it was a moment of intense agony to her, and retiring from the room her woman's feelings overpowered her, and she wept bitterly.

As for Jack, having as he said, "got all hands into good sailing trim, and brought them into smooth water," he endeavoured to arouse the

object of his master's affections, but without effect; once or twice she opened her eyes, looked vacantly around her, mumbled a few unintelligible expressions, and then relapsed into her dormant state. In one instance. however, she certainly manifested a strong developement of pugnacity, for as honest Jack was rubbing her head with one of his hard horny hands, and shaking her by the shoulder with the other, he suddenly received a slap on the face, delivered with all the precision of a scientific bruiser, but the offending member was instantly quiescent again, and the probability is, supposing the lady to have been under the influence of mesmerism, that Jack, in frictionising her caput had pressed rather heavily upon the bump of combativeness, and thereby caused the phreno-magnetic operation that yet tingled on his cheek. This however must rest as a mere matter of conjecture, and I must leave the affair in the hands of the learned professors skilled in this wonderful art, merely observing *en passant*, that it would indeed be a curious thing, if it could be proved, that the phrenological application was first practiced at Chusan by a veteran boatswain's mate.

All efforts to awake the lady to a sense of consciousness having failed, Jack left his despatches in charge of the younger branch of the family, who highly enjoyed the sport, and by gestures invited the writer of the epistle to visit them; at least it was thus that the worthy seaman translated their manœuvres, and after swallowing two or three glasses of ardent spirits, he took his leave and returned on board, where Wildgust and others awaited the confidential communication which it was expected would have to be made. Pearson was in the mate's cabin, half wild with anxiety and impatience as Moberly entered, but he strove to manifest the utmost calmness of demeanor, as if it was entirely a matter of indifference to him, though the grimaces which he unconsciously made but too evidently betrayed the actual state of his mind.

"What cheer! what cheer, Jack?" demanded the boatswain, screwing up his visage and trying to grin, till his teeth looked like the bars of a helmet, "delivered it, eh! Jack—delivered it safe; And how is she—all square by the lifts and braces, my hearty?" Jack smiled but said nothing, "what did she say to it—brought an answer, eh!" Moberly was still silent, "why don't you speak—confound your propus-face you son of a swab, to stand there screwing your mouth up like an old maid in a trawl-net—out with it and be blowed to you; how is she, eh—how is she?"

"As soon as youv'e belayed axing questions sir," responded Moberly, quietly, "I'll jist overhaul the consarn to you from clew to ear-ring. You wants to know which way the darling heads in regard

of not being in the sick-list. All I can say is, that she never told me not nothing about it, but she guv me a striking proof as she warn't without strength by the slap in the face which I got."

"What—what?" demanded the excited boatswain, "slap of the face, eh?—no doubt you desarved it. Why, what the blazes have you been up to—some precious sky-larking no doubt."

"Don't be so hasty Pearson," said Wildgust, endeavouring to appease him, "come, bring yourself to an anchor, and here Jack, take a glass of grog to clear the cobwebs out of your throat, and then spin us the whole yarn from one end to the other."

"Aye aye, sir," answered the boatswain's mate, taking the grog which he made but one gulp at, and then smacking his lips and wiping his mouth, he commenced a narrative of his proceedings on shore, to the astonishment of the boatswain and the great amusement of the mate, but when he came to speak of the charmer being fat and forty, Pearson could stand it no longer.

"Its false, its false," exclaimed he with vehemence, "and Jack, you're an old fool as don't know a handspike from the heel of the bowsprit—fat, you lubber!—what do you call fat? Is a boat-hook fat? Is a belaying pin fat? Is a sail-needle fat? Is the staff of the dog-vane fat? Is the end of a marlin-spike fat? Is the spindle at the mast head fat? Am I fat? Is Mr. Wildgust fat? Is any body fat? Confound the fellow, to talk of her being fat; its a base invention sir," turning to the mate, "the beauty I'm speaking of has a waist no bigger round than a baby's thigh; and it tapers away like a lady's—aye, jist like a lady's finger; to go to talk of her being fat and frowsy, old and drowsy—oh, its all a bag of moonshine Mr. Wildgust, and as they've axed me to go and see 'em—bless their hearts—why, with your permission sir, I'll rig myself, and away ashore in the twinkling of a broom-stick—the lubber to talk about fat as if I was bound on a whaling voyage in search of nothing but blubber; Jack, you're an old fool!"

Wildgust questioned the boatswain's mate, and very soon ascertained that he had fallen into error, but to what extent it was impossible to tell; it was probable, however, that Pearson's presence would put all to rights, and he gave the required leave of absence, but terrible was the boatswain's disappointment when his mate informed him that his visit was not expected till the dusk of the evening, in order that they might escape the observations of the official authorities, whilst a suspicion crossed the mind of Wildgust that some foul practice or other was intended, and therefore insisted that Jack Moberly should accompany Pearson, and be cruising on the look-out whilst the boatswain was in the house.

Affairs being thus arranged, just before sunset Pearson and Moberly, after receiving many cautionary admonitions from the master's-mate, entered the boat that was waiting alongside to convey them to the shore, and as no great secret was made of the matter, the seamen assembled on the forecastle and loudly expressed their good wishes for the boatswain's success. Pearson had arrayed himself in his best long togs, and to be in keeping with his representation in the picture, Wildgust had lent him his hat and sword, so that he really displayed a very respectable figure as an officer; he had also a brace of silver-mounted pistols buckled in a belt round his loins. Jack was much the same as he was in the morning, except that he carried an additional cutlass under his arm, "not caring," as he said, "to trust the precious life of his master to a bit of iron as was only fit for a toasting fork.

When they landed from the boat, the crew gave them a cheer, and away they went towards the town;—Pearson elate and full of confidence, Jack fearful that he had committed some error, and keeping a watchful eye on all sides, to prevent anything like being taken by surprise. At length they reached the dwelling, and Moberly having secured himself a snug position by way of concealment, suffered the boatswain to proceed alone, which he did without interruption, though he was well aware that two or three Tartars were fully cognizant of his approach. The ladies were waiting for him; the corpulent one had recovered from somnolency, and with the letter in her hand was preparing to receive his devoirs, and very naturally expecting to be caressed. Pearson did not at first observe the demeanor of the lusty dame, his eyes were wandering in search of her who had made so deep an impression on his heart, but she was not to be seen, and on turning an inquiring look towards the stout woman, he perceived that she was ogling him in the most enticing manner, and then for the first time he beheld his love-letter pressed upon a bosom as huge as high Olympus.

"Confound that old fool," said he, with emphasis, "I see it all now—fat and forty indeed; to go for to think that she—" his nose curled with contempt, but he stopped short in his speech and advanced to obtain possession of the letter, when the lady fancying that his eagerness was complimentary to herself, suddenly opened her arms and grasping him in her embrace like a bear hugging a monkey, poor Pearson was almost smothered. After some struggling he contrived to get free, and a little tea being put into a small cup, hot water was poured upon it, and this, without milk or sugar was given him to drink. The unhappy boatswain, afraid of being thought disrespectful, tried to swallow it, but

made many wry faces before he could get the whole down; he then by counting six upon his fingers, numbering the five ladies, and holding up one finger alone, contrived to inquire after the absent damsel. Great was his chagrin when he understood by their motions that she was indisposed, still he requested to see her, and after much solicitation two of the ladies went to fetch her. Whilst they were gone, Pearson's heart beat—no, it was not beating, but regularly thumping against his breast, like a miner at work with his pick, and when the object of his regard entered the room, the throbbings of his pulse might almost have been heard. Making a powerful effort to rally, he extended his hand, took hers, pressed it in his own, and then omnipotent nature asserting her irresistible influence, he caught the astonished but delighted girl in his arms and pressed her to his heart, swearing—yes, he actually swore, that he loved no other being in creation as he loved her, and the grand chop, though given by mistake to the fat lady, was in point of fact intended solely for her hands. Of course, much of this was not understood, but the general purport was, and a hubbub immediately arose amongst the party assembled, who now strove to force the last comer away, whilst the lusty lady assumed many ludicrous airs, and affected to believe herself a grossly injured woman; indeed Pearson could make out that she considered herself betrothed and was, *de facto* his wife.

Here was a pretty mess old Jack had got him into, but still he was resolved not to part with the young female nor suffer her to be ill-treated; he therefore drew her closely towards him for protection, and she, nothing loth, evinced much gratification at the attentions which he paid her, and eventually a few presents which he had brought with him being judiciously bestowed, produced a seeming restoration of harmony, and after two hours of sweet enjoyment to the enamoured boatswain, he took his departure, promising to renew his visit on the ensuing evening.

Jack Moberley, ensconced in the cavity he had selected as his post of concealment, had repeatedly applied his mouth to that of a bottle he had carefully stowed away in his trowsers pocket, and the potency of the liquor as well as the extreme quiet that prevailed operating upon his senses, very soon rendered him as drowsy as the fat lady in the morning, and like her he sank into a profound slumber, during which he dreamed of flying dragons and all sorts of mischief, when suddenly being awoke by a noise, he saw one of the former within a short distance of his face, and his first impulse was to make a blow at it, but becoming instantly aware that it was nothing more than a painting upon a Chinese lantern, he remained still, and was enabled

to see three Tarters, each with his lantern, outside the cavity, who having deposited something in a sack near his retreat, went off together.

"Now what the deuce are those fellows up to," thought Moberly, "a sack full of plunder no doubt, and mayhap some good pickings. Howsomever, here goes for a overhaul"—he projected himself forward but instantly drew back again, exclaiming as he grasped a pistol, "Avast there you lubbers—none o' your tricks apon an owld seaman—I'm blessed if the sack arnt alive."

And sure enough it was in motion whilst a strange noise of a human being in pain, issued from it.

"Ho—ho," said Jack, again advancing, "that's the cock you're arter fighting, is it? Kidnapping eh—here goes though; now for a black dog or a blue monkey," he pulled out his knife, cut open the mouth of the sack, and after some pulling, out came Mr. Richard Pearson, boatswain of Her Majesty's Ship the Mercury—who pointing to his mouth showed to the bewildered Moberly, that his "governor" was gagged. Not an instant was lost in giving free use to his tongue.

"Bear a hand Jack!" said he, "them fellows will be alongside again directly—stand by to man-handle'em my hearty, and I'm bless'd if we don't show 'em how to pipe the bags up and no mistake—the body-snatching willans—don't fire, but give me here one of the cutlashes—knock 'em down, there's only three of 'm—look out, here they are a coming."

Pearson and his mate drew themselves to one side, beneath a projection that entirely shaded them from being seen, and when the Tartars came up, two of them were instantly felled to the earth; the third tried to escape, but Jack went in chase, and having caught the flying enemy, he brought him back to where the others were yet lying prostrate on the ground, and a consultation was held as to what they should do with them. By the light of the lanterns they observed a bundle of coarse canvas which the fellows had brought, and which, on closer inspection, turned out to be sacks; three of them were immediately put in requisition, and the boatswain and his mate were not long in cramming a Tartar into each, and then tying the sack's mouth round the neck of the kidnapper with his own long tail.

At this moment, a Chinese came up, and the matter being explained to him he expressed great satisfaction, "Ayah! mister officer; changee for changee, very good that!"

"Why aye! friend fokhee," replied the boatswain's mate, "the pick-arooning wagabone have made a bit of changee for changee as you say, they wanted to 'bag the governor,' but you see they've got

the sack themselves. Puckalow and lay howld of one of the lanterns, so as to strike a light upon the consarn, there's a good sowl, and then thank your Joss as they ar'nt got you in a sack instead."

The Chinaman did as he was desired, and with no small degree of satisfaction, for there is a bitter animosity existing between the Chinese and the Tartars, and the former are always glad to see the others well thrashed, especially for their kidnapping propensities. The lantern was suspended at the end of a pole, and Pearson raising one load upon his back, and Jack taking another, they moved on to a certain distance towards the shore; when setting down the sacks, Jack returned to fetch the third, leaving his master to stand sentry over the other two, and thus they continued till they had neared the landing place.

Mr. Wildgust had become uneasy at the protracted absence of Pearson and Moberly, he therefore manned the boat and went ashore, and on advancing a short distance, he beheld the three ugly Tartars, each in his sack, placed uprightly, but slightly leaning against a deserted dwelling. The Chinaman was holding the lantern above their heads, whilst Pearson and his mate were resting a few minutes from their labour. Although somewhat astonished at the spectacle, he could not refrain from laughing heartily, and when the affair was explained, the boat's crew were summoned, who soon stowed them away in the cutter, and they were carried with much fun and mirth alongside the ship. The jolly tars were delighted with the task of slinging and hoisting them aboard, and each was placed in his sack between the quarter deck guns,—where we shall leave them till next month.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

"Dick Dock, a tar in Greenwich moored."

DIBDIN.

"WHAT! got to Greenwich Hospital again," methinks I hear some one exclaiming; "we shall never get this old fellow away from the place."

No, my friend—not if I can help it, and I only wish her Majesty would appoint me one of the Commissioners, with a good salary; you should see how famously I would carry on upon all tacks, to the honor and glory of Old England.

I love to get amongst the veterans, and it was only a few days ago, that I chanced to fall into company with several, who previous to my entering had been spinning their yarns and blowing their clowds in admirable style. One of them had just finished an account of a duel hat took place between two midshipmen; and old Bill Braceback,

a veteran quartermaster, had caught up the thread, and commenced taking his turn at the winch.

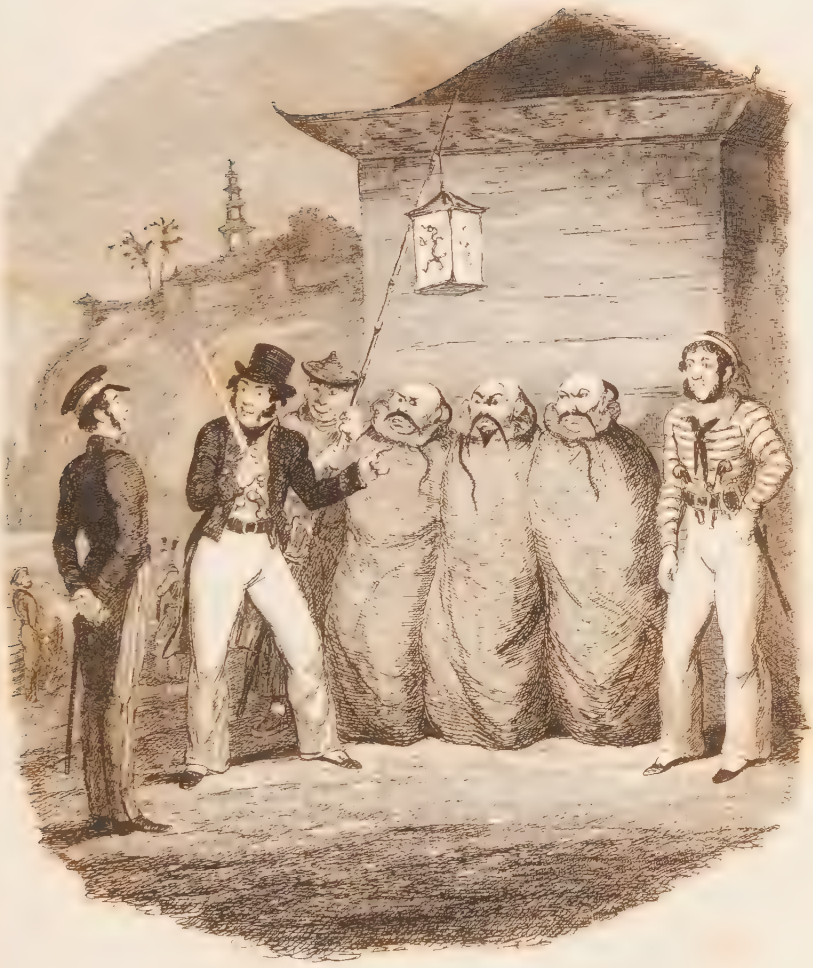
"Your story Tom puts me in mind of another midshipman's duel," said the quarter-master, "and it arose out of somut of the same kind of skylarking and nonsense amongst the young genlemen as yours did, only they were all oldsters, as were engaged in it. One was a dashing young chap of a master's mate named Howe—a brave gallant fellow again the enemy, and up to all sorts of devil-trap among his messmates and friends—the other was named Mealey, a reefer, very rich and very sily—what they put him into the navy for would puzzle any man's brain, for though as Captain P. told the Lord High Admiral, when he axed him how his father came to place him aboard a man-of-war, that "in all large families there generally was one fool, and him they sent to sea," yet in Mr. Mealey's case he was an only child. Mayhap, however, they wanted to be rid of him and get hold of his money, which he spent very scantily on all tacks, as I have good cause to remember, for he wasn't a free natured young man, and yet very conceited that every body should think well of him. Now, Mr. Howe had but little more than his pay, and the chance of prize-money, to live upon, but as the frigate—for it was a smart eight and thirty—was very lucky, he shared well; and though he had a widowed mother and a pretty little sister to help to maintain, yet he kept up appearances as smart as his messmates, and always behaved handsome in every thing he did. Not as any of the rest of the midshipmen were wanting in generosity or fair conduct, for with one or two exceptions, a finer set of young fellows never took a snoose in their watch upon deck under the lee of a P. jacket and a hairy cap. The captain who commanded us, one of England's bravest sons, was quite proud ef 'm—shall I go on?"

"To be sure—to be sure Bill!—keep the winch a going," said an old boatswain's mate, which was assented to by the rest.

"Oh, with all my heart," exclaimed the other, adjusting himself in his chair, and looking up to a corner of the ceiling as he had been accustomed to watch the weather leech of the sails when at the con, "with all my heart, and I never thinks of it when it hauls across my mind, but couples it with the name of—

THE WAGER BY BATTLE.

Well, d'ye see we were cruising off the Spanish coast, and we chased a whacking French privateer into a beautiful bay, that looked so enticing that it made a fellow's toes tingle to have a run ashore, especially as in standing in, a large white fort, surrounded by green trees and orange groves, opened a fire upon us with twelve pounders, as hulled us



almost every shot. Still the skipper wouldn't go about, for there was a fine breeze, and the water smooth, so that he could handle the frigate as easy as if she'd been a small cutter, and he was detarmined to have Johnny Crapoh who had run his nose on the beach near a battery of three guns, and presented his broadside of ten long brass nines right at us. Now all the boats were lowered down in case of its coming calm, and being wanted to tow; so the captain orders them to be manned without a moment's delay, with fifty seamen and mariners well armed, under th first leftenant, the officer of marines, Mr. Howe, Mr. Mealey, and another middy or two; and being the coxswain of the pinnace, in course I was in at it, and orders were given to push for a point of land, that was so close on our larboard bow that you might pitch a biscuit upon it, and having got on firm ground, the party was to take the town and threaten to set it a fire if they didn't surrender. The frigate was fast shooting a-head, so that by the time we shoved off, the point was nearly on the larboard quarter, and, under the smoke of our own guns, the enemy never got sight of us as the boats pulled ashore, so that we all landed as snug as possible, and they never none the wiser. So the blue jackets musters together, with a musket, a brace of pistols, a cutlash, a bagonet, and a cartridge box, for every man's fighting allowance; and the marines with their usual coutrements formed rank and file, and away we went, double quick time, till we turned an angle of the rock, and I'm blessed if we warnt close aboard of the fort, and "Avast heaving," sings out the first leftenant, and "Halt," says the officer of the jollies, and we every soul on us brought up all standing.

"There's never not a Spaniard to be seen," says the first leftenant, and just at that moment a Spanish sodger pops upon us round the corner, and "Santa Maria," says he, as drops upon his knees, and "Sanctum smearum," says the first leftenant, "Come-be-hang, the troops at the fort, and tell me, kick-shoes, the best way into it."

"Si signor, si,"—says the Spaniard.

"Be hang, I do see!" says the leftenant, "I see plain enough and be blowed to you."

"Not quite plain sir," says Mr. Howe, "for my eyes tell me there's the gate wide open for us, and the drawbridge down—its only a dash, and in five minutes they shall see the British buntin on the flag-staff."

So the leftenant looks, and "you're right Howe," says he, "I wo'nt forget it. Now lads, we must make a run for it, the distance is not more than a quarter of a mile—a few minutes and the space will be passed—Marines, tail on as hard as you can pelt—Follow the leader, and the devil take the hindmost.',

Off he started like a deer, and we after him, as if in chace, bringing

the terrified prisoner along with us, and I'm blessed if we didn't, all hands, cross the drawbridge, and get under the gateway before the people in the fort knew any thing about it, for they were pretty well most of 'em on the ramparts towards the sea face; but, an alarm being given, about a hundred Spaniards came pouring down upon us, and we scattered 'em back like sand afore the wind. Still they tried it on two or three times, till a great many on 'em had lost the number of their mess, and then we made a desperate rush, boarded the ramparts, and carried all before us, whilst Mr. Howe puckalows the jack, and runs with it to the flag-staff, where I lent him a hand to dowse the Spanish colours, and run up the British union in its stead. This warn't done, however, without getting some ugly knocks in doing it—Mr. Howe got a crack o' the head, that turned his hair into red ropes, and I got the cut of a sabre on my forehead as shows the scar to this very day. Howsomever, there was the flag of England's pride flapping in the breeze, and the moment the frigate caught sight of it, she ceased firing—a few minutes afterwards, and the fort was entirely our own, without a single man on our side killed, though the enemy was more than four times our number. But there was a terrible slaughter among the Spaniards, who laid about, dead and dying, and more than a hundred had scrambled over the walls and thrown themselves down a height of sixteen or eighteen feet, by which numbers were killed, or laid with broken limbs in the ditch, that had only three or four inches of water in it.

The first thing we did was to turn the guns on the battery and the French privateer, whose people, seeing how affairs stood, slung themselves from the jib-boom end on to the shore, running the hazard of being shot for the chance of escape. At last they hauled down the colours, and the firing ceased on all sides. Mr. Howe and a small party was sent into the town with a flag of truce, to assure the inhabitants that no harm should be done to them or their private property, if they remained quiet, He had got his head bound up, and having lost his own hat, he hoists one that he took from a Spanish officer, as would have sarved for a cradle for the Irish giant. Mr. Mealey went with him to look after the men, whilst Mr. Howe advanced with the flag of truce. What took place there I can't tell you, for I pushed off in the pinnace for the frigate, and then went to take possession of the privateer, which we soon got afloat, and brought out to an anchorage. She was a fine ship, mounting twenty-four guns, and there were also several marchant-men in the roads as fell to our lot. Communications were opened with the town, and the inhabitants never denied us nothing—sometimes the boats' crews would come offwith huge grenadiers' caps on—womens bonnets, and frilled head-dresses—in short

we all made fools of ourselves more or less, for the Spaniards were so pleased with the forbearance as was shown them, that we never wanted for nothing in the wittling way, and as long as we behaved ourselves properly, the skipper didn't interfere.

As soon as we got some wegetables and fresh beef aboard, we gets under weigh again with our prizes for home, and on our arrival, as the frigate had received some damage in her hull, she was ordered to Woolwich to refit, and Mr. Howe went up to Somerset House to pass his examination for a leftenancy, and the captain allowed him to have the pinnace to go by water. Well he gained great credit, received his certificate; and as he had been spoken highly of, his expectations were raised that he should soon have a commission.

"I'll give all the reefers a glorious tuck-out to-morrow," says he to Mr. Loringe, another midshipman who was in the boat, as we were pulling down the river. "I know the first leftenant will give you leave, and I shall invite the ward-room officers—grand dinner at six, my boy—maderia and champaigne—large room at the Ship Tavern, every thing in first style—."

"You had better ax the captain and admiral along with the rest," says Mr. Loringe with a half sneer.

"And mayhap, I may do that too," answers Mr. Howe, "the entertainment shall be no disgrace to me, and you shall be there if its only to excite your envy!"

"Very like a whale," says Loringe, "how will you raise the wind—you'd better get stingy Mealey to pay the bill."

"And so his money shall," says Howe, "every farthing of it—I'll bet you a dozen of port I make him pay."

"Done," says Loringe, who believed the thing impossible, "why you may just as well expect me to furnish a part of the table."

"I shouldn't be quite so positive as to the latter," says Mr. Howe, "but I durst venture another wager even upon that, add a dozen of sherry to the port and I'll take it."

"Done again!" shouts Loringe in an instant, "and the coxen here shall be witness between us."

"All square genlemen," says I; just shake flippers upon it, as a token that you means to stand by your bargain," says I.

So they shook hands, and the wagers were chalked down with a pencil on the blank leaf of a pocket-book, and given to me to take care of after both had clapped their names to it.

"You'll lose, Howe, to a certainty,', says Mr. Loringe. "Very few ever got much out of me, but nodody breathing ever screwed a sixpence out of Mealey."

"I know you're a couple of skin-flints—but never mind that," says the other. "Mealey would rather come down with any sum in his power, than have it said, his conduct in the Spanish town the other day was any thing but officer-like and courageous—he wouldn't like to be proclaimed a rank coward."

"I'll be hanged if I didn't think as much," cries Loringe; "and yet he has been spoken so well of, whilst I never had my name mentioned at all—what was it Howe?"

"Oh, never you mind that," answers the master's mate; "the wagers are laid, leave the rest to me—only remember what I have said is in confidence."

"Oh, very confidential to be sure!" says Loringe, "and the coxen and boat's crew hearing of you."

"There's not a man among us as ud split to make mischief, Mr. Loringe," says I; "specially if Mr. Howe wished a stopper to be clapped upon our muzzles."

"Still to talk of such a communication being confidential is all nonsense," says the midshipman with a grin.

"You may do as you please, Loringe," says the master's mate, "I don't care a marine's button, but I'll win my wager yet."

And so they got to taunting and wrangling with each other till we pulled alongside. Being desirous, however, to see how matters would go on, I made excuses to linger about the decks. The leftenants, as well as his own messmates, congratulated Mr. Howe on his success; and they gathered round him like bees, to see his certificate. Presently I twigs Mr. Loringe beckoning to Mealey, and they went forward along the gangway by themselves, and got into earnest conversation, which they held on by for some time, whilst Mr. Howe went below, and thinking the play would be acted out in their berth, I contrives to follow the master's mate. In a few minutes down comes Mealey, and having hauled his writing desk out of his chest—lights a purser's dip in a quart bottle, and pens a letter, which, after some confab with two or three others (in which one the midshipmen named Clayton, repeatedly urged "You must demand satisfaction or be branded as a coward") was put into the hands of Clayton, and conveyed to Mr. Howe. It was a challenge from Mealey, demanding a denial of his words, or to meet him next morning on the common with pistols. Mr. Howe refused to explain, but accepted the challenge, and, as the work of the day was over, they all got leave from the first leftenant to go ashore for the night—Clayton and Mealey and Loringe keeping company by themselves, and Howe, Mr. Splinter, the surgeon's mate, and Mr. Bradley, a midshipman, taking up their berths away from them.

Now d'ye mind, I'd got the cue from Mr. Howe, and so I axes for leave too, as he wanted me to produce the paper regarding the wager; and knowing where to pitch upon 'em, I takes a jolly good cruise to myself, till I falls in with Mr. Clayton, and he axes me to have a glass of grog with him. So I goes to the inn, and there was Loringe and Mealey; and the first of 'em says to me, says he—

"You heard all Mr. Howe spoke about in the pinnace to-day coxsen, didn't you?"

"Why, yes, Sir," says I, taking the grog; "I couldn't be well off of hearing on it—the whole was plain enough to understand."

"There, I told you so," says Loringe to Mealey; "yes, yes, he'll win his wager with the devil to it—and half an ounce of cold lead in his body."

"I hopes as it will never come to that gentlemen," says I; "but it isn't for the likes of me to interfere in your consarns, though I'm thinking both sides ought to have a goodish stock of cash in case of anything fatal, and one on you being obliged to cut and run."

"Oh we are well supplied," says Mealey, displaying a handful of bank notes, "thank God my fortune's too ample for me to be straitened in that respect, though I don't choose to pay for other people's entertainments."

"I don't think as they'll ever tax you with doing that if you can help it Mr. Mealey," says I; and so I takes my leave after swallowing the stuff. Next morning I goes on to the common a little before six o'clock, and soon afterwards the hostile parties made their appearance on the ground; it was a large open space, but no great distance from the road up Shooter's Hill, and a more delightful morning I never beheld. It was plain Mr. Mealey didn't want for pluck, but there was always a caution about his actions that made him look a-head in regard of consequences, yet he had gone too far to heave about again, and he seemed determined to stand the brunt. As for Howe, he was pretty much as he usually was, though mayhap a little more serious; whilst the rest, who looked on, were very grave. The ground was duly measured in a few minutes, and the principals, as they called 'em, regularly placed; no retractation was made nor no apology offered; the signal was given, and both fired; Mr. Mealey stood erect, but Mr. Howe laid twisting and writhing on the ground, The surgeon's mate ran to the spot, tore open his waistcoat, and the blood was spreading all over the shirt.

"Save me—save me, Doctor," shrieks the wounded man. "Oh, agony—agony, I am dying, I am dying.

As for the others, they all seemed thunderstruck, 'specially when the Doctor looked at Mealey and shook his head.

"Is there any immediate danger Doctor," axes Mr. Clayton, as his face quivered and he trembled with alarm.

"The wound is fatal," answers the Doctor. "In a few minutes he will cease to breathe, he must not be disturbed in his last moments; and I would advise you to get your friend out of the way as quick as possible."

"It shall be done—it shall be done," says Clayton; and making a signal with his handkerchief, a post shay drove up from the road. "What are we to do?" continues Clayton to Mealey, "they have no money to remove the body, and it would be a shame to leave it here —you must pay the expense, and as I must be out of the way too, I must request your assistance to enable me to do so."

"Bad counsellors have you all been to me," says Mealey, bitterly, "but reflection is useless now.—Here, here is what you want, this will satisfy you for the present," and I seed him count out three ten-pound notes, which, having put into Clayton's hands, the young duellist sprang into the chaise, and was driven off as fast as the wheels could slue round. Whilst this was passing, the Doctor pronounced that the wounded man was dead, and there he laid, his neckerchief off, his hands thrown out on either side, and all seemed to shudder as they gazed upon it. As for Clayton, he went up to the body, and kneeling down, almost convulsed with agitation, took up one of the hands; he then rose up and joined the group that was consulting what was best to be done in such emergency. The shay had disappeard, when Clayton, as if in the distress of his mind gave a loud whistle—up sprung the dead man! haugh, haugh, haughing as loud as he could laugh, and going to the astonished Loringe, he exclaimed,

"I've won my wager! you are in my debt a dozen of port and a dozen of sherry, for here," holding up the three ten pound notes which had been given to Clayton, "here is Mealey's money to pay for the dinner to-day; the duel is all a sham, I am not wounded, it is red ink from a bladder,—I told you you would lose."

Every body grinned, and enjoyed the joke, but poor Loringe, who looked like a sick monkey. "No, no," says he, "it is a deception—a fraud—you called Mealey a coward."

"I did no such thing," shouts Howe, "what I said was, that he wouldn't *like* to be proclaimed a rank coward, neither would you nor I, nor any one like it, but I never said he *was* a coward; it was your officious love of making mischief that jumped like a tiger to that conclusion. Where's the pocket book coxson?"

I hauled out the pocket book in which they had both signed articles, and showed the written agreement. "There," says Mr. Howe, "you see I've won the dozen of port, for here is Mealey's money to pay for the dinner; and I have won the dozen of sherry, for the port shall be placed on the table at dinner time, so that you will furnish a portion of the entertainment."

"But you have made me ridiculous, I shall be laughed at," says Loringe, in a fume.

"There again you're wrong," answers Howe, "it is you who have rendered yourself ridiculous, and I hope it will operate as a caution to you in future; however, there's my hand if you choose to take it, and if you're not satisfied, why after to-day I am at your service."

Loringe took the offered hand, for he thought it best to make friends, and mayhap he might escape a most unmerciful quizzing, as every one seemed to be in the secret but himself; even Clayton, whom he supposed to be staunch to the back-bone in his cause, he found to be an active confederate in the plot against him.

"And now, messmates," says Howe, "as we have plenty of cash, I inwite all hands to breakfast with me, and then we'll on board to duty. Heave ahead, Coxson, my hearty, and tell 'em to make a grand spread according to Hamilton Moore, at the rate of tea for two and toast for six, and a good tuck out of the best for yourself.

"Ay, ay, Sir," says I; "here I go like seven bells half struck, and many thanks Sir—you shan't want for grub if I stands purser;" so off I starts, and gives my orders as grand as an admiral. By the time they hauled in, every thing was ready; there was a mountain of rolls as would have almost reached the main top, and buckets of tea and coffee, and ham and beef and eggs, cold fowls and tongue, delicious cream, and fine brandy and real Jemaker; I'm bless'd but it was an out and out spread, and they all sat down and turned to at it, as if they had picked up the appetites of a dozen marines; and whilst they were eating and drinking, I larned from their discourse that they had brought Mr. Loringe to own as he had lost the wagers, and would pay them at once. He tried to look as pleasant and merry as the rest, but now and then I twigged that about his phisog as plainly towld me a good deal of it was force-put, and he was very far from being what you may call altogether comfortable.

After breakfast, we all hands went aboard and got to duty; all but Mr. Clayton, who had further leave granted him for the day; and he goes ashore again and orders a superb dinner to be got ready at the Ship Tavern by six o'clock, for thirty; every thing nice that the season afforded, and the best wines, which having done, he takes a post shay

and drives away like fury to London, to clap howld of Mr. Mealey and take the heavy strain off his mind, as nobody had been killed." Well that morning about eleven o'clock as soon as the tide was high enough, they hauls the frigate into dock, whilst I went to the post office for the letters; and just as I got aboard again, one of the dock-yard clerks walks up to the first leftenant as he was standing on the quarter-deck, and touching his hat, tells him that he and Mr. Howe were wanted at the commissioner's office directly, as the skipper was waiting for 'em there.

"Very well," says the leftenant "I'll be alongside of him directly," and then he sings out "Mr. Howe, Mr. Howe! messenger, tell Mr. Howe I want him, his head is so full of the dinner to-day that——"

"Here I am, Sir," shouted Mr. Howe, as he runs up to the first leftenant "I was down below Sir, getting her trimmed for taking the blocks."

"Oh ay! all very well," says the leftenant; "but just give your figure-head a fresh scrape and a paint, and bear a hand about it; the captain's waiting for us at the commissioner's office; we must go in uniform all ship-shape."

"There's a letter for your honour, Sir," says I to the leftenant "only its directed Captain. And here's another for you, Mr. Howe, with leftenant logged down again your name, and a fine roast-beef seal at the back of it."

So I hands 'em both over, and my eyes but they looked at each other, and then at the letters, and then at each other again, and the first leftenant, without saying a word, let's fly a hearty "haugh, haugh, haugh," claps the letter in his pocket unopened, and with a face like vermillion runs down the companion ladder. Mr. Howe was a good deal shook, but he breaks open the hatches of his'n, and the flush came over his cheeks as he reads the contents, and then turning round he grips howld of me by the hand, and shakes it with the wigour of a giant, whilst he puts t'other in his pocket and lugs out a guinea. "There Coxson," says he, as he gives it to me, "its only fair to pay the post-man," and, then looking at Mr. Bradley, who came up, he says,

"Now do touch your hat to me Bradley, just this once, and I'll never expect it again. The prize has been bought into the service, Mr. —— is appointed to command her, and this," holding up the letter, "directs me to go to the commissioner's office and take up my commission as leftenant of the same craft. Now do, there's a good fellow, touch your hat to me this once."

"I will, I will," says Mr. Bradley, as he did so, "and I give you joy Howe, of your promotion, though I shall be sorry to part company. However, she'll want a mate, and Mr.—— and I are on very good terms."

"I'll not lose sight of it Bradley," says Mr. Howe, "but I must go

and clap my rigging on ;" and down he dives, but he was up again in a jiffy all a-taunto, and along with the first leftenant they hauls their wind for the office where they each gets his commission, and then proceeds to hoist the pennant aboard the prize as laid in the stream, whilst the whole of the frigate's company gives 'em three cheers. And a glorious dinner they had in the evening, the captain of the frigate and all the officers being present; for they made it a joint consarn, and instead of thirty, there was more than fifty sat down to mess; and the commissioner was there and every soul fore and aft aboard had a double allowance of grog; and I'm bless'd but we'd a glorious night of it, for in course all hands were proud of the thing, seeing as they had increased the list of the navy in regard of the prize, and made a captain and leftenant all in one day. There, brothers, I think my yarn is as good as Tom's any how.

"Ah, good enough in its way Bob," said a pensioner, "but you hav'nt told us what became of Mr. Mealey."

"No more I have," answered the quartermaster; "but I will though. D'ye see, Mr. Clayton found him in the mettrytropolis, that's what they calls the Weste end of London; and telling him that Mr. Howe warn't dead, he takes a great strain off his heart, for the poor young man, stingy as he was, had gone almost distracted at the thought of what had taken place, and would have given half he was worth to have recalled it; but Clayton never told him of the wagers and the trick as they'd played, and Mealey still believed that Howe was severely wounded and wanted to shake hands and be friends with him. So in the afternoon the shay was ordered, and they got to the Ship Tavern just as the officers in full rig were bringing their starns to anchor for dinner; and Clayton, without saying a word about this, tells Mealey to follow him, as the latter supposed, to the wounded man's bed room, instead of which he pilots him into the grand apartment, where he sees the new made captain in his uniform as chairman, and his opponent, the new made leftenant, acting as wice; and, my eyes, but he stared with astonishment when he seed the splendid affair, and he would have backed out of it, but as many were in the secret, he was cordially welcomed, and Howe rose up and took him by the hand, and placed his chair alongside of his own. After dinner, however, the whole story was told over Mr. Loringe's wine, and many a hearty laugh it caused, in which the sufferers joined. Mr. Howe did more, he gave back Mealey his money, and would'nt let Loringe pay for the wine, but stood the racket his-self, half and half with his new skipper. But Mealey and Loringe wouldn't be outdone, and so they got up a sheavo among the reefers, one finding the grub and the other the drinkables, and leftenant Howe was invited, and they had another jolly day of it. So d'ye mind, that's all about the "W ager by Battle.

A REAL GHOST STORY.

COMMUNICATED BY A CAPTAIN IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep."

THE following circumstance I have always felt some difficulty in narrating, on account of their peculiar nature, but I assure you the facts are exactly as they occurred, and must be yet borne in the remembrance of some few old seamen still living, who were on the station at the time.

Previous to the capture of the island of Trinidad, I was rated Master's Mate of the Prince of Wales, 98, carrying the flag of the Commander-in-Chief, but was appointed to command the Alexandria, a pretty American-built schooner, pierced for sixteen guns, but mounting only eight, that had been purchased for an Admiral's tender. I had a midshipman as my second under me, with thirty seamen belonging to the 98, on whose books our names were still retained, and we were victualled from her, generally with a month's provisions at a time; but the men were accounted for by the purser's steward, as still belonging to the different messes from which they had been drafted.

The night after the Spaniards had burned their ships in Shagaramus Bay, I was ordered up the gulf of Paria, above the ships of war and transports, to cruise off, and as near as I could with safety, to Port d'Espagne (the principal port and capital of the island) to intercept any vessel or boat belonging to the enemy that might attempt to escape.

One of the men on board with me was named John Day, a main-top-man of the Prince of Wales, a smart active fellow, who, when in his own ship, messed in the same berth with Peter M'Kinley the sail-maker, and the two were sworn friends, and much attached to each other; indeed they had each executed a will in favour of the other, bequeathing, in case of decease, the whole of their property to the survivor. Well, as I have already said, John Day was with me, and Peter M'Kinley in the flag-ship.

Agreeably to the orders I had received, I stood well into the bay—it was a fine clear starlight night—a steady land wind was blowing from off shore, and I was sitting up to windward on a hen-coop, keeping a sharp look-out in the direction of the town. About one o'clock in the morning I heard John Day, who was at the helm, call out—

"Lord, Sir, there's Peter M'Kinley, the sailmaker, standing close alongside of you."

I looked round and replied, "Nonsense, nonsense! you must be dreaming—how can the sailmaker be here?"

"Indeed, Sir," answered he with agitation, and regardless of his steering, "indeed, Sir, there he is with his arm on the swivel," and the man immediately fell down in strong convulsions—the schooner, under no governance of the helm, flew up in the wind—some one near sang out that "there was a ghost on board;" and for several minutes a scene of great confusion ensued, as may be well supposed, by all who are acquainted with the characteristic superstition of seamen. The sails were flapping in the wind—all hands were crowding together in alarm, and brave fellows, who would have thought it fun to have engaged a living enemy, shrunk with terror from the thoughts of an air-drawn vision.

At length something like order was restored—a fresh hand was sent, and went very reluctantly to the helm—the sails were trimmed, and poor Day, who had laid fiercely struggling on the deck, was carried down to his hammock, in which his shipmates were compelled to lash him for some time, to prevent his doing injury to himself, and it was several hours before composure was any way restored. At length he became tranquillized, but still most positively insisted that he had seen his old schoolfellow, townsman, and meesmate, Peter M'Kinley, looking earnestly at him, and which caused him to fall down in a fit. I tried both to laugh and to reason him out of his persuasion—it was of no effect—he expressed himself solemnly assured that he was right.

About ten o'clock on the subsequent forenoon, the schooner's signal of recal was made, and I immediately bore up to join the flag-ship, alongside of which I got in little more than an hour and a half. As I ascended the starboard side-ladder they were burying a corpse from the larboard gangway, and on reaching the quarter-deck, and inquiring of one of the officers who it was that they were interring—what my feelings were may be conjectured, but never can be fully expressed, on being told that it was "M'Kinley, the sailmaker, who had died about one o'clock that morning" the very time that Day had so positively declared he had seen him on board the schooner, which was at least fifteen miles distant from the flag-ship were the deceased had breathed his last.

I neither offer a single comment, nor do I attempt to build any argument upon this strange coincidence, but relate it as the affair actually occurred within my own knowledge. The solemn ceremony of the burial-service was much heightened to me by the previous circumstances, which were unknown to the ship's company, who, had they been aware of what had taken place in the schooner, would have

given the corpse a much wider berth than they did. After the funeral, however, the occurrences were revealed by my boat's crew, and soon spread over the ship, with numerous additions as the story flew—every one adding something new and exciting to the original version.

On examining M'Kinley's bag, the will in Day's favour was found, leaving the latter all his clothes, and the wages and prize-money that were due to the sailmaker. Whether Day profited by it or not I am unable to say, but the whole matter was long the subject of discourse and controversy among his shipmates during their night watches upon deck. As for Day, he becam every thoughtful and serious for a time, but the impression which had been made gradually wore off, and when we arrived in England some months afterwards, was apparently wholly dissipated—what his future career was I am a stranger to, as I was very soon appointed to another ship, and saw him no more.

THE CLIMAX,

ADDRESSED TO MARY.

HAVE I not loved you with a love as pure
As ever thrill'd with joy in human breast?
Have I not tried all hardships to endure,
That tyranny and hatred on me prest?
Have I not clasp'd you in my warm embrace,
Forgetting all things in the world beside;
Has my heart long'd for other dwelling place
Than that which your dear bosom has supplied?
Amidst the charms of life or dread of ill,
Mary, my very soul has loved you still.

Yes, when on ocean's breast I have felt the storm,
And seen the flashing lightnings round me fly;
Whilst rolling waves, majestic in their form,
Have toss'd their foaming crests towards the sky,
And the frail bark when yielding to the gale,
Has groan'd with seeming agony and grief,
Rend'ring the seaman's face all ashy pale,
Whilst labouring hard to give the ship relief;—
E'en then, in spite of angry winds and raging sea,
Dearest! my thoughts still, still, have been on thee.

Or on the deck, when fierce and cruel strife
'Midst blood and slaughter left a fearful train,
And bellowing guns eager for human life,
With man's red current tinged the azure main;
My heart to you has fondly firmly clung,
And still must cling, although you love me not;
Why, Mary, have you thus my spirit wrung—
Why doom'd to misery my future lot,
Because in that last action with the foe
I lost my leg, and got a timber toe!

M. H. B

THE OLD SAILOR'S

JULY.

How swiftly the year passes on to its prime,
From the sweet life of Spring to the rich Summer time!
Like a dream all of love—half smiles, and half tears!
Too brief, and so beautiful, Spring appears,
And the spirit-like tints from the leaves and the flowers
Are dying away, and the light winds and showers
Have done their sweet task, now the fainting July
In the heat of the summer moves wearily.

How refreshing the morn; ere the heats of the sun,
When the mowers, a-field, have their labours begun;
While on their cool cheeks the eastern winds blow,
Through the thick flowery verdure, stooping, they go,
And in heaps at their feet, as the scythes whistles shrill,
Lies the glory—the sweetness of valley and hill;
And the nest of the poor mother bird you may see,
With the honey-wet cells of the wilding bee.

'Tis a lovely picture of pastoral toil,
Where the hay-makers scatter their fragrant spoil
On the yellowing sward, for the sun to dry;
Or in russet loads, as the day wears by,
'Tis carried away on the reeling wain,
While the tale and the jest are circling amain;
And sweet undertalk, and sly glances too,
Shew Love in the hay-time finds something to do.

How fiery the noon! through the sultry air
Not a cloud can its cool, moist burthen bear;
Not a breath through the motionless tree doth pass,
Or twinkle in waves o'er the ripening grass!

The peasants are resting where shadows lie cool,
In the broad meadow-tree; and the kine in the pool;
While the deer crouches close in the sylvan lair,
Where the thick ferns harbour the panting hare.

The birds are in nest, save the goldfinch that feeds
On the head of the thistle—its glittering seeds;
Or the hungering hawk that hovers on high,
And startles the air with his angry cry;
The bee seems to 'plain of the wearying day,
Without a rich booty, slow-sailing away;
But the grasshopper's merry—he finds a cool shade,
While the flower has a leaf, or the grass a green blade.

'Tis a glorious sight! over valley and steep
The wide tracts of corn, growing yellow and deep!
For the time of the harvest is nearly at hand;
Soon the labour of joy shall begin through the land.
Heaven shield the young and the tender grain
From the rattling hail and the driving rain
Of the tempests that brood in the sultry air,
When the brow of the husbandman darkens with care.

JOHN WESTBY GIBSON.

JEANETTE DURAND.

A TRUE TALE OF TRAFALGAR.

"When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions."
"The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope."

SHAKSPEARE.

We left Jeanette suffering intense agony, caused by the unexpected and violent separation from her ardently attached lover; her sex revealed; and no relative, no friend at hand to shield her in that dreadful hour of adversity. Thus, the fair and beautiful girl, who had been so tenderly and affectionately reared under the genial warmth of a fond mother's love, was cast destitute upon the world's wide stage, without a home to shelter her, without a single hand outstretched to offer succour. The boat that conveyed the wretched Pierre to the frigate was still in sight; and clasping her hands together in all the bitter anguish of silent despair, she seated herself on the stone quay to watch its progress, though she could no longer distinguish the form of her lover.

The French are proverbial for gallantry, yet they possess but little of that deep, strong, deathless feeling in their attachments, which characterizes a native of England; but they are not destitute of humanity, and though the sanguinary horrors of the revolution had greatly tended to deaden the softer emotions of the human breast, yet

it would have been utterly impossible to have witnessed the keen distress of the unhappy but devoted girl, without having the kindlier feelings of the heart excited. Numbers looked on and pitied her; but none essayed to profer help or to soothe her mind with words of kind encouragement. Nor was she lonely in her sorrow; there were many mournful partings between souls that were fervently attached, and loud and piercing were the cries and lamentations of those who were left behind; but they dropped off, one by one, until poor Jeanette was left alone, and there she continued sitting, with tearless eyes, pale cheeks, and burning head, gazing on the ship that contained her last hope on earth.

Evening was closing in—the boats of the fleet had been passing too and fro from the ships to the shore, and eagerly had she scrutinized all who had landed, under a hope that Pierre might be amongst them; but the only result of her watchfulness was an increased sickness from disappointment, as she became convinced that he was not to be seen. The shades of twilight deepened; one boat alone remained upon the shore; it was a small skiff plying for hire, in which were two aged fishermen, and these Jeanette determined to address. It has already been said that, under peculiarly trying circumstances, the fair girl wanted for neither firmness nor courage; and though the suddenness of separation and the subsequent solitariness of her situation had, for the time, crushed her spirit, yet now her energies began to revive, and trusting to her disguise, she hurried to the boatmen, and inquired the name of the frigate, which she pointed out, then lying in the outer roads, and was answered, "La Pique, bound for the East Indies, and to sail that night for her destination. Did he mean to go on board? as no time was to be lost."

The possibility of going off to the frigate had never once entered her thoughts after the stern rejection she had received, but now a bright ray seemed suddenly to burst through the gloomy darkness that surrounded her; a feeling of delight thrilled through her whole frame; a glow of pleasure reanimated her countenance, and with the promptitude of her nature she responded in the affirmative, and paid her last coin as the price of her passage—it was a piece of gold, for the boatmen, taking advantage of her inexperience, had demanded the amount as her fare, and the poor girl, without giving one thought relative to its exhorbitance, readily delivered it into their hands; and had it been treble the sum that was required of her, and in her power to pay, she would not have hesitated one moment, for fancy presented, amid the sunlight of happiness, the gratifying prospect of rejoining her lover, and becoming the companion of his life of peril.

The light skiff danced briskly upon the waves, but as the tide was setting in, made but small progress towards the frigate; night came upon them—a dark cheerless night, with gusty winds from off the shore, and poor Jeanette, when she found herself upon the waters with two strangers, covered her face with her hands to conceal the tears that ran trickling down. But the men heeded her not; they were too much engaged in their avocation to attend to anything but their labour, for the frigate was yet some distance off, and not easily to be distinguished from the other ships that were lying there, preparing for sea. Yet still, amidst the alarm which was naturally excited by the novelty, and, to female timidity, danger of her situation, she experienced the powerful influence of woman's love, that induced her to brave all, so that she could again be near the object of her strong regard.

At length they reached the outer roads, and the quick motion of the skiff, as it rode over the billows, operated upon the faculties of Jeanette, so as to cause a deadening and sickly oppression, such as she had never felt before, and induced her to think that her last hour was approaching. Still they neared the frigate, and she longed to be on board, that her latest breath might pass away in the arms of Pierre.

Suddenly the boatmen ceased rowing, and laid their oars across. "It is useless to pull any longer, my boy," said one of them, "we might follow her all night, and every minute would but increase the space between us."

This was unintelligible to Jeanette. "I have paid you to take me to the frigate," uttered she, with assumed warmth, "and thither I expect you will convey me."

"It is not possible, my lad," answered the man, "the frigate's off—see! there drop her sails, and she will be away with the speed of a stag, as soon as her canvas is spread, we could never catch her, Jacques."

"Never!" responded the other boatman, with energy—"nothing will stop her, short of the Cape of Good Hope, and perhaps, not then—so, my boy, if you belong to her you are saved from that voyage at all events."

"You do not mean that the ship is moving away?" said Jeanette, inquiringly.

"I do, though," replied the man who had first spoken; "there! she is sheeting home her sails!—she will soon be on the wide ocean! so that if you are not for some other craft—and as long as it is a good ship it must be all the same to you—why we must take you ashore again, but shall exect some additional payment for our trouble."

Jeanette gazed with strong urgings of desperation, on the receding frigate, and the fact came with stunning effect upon her mind. In vain she implored and entreated them to follow; the men well knew

the inutility of doing so; but as premiums were given for lads who could be got for the service—no matter by what means—they hoped to make something more than their fare, by putting her on board one of the many vessels that were near to them.

"There is a corvette close at hand that is getting up her anchor to follow the frigate," remarked the man who had been addressed as Jacques by his companion, "What do you say, my lad, to go on board of her?—you may catch your own ship, and I have no doubt they are to keep company together."

"This is indeed the truth," observed the other, catching at the cue given by his comrade, "they sail under the same orders, and are both destined for the Mauritius;—say but the word, and you shall be on the decks of La Republicain in a few minutes."

Jeanette was silent;—her heart was almost bursting, and it seemed to be but of little consequence to her as to where she went. Her earnest desire and the dearest hope of her heart had been to rejoin her lover in the frigate. Both were, for a time, unhappily frustrated; she heard what the men said, and it renewed a chance of their yet meeting; but, overcome by the sickening sensations that assailed her, she had but little power or inclination for decision;—Pierre was gone, and any place of shelter must be a home to her.

In the mean time, the men rowed towards a beautiful corvette, that slept, swan-like, on the water: they answered the hail of the sentry, and having pulled alongside, one of them ascended the gangway to the quarter-deck, where he remained a few minutes, and then Jeanette was directed to come on board. She obeyed without hesitation; the boat left her; and in one half hour from her entering the lovely craft, the anchor was at the bows, and they were running out through the goulet, or passage, bound to sea. Jeanette felt more relieved when on the deck of the corvette; she still cherished a belief that, as the ships were to sail in consort, an opportunity might be afforded of getting to her lover, and she resolved to use her best exertions to keep up her disguise, and to exercise incessent watchfulness that she might not be detected.

The night passed away in misery; it was squally, with showers of rain; she could not remain above, and was advised by an old seaman to go below. She acknowledged her ignorance of every thing nautical, and the worthy fellow, taking compassion on her youth, conducted her to the between-decks, lent her a blanket, and as his services were required aloft, he left her to the meditations of her own aching heart. She crept into one of the berths, where she laid down upon the hard planks, but not to sleep; the motion of the ship increased; it renewed the sufferings she had already endured, but there was no escaping

from it; all was pitchy darkness around her, whilst the creaking noise of the bulkheads, as the vessel rolled, was most unpleasant to the ears.

Poor girl! what retrospective thoughts were hers; and there was only one ray to cheer the gloom of the future—scalding tears forced their way—she wept, and it eased the pressure on her heart. Towards morning, the weather became fine and the water smooth; her friend, the seaman, showed her the way on deck; the fresh air revived her faculties; she looked for the frigate, but it was nowhere to be seen; and, on inquiry, she ascertained the cruel deception which the boatmen had practised upon her. The corvette had no connection with the frigate; the latter was destined for the East Indies, the former—one of the fastest sailers out of France—was bound upon a cruise off the Irish coast. The blow was indeed heavy; "Mon pauvre Pierre," she wildly exclaimed, "may the god of heaven be your protecter and friend."

"Your brother will be safe my lad," said the kind-hearted seaman, mistaking the real object of her grief, "come, come, cheer up and trust in old Christophe to see you well treated and well taken care of; we shall make our fortunes yet, and Pierre and you will meet again, never fear."

How precious are the words of kindness to a bereaved and bruised heart! Jeanette felt this most powerfully, and grieved and bowed down as her spirit was, she was yet fully sensible to the futility of openly indulging an excess of sorrow. Already she had nearly betrayed herself, and nothing but the plain unsuspicious mind of the seaman, in supposing that she mourned for a "brother" had saved her from discovery. A secret but fervent prayer was offered up to the throne of Omnipotence for strength under her calamities; the petition was answered; the tumult in her bosom subsided; her mind became calm and firm.

As one of the lieutenants wanted a lad to attend upon him, Jeanette was appointed to the post, and after some experience, acquitted herself to the perfect satisfaction of her master, who treated her with generosity, whilst her old friend, the seaman, taught her many of the mysteries of the profession. The cruise was not very successful, but there was something extremely exciting in chasing and being chased. Sometimes they were driven, for security, back into port, and nothing but the excellence of her sailing could have preserved her from being captured; but her commander knew all her admirable qualities, and she met with no English ship to equal her in speed. She had a good crew, and mounting two and twenty guns, was an extremely dangerous cruiser against the commerce of England.

Many months passed away, and Jeanette, though not happy, became more contented; her duties were comparatively light, and her master,

finding that his servant was superior to the general run of sailor lads, allowed her many privileges which she would not have otherwise enjoyed.

It was in the delicious month of May, 1794, that they quitted port alone, as an English West India convoy was then expected in the British Channel, and Admiral Villaret Joyeuse had sailed from Brest in the Montague, of 120 guns, with a large fleet, to intercept them. The captain of La Republicain anticipated a glorious harvest; and there was not a man of the crew who did not consider himself already possessed of a handsome fortune in prize-money. The morning of the 24th broke upon them, but a dense haze hung upon the ocean, so as to prevent the possibility of seeing for a cable's length round the ship; and, the wind being light, they could distinctly hear sounds conveyed by the fog, which indicated the near approximation of several vessels; but whether proceeding from the French fleet, or the expected convoy, was a matter wholly unknown, though eager expectation excited sanguine hopes that it was the latter, and with the true gaiety of Frenchmen, they were calculating the worth of the vessels they intended to capture.

The breeze freshened; the sun arose higher in the heavens in gorgeous majesty; the thick vapours were rolled away as a scroll, and a beautiful spectacle was presented to the eye, which, however, was anything but desirable to the heart of the French captain, for the Republicain was in the midst of a noble fleet, composed of twenty-five sail of the line (seven of which were three-deckers), and four or five frigates. At first, on the clearing away of the haze, the commander of the corvette declared the fleet to be that of Monsieur Villaret, and he rejoiced in being able to join him; but a very short time served to rectify the mistake. Up went the English colours on board the strangers, showing no less than seven admirals' flags;—it was the English fleet under Earl Howe. All chance of escape for the Republicain was cut off; her ensign floated for a few minutes in the air, but she was within gun-shot of two seventy-fours, and it was hauled down, never to be re-hoisted. Boats came alongside; the prisoners were divided amongst the fleet; the captain and lieutenants were sent on board the Queen Charlotte; and Jeanette accompanied her master.

On the quarter-deck of that noble first-rate* stood the venerable commander-in-chief (then verging upon his seventieth year), with his first captain, Sir Roger Curtis, on his right hand, and his second captain, Sir Andrew Snape Douglas, on his left hand, whilst groups of

* The Queen Charlotte was launched at Chatham, on the 15th April, 1790; his late Majesty, William IV., then recently created Duke of Clarence, christened her after the name of his royal mother. The fine ship carrying, the flag of Vice-Admiral Lord Keith (red at the fore), caught fire by accident, off Leghorn, March 17th, 1800, and was utterly destroyed, Captain Todd, thirty-six officers, and between 500 and 600 men perishing in the flames.

officers were assembled near, to witness the reception which the Republicans, in every sense of the term, would have from His Lordship. Jeanette had beheld many imposing scenes in the men-of-war of her nation; she had been on board Le Terrible and Le Revolutionaire, each of 120 guns, and remarkably handsome ships, but there was an utter want of discipline, both amongst the officers and men; the former were extremely negligent of their persons and dress, and it was at all times difficult to discover the distinctions in rank; the latter were admitted to familiarity with the superiors, and but little care was taken to keep the ships or the people, in that state of cleanliness and subordination which is so conducive to health and proper regulation. But here, in the Queen Charlotte, she beheld at once the most perfect order and etiquette prevailing; and instead of the noise and tumult which, on all occasions, might be heard in French ships, there was a quiet and a tranquillity amongst nearly 1,000 persons that could not fail to strike the mind as something wonderful; whilst the bright and clean appearance of all that was visible, bore a marked contrast to what she had been accustomed to in the French service.

The captain of Le Republicain and his lieutenants uncovered their heads as they advanced towards the veteran chief, who received them with much courtesy, removing his hat to their salute, so as to display the grey crown of glory that surmounted his brows but the French commander stepping forward before his officers, tucked his three-cornered scraper under his arm, and taking a massive gold snuff-box from his waistcoat pocket, tapped upon the lid, which he ostentatiously threw open, and held out to his lordship to take a pinch; and this was done with so much of the grace, or rather grimace of a *petit maitre*, as to raise the risibility of the lookers on, but more especially of the honest Jack Tars. But the Frenchman did not stop here; for, in the coolest manner imaginable, he preferred a request to the commander-in-chief to restore him his corvette, remarking that it was "beneath the dignity of so large and gallant a fleet, to capture a little craft which was entirely beneath their notice, while so large an armament as the grand fleet was sea."

A smile mantled on the cheeks of the venerable Earl and his supporters, as he declined the proffered snuff and rejected the *modest* solicitation, but they retired together to the admiral's cabin, and the squadrons having formed into three divisions and under a press of canvas, stood to the westward, but finding, on the following day, that the prizes (for there were several) were an incumbrance to the manœuvres, they were ordered to be burnt, and Le Republicain, notwithstanding the entreaties of her commander, shared the same fate.

Poor Jeanette, from the descriptions that had been given to her, expected rough treatment, but she was agreeably surprised to find that every kindness and consideration was shown to her, and the only restriction imposed, was confinement at night with the other prisoners in the hold, till they fell in with the French fleet on the 29th of May.

The previous skirmishes to the first of June, and the glorious battle on that day, were fought and terminated successfully for the supremacy of the English flag ; seven sail of the French line were taken or destroyed, and more might have been effected had every ship acted with the daring gallantry of the Queen Charlotte, or had a proper judgment and promptitude been manifested to pick up the disabled French ships when flying for shelter to their own ports.

During the action the French prisoners were shut down below, and the pealing of the cannon fearfully shook their nerves. The rattling of broadsides is a terrible thing to listen to whilst the body is inactive and takes no share in the engagement. Nor were they sorry when the firing ceased, though sadly chagrined at the result. On the 13th of June, Lord Howe, with his prizes, anchored at Spithead, and the captives were sent on shore to prison. Jeanette was separated from her kind master, and finding that she was to be classed with some of the vilest characters that had been collected, to man the French fleet, she disclosed her sex to an English woman, and the authorities being made acquainted with the fact, she was immediately removed from such unpleasant companionship, and, in her proper attire, received into the house of an officer's lady, to whom she related her eventful history, which on becoming more generally known, excited universal sympathy. A handsome subscription was raised for her, and by the first cartel she quitted England for Bordeaux, where, on her landing, her earliest inquiries were made for the family of Durand. Several of the name were pointed out to her, and it was three days before she gained a right clue to the parents of poor Pierre, who received her joyfully, heard her tale of sorrow, wept over her misfortunes, and would have readily adopted her as their own child. But she had yet another joy in store for her : though of Pierre they could tell nothing, and mourned for him as one already numbered with the dead, still, in the course of a short time, she had the unutterable delight of being clasped in the embraces of her own father, Monsieur Berghaume, who had, after many hardships and much persecution, recently reached that city, and through the aid of the Durands commenced a mercantile speculation that promised to be successful.

It would be utterly impossible to describe the feelings of the father and daughter at being thus reunited ; but neither of them forgot the

amiable wife nor the tender mother, till at length Jeanette determined to go to Bruges in the disguise she had worn at sea, to ascertain her parent's fate, at the same time assuming to be deaf and dumb, under the expectation of being better able to escape conversations that might lead to detection. Need it be explained who was the guide of Madam Berghaume to the banks of the Garonne, where, a few hours after their arrival, they were joined by a husband and a father. The toils, the pains, the anguish of the past were forgotten, or only remembered to heighten present enjoyment.

(To be continued.)

TO MARY.

"I have a passion for the name of Mary."—Byron

The day is waning fast,
The sun, in splendour drest,
A glory round has cast
His temple in the west;
But though the sun decline,
The light of day depart,
Yet still shall brightly shine
Thy purity of heart.
My Mary.

Now comes the twilight hour,
Soft stealing o'er the east,
And in our leafy bower
The darkness has increas'd;
Yet still bright rays I see,
Rays I must ever prize,
Beaming with love on me,
The radiance of thine eyes.
My Mary.

The daylight faster fades,
The sky is all serene,
And deeper, heavier shades
Are dark'ning o'er the scene;
But though no light illumine
The shadows of the whole,
There's brightness midst the gloom,
The brightness of thy soul.
My Mary.

A CHAPTER ON BUCCANEERING.

"You are a vagabond, and no true traveller; you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the heraldry of your birth and virtues gives you commission."—SHAKSPERE.

VARIOUS accounts have been given of the origin of Buccaneering, and from whence the practice derived its name. Certain it is, that the attainment of Spanish gold was the object; and even the crowned heads of England thought it no degradation to be a sort of sleeping partners in the *concern*. The history of the Buccaneers presents one of the most astonishing instances of daring, intrepid, and reckless men, forming themselves into a community of plunderers, and, though outraging all laws, as it respected others, yet themselves submitting to strict regulations, and binding themselves to be obedient to command.

The discovery of a new world of wealth by Columbus and his successors, quickly seated the Spanish colonies on both sides of the vast continent of America, whose principal object was to grasp the precious metals which were found in abundance within the bowels of the earth. Here, then, was opened a lucrative market for the sale of negroes from Africa, who were condemned for the remainder of their existence to toil in the mines, which they were never allowed to quit, and for whom the sun shone uselessly in the heavens, for they never, after descending to their dreary tombs, saw his cheering smile diffusing joy and comfort over the face of creation, or felt the warmth of his soul-delighting beams. Avarice and cruelty went hand in hand; the living were cut off from the rest of the world; and, whilst human sympathies and human feelings still glowed in their breasts, they were dead and buried to all beyond their sphere of unmitigated misery. Nor were negroes alone consigned to these sepulchres of hope, for they became a means of punishment for political offences—a Siberia of endless, chilling desolation. Talk of the severe code of British Laws!—what can exceed the horrible endurance of a lingering life, cut off from all social intercourse, and even from the light of day—the frame wasting away with pain, disease, and the sickness arising from hope deferred—the mind still strong to suffering, though gradually sinking into the last depth of despair—the emaciated breast heaving to the convulsive throes of a breaking heart.

This is no imaginary picture—I have seen it at the gold mines of San Paulo, in Brazil—and it is not many years since, that the boundaries of that mining district might be traced by the perishing remains of human skeletons bleaching in the sun, and wind, and rain. There is but little gold got from thence now, and the fragments of humanity

have been used to enrich the soil for the purposes of agriculture. It is true, that this is a melancholy subject, and therefore my readers may urge that it is opposed to the humour of a work designated "funny;" but still, though we admit the fact, yet it is necessary to mention the circumstances, as connected with the title of the present chapter—for those who carried on the slave trade were Buccaneers of human flesh, and in all probability it is from this traffic the marauding expeditions of the pirates first arose, for it rendered Sir John Hawkins, Sir Francis Drake, and many others, acquainted with the immense riches of the Spaniards, and opened that species of plunder which subsequently became so prevalent.

Buccaneering is said to have commenced in the West Indies, as a retaliation upon the Spanish governors of the Colonies, who fitted out vessels ostensibly to guard the coasts, but in reality to rob all merchant vessels found within a certain distance of the land. In fact, many ships of every maratime nation trading to those parts were liable to capture; and though the captain or owner might bring an action in the Spanish courts for the recovery of the property, yet it almost invariably happened that, by the time they obtained a decree, the vessel and cargo had been condemned, the prize-money shared, and no responsible individual to be found of whom they could demand restitution. Under these circumstances alone, it is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that both merchants and seamen entered with eagerness upon a system of retaliation that promised a valuable return. Besides, the attempt at invasion, through the means of the Armada, were neither forgotton nor forgiven.

But it was not alone the English that engaged in these brave but desperate exploits; in fact, the French appear to have taken the lead, and they fortified the island of Tortuga a narrow piece of rocky and mountanious land near the north-west extremity of St. Domingo. Here, after many vicissitudes, they established themselves as cattle-hunters (from whence the name Bucanier—Beau in carne), planters, and pirates. Pierre le Grande appears to have been the first who carried his piratical exploits into operation upon a large scale. The only craft they had available for this purpose was a kind of canoes capable of carrying from twenty to thirty men each, and embarking in these, they stole along the shores of Hispaniola or Cuba, collecting spoil both on land and on water—rifling villages or robbing vessels, as best suited their designs; nor could the Spaniards, with all their vigilence in watching for them, or the extreme severity practised upon those who were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands, either counteract or suppress the bands that constantly harassed them.

Whoever has been cruising in the West Indies, must remember Cape Tiburon, the point of land on St. Domingo nearest to Jamaica. Well, it was off this noted place lay Pierre le Grand, in a canoe, with twenty-eight men. He had without a scruple attempted vessels of all nations, but either met with a repulse, or found nothing worth carrying off. His provisions and water were rapidly decreasing; but vexed with their want of success, Pierre resolutely determined to continue at sea, judging rightly, that exigency would urge his men to desperation, and render them regardless of life in any encounter that might offer. There they lay for three days, watching for a prize, but none presented itself. On the fourth morning both water and provisions were gone, and they sat looking at each other, like half-famished wolves. The sun rose high in the heavens, and thirst began to attack them, when a fleet hove in sight, which they soon discovered to be the Spanish *flota*, with one of the ships carrying the flag of the Vice-Admiral at a considerable distance from the rest. She was a large and noble-looking vessel, very lofty looking sides, and a poop rising like the turrets of a castle, high in the air.

Pierre glanced at his companions, and saw, well pleased, that their ferocious ravenings caused them to gaze with earnest and savage longing towards the Spaniard, who was proudly pursuing his way; but as yet he said nothing to direct the working of their minds.

"We are starving!" at length exclaimed one of the men, "and it is hard to perish while there is plenty in view;" and looked at the ship.

"Vous avez raison, mon ami," returned Pierre; "but what would you do? If you surrender, the Spaniards would have no mercy—the priest, a short prayer, and the hangman's noose would be but poor fare for a hungry stomach, though it would stop all future cravings."

"I was not thinking of surrender, Monsieur Pierre," surlily replied the man—"No, no, I had other thoughts; and if we were all of one mind ——"

"What—what?" eagerly inquired several, as the other stopped short; "only tell us how to obtain food, and you shall not find us fail you."

"You would fight, then," said Pierre, carelessly. "Look at her, like an impregnable fortress arising from the bosom of the waters; what could a handful of half-starved creatures do against so powerful an antagonist? Bah, you dare not think of it!"

The men remained sullenly silent for several minutes, with their eyes fixed upon the Spanish Vice-Admiral, as she floated gallantly along in the light breeze, that scarcely soothed the sails to slumber, but proudly displayed her ensigns and pennons, gaily flying in the richness of their gorgeous hues.

Pierre watched his associates narrowly, and was soon convinced that desperation was doing its work, so as to excite them to reckless daring.

"Have we no food left?" inquired he, for the purpose of stimulating their thoughts, already contemplating the alternative, "to conquer or perish."

"Not a mouthful," returned the man who had spoken first; "nor is there any water, and my throat is parched."

"Water we may get, by running in-shore," rejoined Pierre; "but victuals we cannot obtain till we reach home, and you are all exhausted, whilst the wind is dead against us. Aye, now, my lads, they are enjoying themselves in that tall ship; there is the ruddy wine—the bread, the beef, and every luxury in plenty; it is hard to be near Paradise, and yet not taste its sweets! Oh, how delicious to our famishing souls would be the well-dressed boillé, the nourishing soup, the omelet—and these in plenty! Then to wash the whole down with rich and racy wine! Mon Dieu! the very thought would inspire an epicure, much more such pauvre miserables as ourselves. Eh bien!" added he, as he shrugged his shoulders, "these things are not for us, and she will sail on, and leave us, for who would venture to attack her, although life is the stake in either case?"

The men again looked at each other; and, Pierre, who took the helm, was altering the course, so as to widen their distance, when the man who had first spoken exclaimed, "Monsieur Capitaine, if we are to die, it is better to do so sword in hand, than to linger on a few hours in agony. What, think you, is her force?"

"Her force?" repeated Pierre, carelessly; "of what avail is asking the nature or quality of her force—you can see for yourself what she is." He turned his eyes in the direction of the Spaniard, and then uttered, in a tone of distress, "Ma foi! but I can smell the delicious viands here, and it makes my stomach more urgent in its cravings; cannot you catch the savoury fragrance, Jacques? The feast must needs be plentiful, that diffuses so strong an odour."

"Will you lead us, mon Capitaine?" demanded Jacques, whose ravening desire for food was increased by the artful allusions of his superior.

"Lead you, my son?" reiterated Pierre, inquiringly. "Alas! whither should I lead you?"

"To the Spaniard—to the Spaniard!" simultaneously responded the men;—"we have but one life, and can forfeit it but once."

"To the Spanish ship, my children?" responded Pierre, somewhat deridingly. "Alas! what could you do against a force so vastly your superior? Nay, nay, we must not dine there to-day, abundant as the repast may be."

"We are desperate men, Capitaine, and therefore not to be trifled with," returned Jacques. "Men? No, we are not men, but hungry tigers. Will you lead us ——"

"To your supper or your grave, you would say," responded Pierre, with solemnity. "Confer among yourselves; ten minutes will suffice—and let me know your resolves. Nay, be not over hasty"—for some of them were instantly expressing their determination to attack the ship—"give it due deliberation—take the time I have named."

The men consulted together, narrowly scrutinized by Pierre, who now edged a little towards the Spaniard, so as to keep on nearly a parallel course. At the expiration of the allotted period, Jacques again became the spokesman. "We are ready, Monsieur Capitaine, to follow you to death or conquest. We will swear to stand by you to the last man.',

"Bah, what is an oath?" replied Pierre—"the mere idle vapouring of the breath. I must have more than words, that the wind carries away; I must have certainty that none will flinch."

"Name your own conditions, Monsieur! exclaimed Jacques; "and whatever they may be, we will abide by them to the death."

"Well, well—we shall see, we shall see," quietly returned Pierre; "now hoist your sail and ply your paddles, whilst we reconnoitre."

The men promptly obeyed the commands of their chief (who had artfully worked upon their condition to suit his purpose), and the canoe glided gracefully along upon the surface of the waters, like a sea-snake in search of prey.

It was a noble ship, that Vice-Admiral of the flota, and proudly did her commander pace his quarter-deck, as she majestically parted the liquid element, and moved with grandeur on her ocean path. She carried thirty-six guns, and a crew of two hundred men well versed in arms, and rich was her frieght of gold and silver, and precious stones, from Peru and Mexico, and the Spanish main. The haughty Captain, arrayed in velvet and satin, with a huge hat, from which hung, drooping, a white ostrich feather, was a remarkably handsome man, and his face (what could be seen of it for his whiskers and moustache) glowed with a consciousness of superiority, as he cast his eye to the flag that marked his rank, and then glanced at the seamen, whom he considered its best defence. At that moment he was a whole armada in himself, and vanity whispered that he was fully equal to the task of extinguishing the light of all the navies in the world. He scarcely deigned to notice his subordinates, some of whom had been inspecting the insidious enemy that was creeping in-shore, yet dared not disturb the self-complacency of their chief, by informing him of so contemptible a circumstance.

The siesta was over, the day was drawing towards its close—the rest

of the fleet was far distant, the canoe within a short league, apparently pursuing her harmless way, in the same direction as her gigantic neighbour. Signor Don Jose Baltashazzar Joachim Henriquez Furtardo again paced his quarter-deck; and now his second in command ventured to call his attention to the comparatively diminutive vessel that was keeping them company. Signor Don Jose Baltashazzar Joachim Henriquez Furtardo glanced at the canoe, and then gave an inquiring look to his officer.

"It is a pirate, a bloody pirate, Signor!" answered his second, to the silent appeal; but Don Jose made no verbal response—he tossed his head in stern contempt, and then waved his hand over his stately vessel, as much as to say, "Come what may, we are invincible!"

"Shall we set a guard, Signor?" demanded the second in command —"they are cruel, cut-throat fellows—by Saint Antonio, but I know them well."

"It is needless, quite needless," responded Don Jose Baltashazzar Joachim Henriquez Furtardo—"they will not dare to venture near a Vice-Admiral, and they must have seen my flag. No, no, it is needless to set an extra guard"—and he walked into his cabin, where, with his passengers, he sat down to cards.

The officers strolled about the quarter-deck for a few minutes, and then they followed their chief's example; the men, destitute of controlling influence, went below to carouse, and there was no one left, but the two men at the helm, an ancient quartier, and two or three seamen who lingered to enjoy the radient beauty of the setting sun. Loud was the roar of merriment in the between decks—eager were the players in the cabin, as they quaffed their wine from goblets of pure gold, and swore strange oaths, qualified by the name of a favourite saint, and the ship held on her way as if the whole world of water were her own, and she had nothing to apprehend or strive against for mastery,

The shades of evening deepened on the sky, and fell heavier and heavier upon the ocean; the gorgeous tints faded away in the west, and the beautiful vermillion hue gradually disappeared, till the grey mantle of eve thickened into the darkness of night, and nought was visible but the black land rising into the airy atmosphere, and shewing its rugged traces against the face of the clear heavens.

"Lower your sail and strike your mast," uttered Pierre, in an undertone, to the crew of the canoe. "Do it noiselessly, for the time is come when I must claim the redemption of your pledge."

"We are ready, Monsieur Capitaine," responded the determined Jacques; "have we not sworn to follow you?"

"True, true," replied the Captain, "you have both promised and sworn; nor, as far as you are concerned, do I doubt you, Jacques. But

hand me the iron crow. Aye, that is it. And," he spoke distinctly and resolutely, "now hear me, men. I will myself be the first man on board the Spaniard; and that no promises may be broken, no perjury committed, before I quit the canoe, this crow shall pass through her bottom, so that it shall be either a full belly or a wet jacket. Now, paddle without noise, and put out your whole strength; they are preparing supper for us, and I need but wish you all a good appetite."

Quickly were the paddles plied, and the light canoe flew like a thing of magic over the waters. Resolutely sat Pierre at the helm, one hand grasping the oar that guided them, the other firmly clutching the instrument that was to sink the canoe. They neared the ship; the blow was given; and the bubbling water came rushing in, so that when they got alongside it had risen nearly as high as their knees. With a cutlass, and a pistol each (the only weapons they possessed), they gained the deck unperceived, just as their boat went down. There was a blaze of light in the great cabin from silver lamps, and thither rushed Pierre, with his confederates, and the haughty Don Jose Baltashazzar Joachim Henriquez Furtardo, to his great astonishment, beheld a long-barrelled pistol within two inches of his breast, and the distinguished Vice-Admiral heard the appalling word "Surrender" uttered in a tone of voice that plainly indicated that the speaker was in no humour to be trifled with. The board was filled with luxuries—wine and fruits, conserves and cakes, with numerous et ceteras; but whilst the grim boarders, for whom there was no retreat, stood round, presenting their terrific pistols, with their swords under their arms, their other hands eagerly cleared away every edible they could clutch, and goblets were drained and filled again, and the horror-struck Spaniards stared wildly, in despair exclaiming, "Are they men or devils?" Not the least resistance was offered, so sudden was the apparition, so great was the surprise; they gave up their swords on the instant, and "Away!" shouted Pierre; "Jacques to your especial duty."

Leaving four men to secure the captain and passengers, the rest (whose teeth had been sharpened by the little use they had just had) rushed to the gun-room and seized the arms, cutting down all who opposed them. The word soon flew fore and aft, that five hundred men had boarded the ship, and gave no quarter. This was enough! the seamen jumped down into the hold, and sought for concealment amongst the cargo. Pierre ordered the hatches to be clapped on; and after a short struggle with the officers, the vice-admiral of the Spanish floto was their own. There was no paucity of cooks that night; but in midst of the feasting there was no lack of vigilance; whilst, as if the devil had a favourable regard for the interests of his children,

the wind veered round in their favour, and came down pretty fresh, so as to carry them well across the bay before daylight. Off Cape Nicola Mole they put the principal portion of the seamen in the boats, and sent them ashore; but they kept Don Jose Baltashazzar Joachim Henriquez Furtardo and his passengers for ransom.

Great was the joy of the inhabitants of Tortuga when the prize arrived safe in port, and there was carousing and dissipation for several days; but Pierre le Grand had no intention thus to waste his substance: with all the men who chose to accompany him, he set sail for France, where he retired upon the wealth he had thus so gallantly acquired.

This bold achievement very naturally set others on the *qui vive:* and as Jamaica had now become the rendezvous for the English pirates, they frequently joined together in their expeditions. Whatever prizes they captured were regularly divided into equitable shares, a certain portion being always reserved for refitting and victualling the vessels, an allowance for the surgeon to supply himself with necessary medicines, and gratuities to those who had lost a limb or were wounded in the fights. They were sworn to adhere to and stand by each other, and no one to conceal any plunder, but the whole to be thrown into one common stock. As subordination was absolutely necessary to success, they yielded ready obedience when engaged on any enterprize; but on returning to port, they gave themselves up to every kind of vice, lewdness, and debauchery, to the great pecuniary benefit of the merchants and dealers who resided on shore; and from such beginnings arose the future prosperity of the West Indies.

The Spaniards had practised the most diabolical cruelties upon the poor Indians when they first took possession of the islands, torturing and slaying them without mercy, hunting them with bloodhounds brought purposely from Spain, roasting the unfortunate creatures alive over slow fires, nailing them to crucifixes,—in short, there was no species of horrible barbarity that was not called into exercise to gratify their infernal and demoniac spirits.

But the wheel was then revolving; their coveting of gold drew down upon them a fearful retribution; and such was the drainage of the precious metals, that when Sir Francis Drake visited Cuba, they were using pieces of leather for money. But still there was immense treasure accumulating on the Spanish Main, and it is said that Drake, when at the island which bears his name in the South Seas, shared out the money taken, to his men by measuring it in a bowl,—sixteen bowls of gold to a man—besides 240 tons of plate and jewels, a great deal of which they were subsequently compelled to throw overboard. There is very probably some exaggeration in this, yet, from what I

have myself seen in the cities of the province of La Plata and other parts of the continent of South America, where plunder and indolence had greatly impoverished the people, articles manufactured from the precious metals were of common use—even massive wash-hand basins of gold and silver beautifully wrought.

The communities at Jamaica and Tortuga not only subsisted, but also became wealthy upon the plunder obtained by the pirates, who squandered away their money as if it was of no value, and when all was spent, and they descended into destitution and debt, which rendered them obnoxious to the individuals who were benefitted by the spoil, they were then readily induced to join the first marauding excursion that was planned, in order to obtain more cash, and thereby regain the *place in society* which they so ardently coveted, as wild, dissolute dare-devils, who cared for nothing. But grown more resolute by repeated success, attacking the small towns on the coast did not satisfy them, they planned expeditions inland, to large cities which, though in some instances they were defended by twenty times their number, yet the pirates generally came off victorious.

The history of these men presents scenes of horrible atrocity, and the great extent to which human endurance may be carried, through privations of the most distressing character; sometimes destitute of food for days together, yet still marching on into villages that had been abandoned. Almost starving, hope revived at the sight of dwellings, but this was soon destroyed, when they found that every article of provision had been carried off, and not a morsel of food could be obtained. Still they persevered, till, reaching a spot where plenty abounded, they indiscriminately slaughtered bulls, cows, horses, donkeys, or whatever came in their way, to satisfy hunger.

And talking of donkeys, I can with truth assert, that one of the sweetest meals I ever made in my life was on a young foal in South America. It was in the river Plate, when the Spaniards deserted Maldonado and our men pursued them so eagerly that no rations had been provided, the commissaries, honest men, hoping that cattle would be abundant and easily procured without the necessity for payment. But the Dons had driven them all off; and except a few tail-less rats —and these, I believe, smelt the hazard, and would not come out of their holes—no eatables could be obtained. In the afternoon some Spaniards were seen driving cattle, and a general chase took place. I was "a young gentleman" then, and the middies have always been famous for their attachment to a full-belly station. So away we started, full trot, and a purser and marine officer kept us company, but the Spaniards were too quick for us; they knew the nature of the ground

and we did not; and they very soon distanced us. But right in their track we found a young colt with his throat cut; it was scarcely dead when we came to it, but a musket ball through the head very soon put an end to its sufferings, if it had any. A few sticks were gathered together, for fuel is very scarce there, to which was added many *superfluous* articles of dress, such as frills and tails of shirts, waistcoats—in fact, anything that was combustible—and a fire was kindled by some of the party, whilst the rest flayed the animal and cut it into steaks which, half roasted, half raw, were promptly consumed. To those who have felt what the extreme of hunger is, I need say nothing, and to those who are practically and scientifically unacquainted with its keen tooth and knawing ravening, all I have to say is, that let them suffer what we did before we *dined* upon the foal, and really I would not be even a dead horse in their way. And after all, a piece of young donkey eats very much like veal to a poor fellow that's starving, and the Cossacks prefer a good tough piece of horseflesh that does not make game of their teeth to tender English roast beef. There is a great deal in circumstances and taste.

AWAY TARDY SUN.

Away tardy sun to thy home in the west,
And bring the lone twilight so dear to my breast,
For ere thou hast laved thy broad face in the sea,
There's one by the valley-stream waiting for me.
So away tardy sun
To thy home in the west,
And bring me the hour
And the smiles I love best.

The nightingale's voice remains mute in thy light,
Though joyful in song through the calm of the night;
Thus love lies conceal'd in the bosom by day,
But pours out his soul in the moon's quiet ray.
So away tardy sun
To thy home in the west,
And bring me the hour
And the smiles I love best. J. W. T.

SONG.

The bird flies wandering from its nest,
Eager for sportive play,
Yet flutters to its partner's breast
Soon as the close of day.

So will the heart affection binds
Through life's gay pleasures roam,
But in a kindred bosom finds
Its dearest happiest home. M. H. B.

"Och! by the powers, your honour, it's an iligant baste entirely, and bates Connaught for wind and limb," said the driver, as we took our seats on a vehicle which I had engaged to convey me from the thriving town of Ballina, in the county of Sligo, to the half military town of Castlebar, in the neighbouring county of Mayo, and both situated on the western coast of Ireland, in the province of Connaught. The solitary stage coach conveying the public mails, which passes over this dessolate region of bogs, lakes, and rocks, did not leave Ballina until the middle of the day, and as I had business to transact in Castlebar, I wished to be there a few hours before the arrival of the coach, that I might avail myself of it to pass on, that same evening, to the next town on my route. For this purpose, I had, the previous night, arranged to be called early, and to have the horse and car at the door by six o'clock. As it was in the month of December, there was of course no appearance of day, and the car having no such unheard-of extravagancies as lamps, there was no chance of examining either the machine which was to carry, the horse which was to draw, or the man that was to drive me, through this portion of the Emerald Isle.

On getting into the car (a kind of light cart, like those used by butchers in England), I expressed a hope that the horse was all right. "Never fear, your honour," said Paddy, jumping up beside me, and shaking the reins and hallowing to the horse—"devil a one is like him—he'll bate Banagher all out, and so he will—och, by the holy poker, but he's a jewil of a baste—yurro!" he cried in a lively tone; and urging the animal on, we left the town at a spanking rate, and soon lost sight of the neighbourhood where it lay.

As he still kept up the smart pace at which we started, I expressed a fear lest we should not be able to hold it out.

"Sorrow a fear your honour need have," said he, "sure the baste 'll improve the furder we go;" and as if to show its improving qualities, he again whooped and "yurrooed" at the horse, shook the reins, and forced it on with accellerated speed, until I began to fear some accident might occur from the rapid rate at which we travelled. I was impressed with the full conviction that the horse was a good one, as I saw no whip, and although there was a kind of twitching with the driver's right arm now and then, yet as I could not understand its meaning, I did not connect it, in any way, with the movements of the steed, and therefore gave him full credit for all the good qualities the driver ascribed to him.

We had travelled in this manner for twenty minutes or half an hour, when the horse gradually slackened his pace, and as I did not offer any remarks, the prudent Jehu amused himself with whistling a jig, or now and then bursting out into odd snatches of old and humorous songs, without endeavouring to urge the horse beyond the dog-trot pace into which he had now fallen, and which seemed most habitual to him.

In the course of another hour, the cold light of the wintry morning broke feebly through the murky clouds, which always obscured the sky whenever I happened to be in that part of the world, and I was able, in some measure, to reconnoitre, not only the poor beast which drew me along the road, but the lively and light-hearted animal who sat beside me. He was a middle-sized, middle-aged man, with a shock head of hair, that was, probably, quite innocent of either comb or brush—and indeed, nothing less than a curricomb could have made the least impression; a round, good-humoured face; mouth rather wide, and a pair of beautiful black eyes, that would have set off the finest Italian face. His hat was minus a considerable portion of the brim, and the crown seemed designed to act as a ventilator to his head, as it kept flapping up and down with the motion of the car, and was held on one side only, after the fashion of a hinge. His coat, waistcoat, and breeches were made of something resembling cloth, but of what the originals were composed, it would puzzle a wise man to guess, since Joseph's coat of many colours was not fit to be named in the same page with the habiliments that hung about the person of Pat. His ancles and half way up his legs were cased with hay-bands, ingeniously serving the place of boots, while his feet were protected with shoes that certainly were not made for one individual, and most likely were not both formed in the same century.

As the daylight grew stronger, I was able to make other observations, one of which, at first sight, looked rather alarming. Beneath the feet of the driver were five or six good stout shilelaghs, each of them capable of doing very pretty service at a wake or fair. As the country we were passing was extremely rugged, and for miles destitute of human habitations, and having considerable property with me, the thought was not very unnatural, that mischief might be intended in some lonely spot, where cries for help could only be answered by the wild echoes of the rock, or the still wilder screams of the eagle. There was a degree of surprise, mingled, perhaps, with a trifle of fear in the exclamation—

"What, in the name of patience, are you going to do with those formidable sticks?"

"Sticks!" exclaimed Paddy, with great surprise, following the direction of my finger, "is it the bits of switches you mane? Oh! by

dad, your honour, and I'll tell you. You see, your honour, it was late last night when I resaved your honour's commands, and the childer, Heaven bless 'em, were all asleep, and one of them, your honour, had lost the whip, and herself wouldn't let the cratur be waked, and so I jist brought the thrifle of swishes, in case your honour should be in a hurry."

"And do you mean to beat the horse," I asked, "with such cudgles as those ?"

"Och! divil a bit," answered Paddy, "I ounly jist acquaint him that they are here to the fore, and when he knows how convaynient I have 'em, faith, he'll travel like a bird, without minding the hills at all."

Not more than half satisfied with this explanation, which, if at all true, showed a superabundant precaution, I sat still beside the merry Irishman, contenting myself with watching to see whether the horse or myself was to have a more intimate acquaintance with the rib-crackers below. We had now gone seven or eight miles, and the road was passing between two large lakes, on a narrow ledge of rock which divided them, and presently afterwards widened, and stretched up loftily in huge beetling cliffs, where the eagle sat watching for his prey. As the road began somewhat to ascend, the horse slackened his pace; and I was not sorry he did, as it gave me a better opportunity of observing the wild and desolate scenery around. From the midst of my contemplations on the grand displays of savage rock and inaccessible cliffs, I was suddenly startled by the sound of a shrill whistle, and looking in the direction from whence it proceeded, I saw several men armed with guns, descending a rugged path that overhung the lake. One was marching in front, and two behind, and having in the centre two others who were half supporting, half dragging, a young female, elegantly dressed. Her face appeared very pale, and her eyes wild; but from the momentary view I had, it was not possible to draw just conclusions as to what emotions caused these appearances. I had barely time to notice these few particulars, when the party rounded the side of a precipice, and were lost to my view. What the whistle had sounded for was soon explained, as I saw two other parties making their way down the rocks from different points, in the same direction, and, as I conjectured, all bearing to one place of rendezvous.

"Who are those people?" I asked, turning to the driver, and looking inquiringly in his face.

"People, your honour?" said he, with the greatest simplicity, "sure there are no people at all hereabouts."

"The men and the woman," I replied, "who have just passed down yon rocks."

"By dad," said the fellow, looking very roguish, and laughing, "your honour is dhraming this morning! Talk of people passing down yon rocks! None but the devil could pass there, nor himself neither, widout using his wings and claws."

As he appeared quite serious in what he said, I was fain to let it pass, although the suspicion came very strongly across my mind, more than once, that he had seen them as well as myself, but did not choose to acknowledge it. I cast my eye down again to the cudgels which lay innocently enough beneath our feet, and at first thought of securing one, in case of an attack; but recollecting how useless such things would be against the fire-arms carried by strangers, I abandoned my intention, thinking it wiser not to provoke violence by this impotent preparation for defence.

As I came to this conclusion, the road wound sharply round a projecting rock, and we found ourselves in the midst of an armed party of nine men, surrounding a young female, who laid fainting on the ground.

(To be continued.)

VASTLY POLITE.

THERE is a ferry in England, on one side of which stands a perpendicular cliff that gives back a remarkably clear echo. Beneath the cliff is the cottage of the ferryman, and it happened one evening, after dark, that a nobleman's post boy, rather tipsy, and a stranger in those parts, arrived on the opposite bank with a pair of horses, and finding no conveyance across, loudly hailed, when the following conversation ensued.

Boatman, ahoy! It is unpleasant—very—
My staying here, on this side of the ferry,
Whilst such an idle scamp as you do keep it,
And all night long in bed can soundly sleep it.
ECHO—Leap it.

Confound your saucy tongue! Come, bear a hand,
And quickly bring your boat here to the strand—
What! lingering yet? D'ye think that I'm so stout
As here all night to trot my hacks about?
ECHO—Ax about.

By George! just let me lay this claw of mine
But once upon that saucy head of thine!
Bring here your boat;—let's have no further bother!
Till then I'm mum, and must my vows sure smother.
ECHO—How's your mother?

Well, never mind, old lazy crusty cove;
But if you stay much longer—then, by Jove,
I think you'll wish yourself right up the spout
If that the frightful Banshie nose your rout.
ECHO—She knows you're out.

George & Robert Cruikshank

Yes, yes, of that, old Charon, I'm aware;
Why, zounds, 'twould make a very parson swear,
Upon this dreary place so long to dangle;
The depth I do not know—I seldom angle.
ECHO—Sold her mangle!

Why do you mock me thus? I cannot float
Across the stream unless you bring your boat;—
It runs not strong,—I'm sure you well can stem it:
ECHO—Dem it!

The horses, too, are warm, and will be cooling
Whilst you so long on t'other side are fooling;—
I'll swim the waves, just like a gallant rover—
Come leap, my nags! I now am half seas over.
ECHO—He's over.

CALLING THE WATCH.

A NAUTICAL REMINISCENCE.

(With an illustration)

IN the autumn of 180—, a long run of easterly winds kept the homeward-bound convoys several weeks slapping about the chops of the Channel, and some of the East Indiamen were so much straightened by the want of water and provisions, that when a favourable breeze did come, they were compelled to put into Plymouth for a supply. A great number of the passengers, heartily tired of the long voyage, took the opportunity of quitting the ships, and posting it to their several places of destination without delay. Amongst others who landed, was an officer of the army, with his wife and two children and their attendants, who put up at one of the principal hotels, to wait for a communication which was to direct him to what part of the country he was to proceed. His baggage was received at the hotel, a suite of rooms was fixed upon, but the proprietor would not allow them to be occupied unless the officer would take them for a whole month, at the small charge of ten guineas per week. In vain the officer remonstrated against this imposition—in vain he declared that his stay would only be for a few days, at the most—mine host was inexorable; and as the baggage was already in the house, together with other circumstances, the officer was forced to comply. On the second day, the expected letters arrived, and called for an immediate removal to London; chaises were promptly ordered, the bill brought in, and forty guineas charged for the use of the rooms. Indignant at the exorbitant demand, the officer endeavoured to bring the landlord to reason—he offered him ten guineas, though he had been there only two days; but this was rejected, the landlord determined to make him adhere to his agreement

and insisted upon the whole sum, till warm words ensued, and the noise caused by altercation, made several inmates of the hotel acquainted with the occurrence.

Captain S ——, who commanded a frigate then fitting out in Hamoaze, happened to have a large party dining with him at the hotel on that day, and being informed of the nature of the contention (which had somewhat disturbed them), he took an opportunity of quitting the room, and, waiting upon the officer, ascertained the whole fact of the case. They then went to the proprietor, and Captain S—— asserting that he expected a visit from some of his friends, a transfer of the apartments was made to the gallant sailor, who undertook to pay the whole of the rent. This was not exactly what the avaricious landlord wanted, for he hoped to sack the forty guineas, and still be enabled to derive emolument from others. However, in this instance he could not well refuse to sanction the exchange of tenants, and therefore he graciously acceded; the army officer expressed his sincere acknowledgments to Captain S——, and they parted, mutually pleased with each other.

After Captain S—— returned to his party, they appeared to be more than usually cheerful—the wine circulated freely—the laugh and the joke abounded, but there was much of the conversation in an under tone, and during the evening several jolly-looking tars were introduced, who after a stiff glass of grog each, received some orders from the Captain and retired.

About eleven o'clock the party broke up, and as most of them had secured beds, at the hotel, they at once went to their several apartments—mine host and his fat spouse, his sons and his daughters, his man-servants and his maid-servants, and the strangers that were within his gates, were all snugly tucked-in, in their dormitories, and the utmost silence prevailed throughout the establishment—broken only by the deep bass of many a nasal organ, the whole seeming to rival one another in profundity.

Midnight came—the witching hour of midnight, when ghosts are said to shake off their wooden surtouts, and revisit mortals beneath the glimpses of the moon. The great clock in the hall, as if alarmed at being alone, began to strike, and as the sonorous echoes reverberated through the long vaulted passages, those who were not yet sleeping, or were awoke by its *spirit-stirring* sounds, shook beneath the influences of the hour, and drew the bed-clothes tightly over their heads, as they counted every fall of the hammer. The last stroke was still swelling on the ear—silence had not resumed its perfect sway —when suddenly there arose within the building the most piercing

notes—it was like the burst of a hundred northerly gales through a thousand crannies—it was louder than a legion of young pigs, all mounting to the highest bar of the stye—it was more shrill than the shrieks of myriads of screech-owls, joining in one universal chorus over the slain upon the battle-field—and it was succeeded by several hoarse voices from Stentorian lungs, shouting with all their might. Instantly there was a response still louder, and the tramping of many heavy feet upon the stairs.

Up sprung the landlord, almost paralysed with fright, convinced that the house must be on fire, and thrusting his legs through the pocket-holes of his wife's petticoat, and his arms through the legs of his small-clothes, he rushed out upon the landing-place, followed by his fat better half, enveloped in the counterpane, and her finely beribboned day-cap, (which, in spite of her hurry, she had found time to exchange for her night-dress) hind part before. Open flew the bed-room doors—out popped skulls enveloped in all colours, shouting, "Fire!" and "Thieves!"—down came the waiters and hand-maidens, half undressed—up rushed the cook in the ostler's boots—and such an assemblage as was congregated there upon that landing (whilst the banisters displayed many a *railing head*) was never seen before. There was a running to and fro in all directions. One cry, one universal cry prevailed, and "What's the matter?" was asked and repeated by every tongue, except that of the laughing Captain S——, who, in his full uniform, looked over from his suite of apartments, and seemed to be quietly enjoying the sport. Every one cried to him for explanation—and as they raised their eyes, dolefully beseeching to his merry phiz, "What's the matter?" was again uttered in all the different cadences of the vocal powers of humanity.

"Oh, don't be alarmed," said the Captain, soothingly, as he shed upon them the light of a bewitching smile, "I am sorry you have been disturbed—very sorry indeed—the *idlers* are not wanted."

"For heaven's sake, tell us what's the matter, Captain S——!" entreated mine host—"where are the thieves?"

"Thieves, Mr. ——?" responded the Captain angrily, as he descended the stairs—"thieves!—how dare you presume to use such epithets in reference to some of the best seamen in his Majesty's service. Take care, sir, such insolence deserves severe chastisement, and shall have it too, if it is repeated;" and he drew himself up menacingly in front of the proprietor, who, already panic-stricken, retreated behind his wife.

"Do pray, if you can, relieve our minds, Captain S——," implored the lady, and all hands joined in the entreaty.

"Certainly, madam," responded the bowing Captain, "shall be truly happy to do so; and perhaps, as most present are landsmen, it may be of service to them to understand the difference, so as not to jump upon deck till they hear the hands turned up—I presume you allude to the piping that has been recently heard; I assure you it is always my custom when I have a command ashore—it was merely my boatswain's mates calling the starboard watch." He looked up: "Yo hoy there! Jack, Bill, and Tom, where are you? Out bolted three stout seamen from one of the rooms, who responded to their commander's hail with "Aye aye, yer honour."

"Pipe down, my lads," said the captain; and bending low and courteously to the angry group he withdrew to his apartment. The boatswain's mate put their calls to their lips, and then succeeded another shrill chirping whistle, that made many clap their hands to their dainty ears, lest, hearing the pipes, the *drums* should also begin to beat. As soon as they had done, the seamen disappeared, and, like the bursting out of a wasp's nest upon an intruder, so was every sting now pointed at the landlord; but he, guessing at the trick which had been played upon him, slunk away to his chamber, amidst the threats and denunciations of his guests, who, having vented their spleen, returned indignantly to their beds, and silence was restored.

The face of the hall clock looked full of mischief, as the minute-hand swept round it, and old Time, as he stood with his scythe upraised at the top, seemed to be winking his eye at the bust of Momus, that ornamented the shade of the hall lamp. Round circled the hand for the fourth time since the uproar—the obedient hammer proclaimed the fourth hour of the morning, when again arose those shrilly sounds—again the hoarse voices were heard, "Ho!—the larboard watch ahoy!" three times repeated; once more there was the rattling and stamping on the stairs, as the officers of the dinner-party on the previous day, entering into the frolic of Captain S——, ascended or descended with no very gentle tread. Sleep was murdered—out bundled the landlord again—doors flew open—vows of vengeance and denunciatory imprecations were bellowed forth, like shots from a dozen masked batteries.

A glorious breakfast was, by especial order, arranged in the sitting-room of Captain S——, and thither, about nine o'clock, assembled the Captain's guests of the day before, to laugh heartily at their night's spree. As soon as they had partaken of this morning meal, and had departed to their duty, the proprietor entered, and with a countenance in which cunning and vexation were blended, he assumed a high tone, declaring that "he would not have his house—noted for its quiet and propriety—made the scene of such unseemly conduct."

"My dear sir," answered the Captain mildly, "you quite mistake the thing—it is a universal practice that I have adopted, wherever I engage a suite of apartments—I regret that it interferes with or incommodes the gentlemen who honour you with their confidence—but you must be sensible, my dear sir, that discipline is necessary in all well-regulated commands—your own establishment, for instance;" and he looked superlatively innocent, as he shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands.

"Really, Captain S——," responded the landlord, somewhat fiercely, through mistaking the gallant tar's quiet demeanour, "I neither can nor will suffer such things; my character—the reputation of my house—the comfort of my friends—" and he paced the room in fury.

"Very—very sorry," returned the Captain, with perfect self-command—"it would be a sad pity for your character, as proprietor, and the reputation of your hotel, to sustain injury; and I grieve still more for the annoyance of your friends; but it is utterly impossible for me to break old-established regulations; my men are so used to the thing, that my authority would be at stake if I were to discontinue it. I have hired your apartments for a month——"

"Merciful Heaven! and do you mean to continue this hideous, odious noise for a month, Captain S——?" demanded the terrified landlord.

"Hideous, odious noise, Mr. ——," repeated the Captain, affecting surprise and wrath, "do you call those harmonious pipings? 'Hideous odious noise!'" He threw himself into a theatrical attitude, as he spouted with ranting vehemence, and advanced fiercely:—

> "'The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit" (he bawled out) "for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
> And his affection dark as Erebus:
> Let no such man be trusted.'"

"He is mad, moon struck mad," muttered the landlord to himself, as he retreated before the menacing Captain, who followed him round the room. "Captain S——, be pacified, I beg."

"Hideous noise, do you call it?" continued the Captain, his sword half drawn, and fierceness distending every feature of his agitated face, as he brought the landlord to a trot—"hideous, odious noise, eh? Sir,

> 'This music hath crept by me on the waters,
> Allaying both their fury and my passion
> With its sweet air.'"

"I wish the whistles were there now, with all my heart, Captain

S——," said the subdued man, almost out of breath, as he danced about the room. "Oh, do be calm, sir. Lord, what shall I do?" (The Captain grinned.) "The music was charming;—now do hear reason.—I pray you to be calm."

"Calm, Mr. ——, calm!" repeated the Captain, rattling his sword against the table, and throwing his arms about—"it is impossible to listen to such libels on sweet melody and be calm. The rooms are mine, sir, for one month—you will love the delicious Italian harmony of those pipes long before that time expires. You shall have a full concert of them, Mr. ——. I will speak to the Admiral, to favour me with every boatswain's mate in the fleet; we must make skake-downs in the rooms—oh, we will have glorious music—tickets issued—the ball-room full—I will act as leader;" and pulling a boatswain's call from his waistcoat pocket, he began to blow close to the landlord's ears.

"Come, come, Captain S——" said the master of the hotel, "I plainly see how it is, and must own myself outwitted. Pay me one week's rent for the rooms, and give them up; I will ask no more, and you shall have a receipt in full."

"Impossible!" returned the Captain, with well-affected astonishment; "I care nothing for the money, Mr. ——, my frigate will not be ready for these two months, and I must keep my apartments for the time agreed upon. But I hope you will get the great room ready for the concert—thirty-six boatswains' calls, with a running accompaniment of street-door knockers and scrapers—every officer in the fleet will attend;" and having ordered dinner for twelve, he sallied forth to superintend the refitting of his ship.

Away went Mr. —— to consult his lawyer; and he returned back with a long face, to hear the lamentations and complaints of those who, having been deprived of their natural rest, were only just quitting their beds. He next went to the magistrates, but they could afford him no assistance; he had let his rooms, and they were no longer under his controul, unless any breach of the peace was committed. The poor man was half crazed, for inquiry had elicited the information that a more daring, dashing mad-cap than Captain S—— did not exist; but still avarice and covetousness were the leading principles of the landlord's soul.

At six o'clock a round dozen sat down to an excellent dinner, at the Captain's table. Champaign abounded, and the trembling Mr. —— saw the whole party in a fair way to become uproarious, without the slightest prospect of being able to prevent what he dreaded must follow as a natural consequence. The boatswain's mates had never left the rooms—they had as much grog as they could drink—the

party reeled off to their beds, and the watch was regularly called, and relieved as on the preceding night.

The following morning the landlord again remonstrated; he offered to forego the whole of the charge for rent providing Captain S—— would withdraw his forces. But this he most resolutely refused—reiterated his promise of getting up the concert, and declared that the thirty-six boatswains' mates were coming that very night to his rooms to practise.

"I will not admit them, Captain S——!" vociferated the enraged man—"I will not open my doors to them."

"I do not expect that you will so demean yourself, Mr. ——," remarked the Captain; "they can open the doors for themselves—thirty-six boasuns' mates, the finest fellows in the fleet" (He pulled out his call.) "Oh, it will be delightful."

Away started the landlord out of the room, more than ever convinced that the Captain was cracked, and well knowing, that to attempt to resist three dozen boatswain's mates, let loose upon a spree, would be the height of madness. Back again he came, fear gaining the ascendancy over avarice. "Captain S——," said he, "my business will be ruined; I am already threatened with several actions—my house will be deserted—the London travellers will no longer make it their home during their stay—several have already quitted for other hotels—what is it that you require?"

"I require, my dear sir, I?" reiterated the Captain, in assumed amazement—"I do not comprehend your meaning—I require nothing but the free use of my rooms, the exercise of an undoubted, undisputed privilege. The thirty-six boatswains' mates will practise in this apartment."

"Not if I can help it," returned Mr. ——, deprecatingly. "In a word, Captain S——, I will forego the whole rent, cancel your bill for the time you have been here, and give you and your friends a farewell dinner, if you will pledge your word of honour not to carry on your freak."

"But the thirty-six boatsuns' mates," said Captain S——, doubtingly—"I have promised them ten guineas, and——"

"They shall have it—they shall have it," replied the landlord, in agony; "only give me your word there shall be no disturbance. Dinner shall be ready at six o'clock, and the money shall be paid to your men up stairs. Oh dear, I shall be ruined! Keep away the confounded thirty-six; or, if you prefer it, a substantial repast shall be provided for them at the adjacent public-house, where they may afterwards blow their insides out if they like."

After some apparent reluctance on the part of Captain S——, the

proposal of the landlord was accepted, the dinners were given, the bargemen of the frigate personating the boatswain's mates, each supplied with a call, and at night they assembled under the windows of the hotel to give the landlord a last pipe and three cheers before they returned on board. Whether the proprietor was cured of his avarice I do not know, but certain it is he never ceased to remember even to his last moments, the CALLING THE WATCH!

A PIECE OF CHINA.

WHAT FOLLOWED THE CAPTURE OF THE KIDNAPPERS.

(With an Illustration.)

As soon as the jolly tars had pitched the lusty Tartars between the quarter-deck guns of her Majesty's ship the Mercury, and the sentries abaft and at the gangway had taken them under their precious charge, a party assembled in the mate's cabin, over grog and cheroots, to hear a narrative of the boatswain's love adventure, which has already been related, to the period of his taking a parting salute of his mistress, whose little heart swelled with luxuriant feeling at being beloved by the handsome officer.

"In course," said Pearson, "I didn't tell her I was only a boatswain, but pitched it hot and strong as I was a admiral, and I gave them a delicate wind with my pipe, to show the way in which I called my men around me; for, thinks I, she'll have nothing whatever to say to me, if I don't come a bit of the mandarin—so I sported it in first chop style, to keep them from axing questions."

"But how could you converse together, Pearson?" asked the master's mate, "neither one of you could understand the other's language."

"Why, I thought you'd have know'd all about that 'ere, Mr. Wildgust," answered the boatswain, with a junty toss of the head, "Love-making arn't by no manner o' means carried on by paying out the slack of mere tongue palaver; its duty's best done by motions something like them there what you called hire-oh-somut or other."

"Hire-oh-chopsticks, Sir," chimed in old Jack, who, seated in one corner of the cabin, was enjoying a stiff nor'-wester.

"Right, Jack, that's the word; I knew there was something about icks in it," said the boatswain; and then resuming his tale, "just like them there hire-oh-chopsticks as we logged down in the darling's letter, and she understood me well enough, bless her innocent heart."

"Keep a sharp look-out, Pearson," advised the mate, "and don't be too sure about her innocence; the women can play a double game when it pleases them to do so, and the young ones are as deluding as the old ones."

"I can hardly think so, your honour," dissented old Jack, with an impressive nod, "though, for my part, I have met with a little on it myself, during my cruise through life: I don't mean in regard of my present Missus Moberly, but them as I clapt alongside of afore I know'd her."

"Why, how many wives have you had, Jack?" asked Mr. Wildgust.

"How many wives, sir?—let me see. I can't disactly say; but I think a matter of seven, or somewhere thereabouts," answered the boatswain's mate;—"the fact is, sir, I never liked to keep tally of them consarns, especially in regard of my never having larned to work a dead reckoning But I remembers once, sir, being ashore on leave; I was a giddy monkey of a main-top-man then, full of frolic and mischief, and I belonged to the Royal Oak, seventy-four, as had Lord Amelia Beauclerk's flag flying; so, as I said afore, I was ashore on leave, and in course, as we'd been paid prize-money, and there warn't no purser to sarve out the grog, why I had just as much as I wanted. Here's towards all your healths, genelmen," and Jack took a draught of his beverege. "Not but what I was quite sober, sir," addressing the mate, "ownly I was what you may call happy, and as I was always wartuously inclined, I kept a good look-out ahead, to see if I could get sight of some decent young woman to overhaul my mind to, and ax her to be spliced. Well, whilst I was backing and filling, just dropping up with the tide, I spies as pretty a figure-head as I had seen for many a day, ownly she'd the least bit in the world of a squint in one of her eyes, and I'm bless'd if I don't think it was that 'ere eye as did the job for me, all the same as Miss Ring Ching Fou has done it for Muster Pearson. She wore a suit of black gear, with plenty of crape about it, and a black wale, brailed up over her bonnet, and 'my precious rags and buttons,' thinks I, 'but she is a beauty, anyhow,' though I didn't much like the colour of her canvass. Howsomever, I claps her alongside, as bowld as brass, and 'What cheer, what cheer, lovey?' says I, but she jumped away, just like a shot when it strikes the comb of the sea, and her eye—that's her piercer, sir—gave me a look that went right slap through my heart, for all the world like that 'ere harpoon in the letter through Muster's Pearson's, and I should have wished to have had that logged down instead of the Cupid in the boat, ownly it was a matter of onpossibility to draw a eye going through a heart."

"Come, bear a hand with your yarn, Jack," exclaimed the boatswain, somewhat peevishly, "you'll spin it out as long as you can remember."

"I'll cut it at once, if so be as the genelmen wishes it," said Jack; but a general desire being expressed for him to go on, he continued. "Well, then, she bounces away, and in good consequence, seeing as I wanted her company, I springs my luff arter her; she made sail,

and I went in chase; and so getting the heels of her, I creeps up upon her starboard beam, and we carried on for some time with our yard-arms touching, and I plied her with a royal salute of flattery, as made her reduce her canvass, and we were soon like owld acquaintances, for she hooked on the crook of my elbow and away we went, happy-go-lucky, talking together as pleasant as turtle doves. I warn't long in fishing out of her who and what she was. She told me she was a young widow as had lost her husband."

"Why how could she be a widow without she had lost her husband?" inquired the boatswain.

"That's a matter, sir, as I never gave a thought about," answered Jack, "and therefore with my knowledge of things in general, it is not in my power to say; all as I'm certain on is, that she said, she was a widow without never a husband; and she heaved such a melancholy sigh, and the tears trickled so fast down her face when she mentioned it, that thinks I to myself, 'a woman who can feel so strong a regard for him as is dead and gone would be likely to behave herself properly and lovingly, to any one as would fill up the wacancy and treat her kindly, as I would, and so says I, 'my precious,' says I, 'you're the neatest craft as I've seen for a month of Sundays, and though you've been married afore,' says I, 'yet I don't care for that, as mayhap you've larned all the better how to work ship and do your duty alow and aloft,' says I, 'and if you've ownly got a babby just to play with and cheer you when I'm at sea, why then, my darling, you carn't do nothing more wiser than to take Jack Moberly for betterer or worserer,' and she blushed as red as the tomkin of a twenty-four pounder, and then she sobbed and shook her head mournfully, but I knowed as she was pleased, because she clung tighter to me and didn't say 'No;' so I grappled her again, and poured in a broadside of all the fine love-making words as ever came into my head, now and then discharging a volley of small shot in the way of vows and promises, till at last she said 'she would consider of it.' 'And about the pickaninny,' says I, giving her hand a gentle persuader, 'is there one or not?' And then she blushed again, and cried; I never saw so much emulsion in any soul afore. 'Yes,' says she, as she covered her face with her white handkercher, 'yes; though my dear William is departed to heaven he left behind a lovely pledge of our affection,' says she; and oh! if I thought you would be a kind father to it' 'I will, I will,' says I, 'the best and most dutiful of fathers I'll be,—ownly try me this once, lovey—and there's all my pay and my prize-money for you and the boy—but avast,' says I, 'is it a boy?' 'It is,' says she, 'a fine boy, the very moral of my poor William, whom I shall never see again.' 'So much the better,' says I, 'that's about

the boy I means, my precious, and so, without any more palaver, let's get the parson to read us a page or two out of his book, and when you're Mrs. Moberly, I'll rig you out as fine as a fiddle.' 'You forget,' says she, 'that I'm in my weeds.' 'In your what?' axes I. 'In my weeds,' says she again, and holds up her duds. 'Ho, ho!' says I, 'that's what you mean, lovey, is it; well, never mind; as soon as we're spliced we'll change 'em for sea weeds. But I should like to see the babby.' 'You cannot see him just now,' says she, 'but wait till the evening, and then I'll bring him to you if you will give me your word not to get groggy.' 'Honour bright,' says I, laying my flipper on my heart, 'I'll keep soberer nor fifty men right out; but why won't you let me go home with you?' Howsomever, she wouldn't allow of my doing that last, and so I agreed to see her in the evening, at the place where we parted; for she would go, though I wanted her to cruise with me all day; but she said the child would cry for her, and that was enough, for I didn't much stomach the thought of the innocent babby suffering, especially as she promised to bring it with her. So you see, sir, I hauls my wind for owld Tom Spraggses—Tom had been a messmate when I was a boy, and now he kept the Salmon and Boathook, a house where all true-hearted tars were sure of being well sarved for money, and a bit of adwice for nothing. So I goes to Tom, and I tells him of the consarn. 'Have a care, Jack,' says he, 'have a care, my son; pirates carry black colours, you know, and for the sake of the blue jackets you ought to make out what she is, before you put her into commission to cruise under your own name.' 'All very good, Tom,' says I, 'and all very proper in regard of my knowing as you means well; but if you was ownly to see her—why I'm blessed, Tom, but there she is,' says I, as I seed her go past the window, and Tom pops his boom, and slips his cable in chace, to reconnighter her build and rig, while I sits down to quiet the owld woman, who didn't much stomach Tom's running arter the gals. Well, after a while, back again he comes, and Mrs. Spraggs opens her lower deck ports at him, but Tom says nothing, but gives me a wink, and so we walks into the parlour together. 'Owld un breezy?' says he, axing a question which he hisself knowed well how to answer. 'A bit so,' says I; 'but you don't mind that; what have you made her out to be?' Tom shook his head. 'Mind your eye, Jack,' says he, 'I've seed her afore and knows a little of her history, but shan't never say nothing about it now; ownly, as I said afore, mind your eye; and be sure and have a good overhaul of the consarn of the babby,' says he."

"Well, genelmen, this put me to a fathom or two of nonplush, but I couldn't believe, arter all, that one who looked so innocent, and piped her eye so nat'rally, could be a bad-un, and the more in regard of her

grief for her poor William, as had lost the number of his mess. Howsomever, I goes in the evening detarmined to follow Tom's instructions, but when I seed her, I'm blest if I didn't forget every thing but her own beautiful figure-head, though I thought the cocked hat in her eye seemed to slue round precious fast, and when she answered my hail she was rather thick and husky in the throat; and so as it was getting duskisk, and there warn't many people on the look out, I grapples howld of a kiss, and I'm blowed if her breath didn't tell me as she'd been taking a twist out of the neck of a bottle of rum; and then I thinks of Tom's adwice, 'Mind your eye, Jack,' and about overhauling the consarn of the babby as she had nuzzled up onderneath her shawl; but she wouldn't never let me go for to touch it, as she swore it was fast asleep, and if she onkivered it the damp air would give it cowld; and thinks I to myself, 'that's kind and mother-like on her too, mayhap Tom's mistaken arter all. Well,' says I, 'lovey, you see as I've kept my word in regard of not getting groggy.' 'No, no,' says she, 'you've not kept your word—your are ontirely distosicated at this very moment.'

"Now, genelmen, I positively purtest as I was as sober as I am at this instant, but coming from such lips as them, it jimmycumbothered me, and as either she or me got to staggering, I began to be certain it must be me; for, as for she getting top-hampered, I couldn't have believed it no how. So I made up my mind as I had been drinking without knowing on it, and I axed her pardon, and got talking all sorts of treacly things to her; and she began to grow sweet upon me, when owld Tom's 'mind your eye, Jack,' crossed my thoughts, and as she rather tript and lurched to looard, I'm a Dutchman if I didn't diskiver as it was she as was shaking a cloth in the wind instead of me, and 'Yo hoy, my precious,' says I, 'its a sad heart as never rejoices,' says I, 'but you've been bowsing rather too taut a leech upon your jib, which arn't altogether ship-shape in a widow as is, and a wife as she's going to be.' 'I sorns your puterations,' says she, 'my jib, indeed, and me in mourning for my poor departed William;' and she began to cry again, and I found the spray coming into my own scuppers till I recollected owld Tom's 'mind your eye, Jack.' 'There, don't go for to take on so, my dear,' says I, 'you know as I never meant any harm,' but I'm blessed afore I'd got the words hardly out of my mouth, away she takes a roll to starboard as nearly laid her on her beam ends, and says my thoughts to me, 'its all plain enough now—she's a going it.' Well, seeing how matters stood, genelmen, I was affear'd as she'd capsize a top of the babby and scrunch it, and so, says I, 'steady—steady, lovey—this will never do, and I must sheer off.' 'Oh, you must, must you,' says she, 'but you won't though—you promised to marry me, you did, and I have brought the child as you

George Cruikshank

wished me—I've done all as you axed me to do. 'And a precious sight more nor ever I axed you,' says I, 'but once for all, I'll never go for to have a wife who arn't able to keep watch over herself—not but what I feels for the infant, poor thing—but I'm off, lovey, I'm off,' and I gives her a wide birth, 'take care of the babby,' says I.—'Confound you and the babby too,' says she, 'and if you think I carn't be a mother to it, take it yourself and be hanged to you!' and I am blessed if she didn't whip the babby from under her shawl, and fling it right slap at me."

"Avast there Jack, avast," exclaimed the boatswain, "she never couldn't be such a monster."

"Its as true Mr. Pearson, as that Mr. Wildgust wants to be a leftenant," responded Moberly, firmly, "she flung it right at me, and it hit me over the nose and nearly knocked me backwards, 'Halloo,' says I, 'this is pretty usage any how, and I'm blowed if you haven't killed the child!' For, d'ye see, genelmen, it dropped down like a dipsy lead at my feet, and there it laid quite still, and never moved a peg. 'You onnat'ral wretch,' says I, 'its dead enough any how,' and so I stoops down to pick it up, 'poor babby,' says I, as I grappled howld of it to raise it up in my arms; 'poor innocent—this is a foul murder, this is—but halloo, why, what the blazes is all this?' says I, and what do you think it was genelmen, I'm blowed if the babby warnt a wooden one."

A roar of laughter followed Jack's announcement, and it was rendered more hearty by the previous feelings of horror which had been excited, by the supposed murder of an infant by an infuriated and drunken woman.

"A what was it?" demanded the boatswain, who had preserved his gravity better than the rest.

"A wooden babby," responded Moberly, "yes, I'm blessed Mr. Pearson, if it warn't a wooden babby. So I tucks it under my arm, and away I shins off to owld Tom Spragges, and tells him all about it. 'I thought as much,' says Tom, she's no widow at all, but rigs herself out in that fashion to catch such gulls as you Jack, but she would have hooked you like a mackarel if so be as I hadn't towld you to mind your eye.' So you see, genelmen, there arn't much good in calculating the jography of women by looking at a handsome figure head."

As soon as the laugh caused by this narrative had subsided, "A precious tough yarn you've been spinning Master Jack," said the boatswain, "and its very near driv all about my own affair out of my head."

"Hitch back, Pearson," exclaimed Wildgust, "you were making love, hrie-oh!-chopstick fashion," and the mate laughed, "I want to know how you came in the bag."

"Oh, that's soon told Sir," answered the boatswain, "for arter I'd left the darling, my head was as chock full of her, as a West Ingeeman's fore hold of molasses; there warn't room for nothing else, and I rather think I must have stood upon a wrong tack when I quitted the house; however, let that be as it may, I was suddenly tripped up before I could tell where I was, a cloth was clapped into my mouth that jammed my breath, my arms were pinioned, I was gagged and shoved into the sack holus bolus, from which awk'ard predicklement Jack delivered me."

At this moment there was a bustling of feet upon the deck above, and a boy came down to inform Mr. Wildgust that the Commander was coming alongside. The cabin was cleared in an instant, Pearson took his station at the gangway, his shrill pipe sounded cheerily on the night breeze; the side boys with their lanterns were in attendance, and the boat having swept up to her proper position, Lieutenant Bullfit the Commander of her Majesty's Ship Mercury, ascended, and was saluted by his subordinates. He was a short stout burly man, the very essence of good humour, but rather consequential in his manner, offering at times a strange contrast to his usually excellent flow of animal spirits; a worthy officer, an excellent seaman, and a kindhearted man. Bullfit possessed most of the qualifications which a man-of-war's men love, for he was by no means deficient in preserving discipline.

"I'm glad to see every one generally attentive Mr. Wildgust," said the lieutenant, stiffly walking aft on the quarter-deck," it shows, Sir, —it shows—"

"The benefit of example Sir," responded the mate, taking up the clue, "allow me Sir, to introduce to your notice three respectable gentlemen whom I have captured," and he waved his hand towards the Tartars who stood grinning between the guns.

"Ha, ha,—I see, I see, Wildgust," said the lieutenant, at once coming down from the high stilts, "prisoners, eh?—and it seems you have taken them bag and baggage," both officers laughed. "Make your report Sir—make your report."

This Wildgust did, relating every circumstance to prove that the fellows were kidnapping; and Pearson and Jack Moberly corroborated the facts. Bullfit ordered the Tartars to be taken below, and well looked after, and he would do summary execution on them the next morning. The night passed away—and about the middle of the next forenoon, the hands were turned up to witness punishment. Every one guessed the object, as speculations were rife as to the real intentions of Lieutenant Bullfit. These however, were in a great measure ended, when the crew found that a large block, covered with red baize, was placed upon the forecastle; and by the side of it, with his shirt

sleeves tucked up to his shoulders, and his bright heavy cleaver in his hand, stood the ship's butcher, resting his instrument on the block, and leaning upon it. The officers and crew were assembled—one of the prisoners was brought up, and placed to hear his sentence, which Mr. Bullfit pronounced in some unknown tongue—his motions, however, clearly defining, by his pointing first at the Tartar's cocoa-nut, then at the block, and lastly to the axe, that the fellow was to be decapitated. Scarcely any one had credited that the Commander would carry matters so far, but the energy and solemnity of his manner left no doubt amongst the people, that he designed to deal out the extreme of vengeance; and not a few shuddered at the thoughts of witnessing a deed of blood, perpetrated in the moment of cool and calm deliberation. As for the Tartar, his terror nearly deprived him of every power except that of his lungs; for when he saw the deadly preparation, he roared most lustily, and falling on his knees, earnestly implored for his life. But his entreaties were in vain; three or four stout fellows laid hold of him, and in an instant he was prostrate, and held fast, with his neck upon the block.

"Do your duty, my man, and do it well!" exclaimed Mr. Bullfit to the butcher, who thereupon stood over against the prisoner, flourishing his bright cleaver above his head. It was a moment of thrilling horror amongst the crew—and some, in the generosity of their hearts, were half prepared to rush forward and rescue the unhappy criminal—but rigid discipline restrained them, and they stood impatiently awaiting the result. Nor had they long to remain. The butcher still flourished his upraised cleaver—excitement was getting more intense, when the sonorous voice of the Commander was heard to thunder forth—"Strike!" There was a moment of suspense—down came the shining blade—a groan of anguish burst from the crew—down came the blade, and cut off the Tartar's—TAIL—the head having been slued round, at the precise moment, to effect this object. The tars smoked the fun, and laughed heartily, whilst the prisoner was removed out of sight; some red paint and saw-dust were rubbed on a piece of old canvass near the block, and the next captive was summoned, who, on perceiving the arrangements, and beholding what he supposed to be the blood of his companion, roared most lustily: he was served in the same way as the first, and placed by himself apart. The third came up, doggedly determined—he did not utter a word, and never flinched, when his neck was laid in due order; but, nevertheless, he was in no small degree gratified, when he found that only his tail was off, and not his head.

A boat was manned, the prisoners were put into it, and their meeting again, when each supposed the other dead, was truly ridiculous. Mr.

Wildgust took them ashore, and they were delivered up to the proper authorities. Having effected this, the mate thought he would himself call upon the family of the boatswain's lady-love, especially as it lay in his way. He found the doors open, the furniture cleared away, and the building entirely deserted.

TRINITY MONDAY.

This day is associated with our earliest recollections—it was the holiday of our boyhood, and well we do remember seeing many eminent men, now in their graves, heading the processions over Deptford Green (as it was then called), whilst young girls strewed before them sweet herbs and flowers. There was Mr. Dundas before he was Lord Melville, and there also, the most conspicuous amongst them all by the curl of his nose, walked the celebrated William Pitt, looking as pleased as the children to whom he gave cakes as he passed along. For several years he was the chief amongst them, and on one occasion I can call to mind (I think it was immediately after passing the Window Tax Act), his parading in full costume, with a nosegay in his hand, and every feature of his countenance unchanged and unchangeable, as the cheers, hisses, groans, and hootings of the mob greeted or assailed him. There was neither frown of displeasure nor smile of satisfaction, but he walked placidly on dispensing his cakes to the children, and now and then to a handsome female—Billy admired pretty girls. Many of the most outrageous of the mob had held up both sticks and fists at him in a menacing attitude, and poured forth vollies of abuse, but he heeded them not; and when the constables would have seized the threateners, he calmly desired them "to desist, and let the people amuse themselves." At last a virago of a fish-woman, an immense fat creature, weighing full eighteen stone, and with a face like the sun when it breaks out at noonday, started up from her stall, and holding a live lobster to the prime minister's head, declared "she would blow his brains out. This was too much for Mr. Pitt, and he, who was so remarkable for sedateness, actually chuckled and roared with laughter. Whether it was the nature of the weapon or the strangeness of the threat that tickled him, it is not possible to say, but the circumstance put every one in good humour.

The Duke of Wellington is now the Master, but he did not accompany the last procession, which, though nothing equal to what it used to be in former times on land, was certainly very splendid by water, and the banquet in the evening was superior to the days of old. The Trinity Board is an admirable institution, but would be better by the infusion of a little good blood from the Royal Navy.

THE OLD SAILOR'S

TO AUGUST.

Ha! ha! Jolly August! Thou'rt welcome old fellow,
We love thy brown face and thy long locks of yellow;
Thy 'kerchief is off, and thy broad chest is bare,
And thy comely full chin has no dimples for care.

Come along, come along—here's the wheat and the rye
Are both waiting for thee to receive their last dye.
Bluff Barleycorn vows, "Not an inch will he budge,
Till Jolly Old August shall help him to trudge."

Thou'rt welcome! old boy! Should it be in the day,
The grasshoppers' chirrup shall gladden thy way;
And still thou art welcome!—for should it be night,
The glowworm shall wait to afford thee his light.

Look here at these walls! how they're loaded with fruit,
Just smile on them once, and all palates we'll suit!
The garden—the orchard—the hill and the dale,
Are teeming with plenty, and spice loads the gale.

Here's Flora been waiting to crown thee with flowers,
And says she must stay 'till thou'lt visit her bowers;
There amaranths flourish and marigolds bloom,
And thy path o'er the heath she has strewed with perfume.

What a buxom array of blithe reapers are here,
To garner the treasures of health and good cheer;
How they titter and laugh, nearly bursting with glee!
Come along, come along, they are waiting for thee.

Come along, then, old fellow, we stay for thy smile;
Come along, come along, and we'll cheer thee the while;
The sirloin shall smoke and the mighty ale foam,
As we shout our huzza, lads—the harvest is home.

S. M.

JEANETTE DURAND.

A TRUE TALE OF TRAFALGAR.

(Concluded.)

"We are fellows still
Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark;
And we poor mates, stand dying on the deck,
Hearing the surge's threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air." SHAKSPERE.

It has been already related that when Pierre Durand was forced from the clinging embrace of the agonized Jeanette, he was conveyed on board the frigate which in a few hours afterwards sailed for the Isle of France. His keen distress may be more readily conceived than described; the sorrows of his heart were indeed enlarged, and more than once, as the ship was running out of the roads, he contemplated slipping overboard, and trying to swim to the shore. But calmer reflection came to his aid; the injuries to his hands rendered success very precarious; the night was dark and gusty; the sea was breaking upon the rocks; the tide was setting out to sea, and the sweet soother, whose eye is ever open to shed a ray of joy even to the very depths of despair, illumined the gloomy recesses of his spirit: hope whispered the possibility of meeting again, and his mind grew more tranquil. Had he known how near the boat containing Jeanette was to him at the time, he would not have hesitated for one moment to lower himself into the deep, but with this fact he was unacquainted, and opening daylight saw them clear of the land.

Pierre was a smart young seaman, pretty well acquainted with his duty, in which his father had taken great pains to instruct him, but for some time after his being received into the frigate he was unable to do much, on account of the inflamed state of his thumbs; at length, however, surgical skill effected a perfect cure, though the bruised and crushed members were much deformed. The frigate pursued her way, frequently chased by English ships of war, but escaping by superiority of sailing; and having very important despatches, no time was lost in making captures, except when it was almost unavoidable, and then the greatest valuables were taken out, and as no hands could be spared, the prizes were consigned to the flames.

After a quick voyage they reached the island, consecrated by sympathetic emotion, through the well-known narrative of "Paul and Virginia." Pierre had become reconciled to his fate, and his alacrity and readiness rendered him extremely serviceable on several occasions; but, as it was evident he had been forced into the service, a strong prejudice prevailed against him, and no encouragement was afforded

him in the way of promotion, though they were very successful in their cruises, and made a great deal of prize-money. Their stay in India, however, was not long; a fast sailing ship was required to carry communications to the Directory, and la Pique was ordered home. She had again the good fortune to escape the English cruisers, and, richly laden, succeeded in reaching Brest. Off Ushant, she was closely pursued by a British frigate, and a smart running fight took place, the latter pressing her very hard along the edges of the black rocks, and had any spars been carried away a decisive engagement must have ensued: but she would not bring-to; and when running into Camaret Bay, the English frigate rounded under her stern, and poured in a raking broadside, which brought down the mizen-mast and maintop-mast, but la Pique got safe under the protection of the heavy batteries, and the English ship was reluctantly compelled to haul off.

The joy of Pierre at the sight of his native land was mingled with apprehensions for the fate of those he loved, and, never doubting that an opportunity would be afforded for visiting his parents, should they be still in existence, he earnestly longed for the moment to arrive when he should be held in their embrace. Often did he gaze upon the spot where he had last seen Jeanette; and busy conjectures, struggling with anxious forebodings, sickened his heart, which still retained unchanged, undiminished affection for the fair girl. What his feelings would have been, under a knowledge of the real situation, it is impossible to state.

The frigate was rapidly refitted, but not a soul of her crew were granted one hour's liberty on shore, fears being entertained that they would desert, and the scarcity of seamen rendered it necessary to keep all they could possibly collect together. It is true expectations were held out that leave would be given, but day after day passed over in disappointment till the ship was ready for sea. The anguish of poor Pierre grew more and more intense as the cherished hope of his heart faded away. He had written to Bordeaux, but no letters of communication had been permitted to reach their destination; they were examined by the authorities and destroyed, and consequently the young man could obtain no answers.

Goaded almost to madness, Pierre resolved on making an effort to escape from compulsory servitude, and to institute some inquiry relative to Jeanette and his own family; he contrived during the darkness of the night to swim ashore, and without much difficulty his purpose was effected near the spot where he had been forcibly separated from Jeanette; he remembered it well, for the occurrence had stamped it deeply on his recollection; his pulses beat almost to bursting, and he sat down for a few minutes and wept. But energy was called for; he was clear from the frigate, and thus far was free. Still numerous perils

lay in his way, and to be detected without accomplishing his object, would not only involve disgrace and punishment, but also add greatly to the distress of mind under which he had so long been labouring. With caution, suitable to the occasion, he sought a place to shelter himself till daylight, when he hoped, by a fabricated tale to pass the gates. He had often visited Brest before, and now drew near the residence of an old friend of his father's, when suddenly a patrol guard came full upon him before he could effect a retreat, and the sergeant immediately took him into custody. Thus his hopes were once more crushed, and the horrors he had anticipated, should he be retaken, seemed now about to be fearfully realized. The following day he was recognized as belonging to the frigate, and sent aboard to receive the punishment decreed for those who clandestinely abandoned their post; happily for Pierre, however, the penalty was not carried to the full extreme, he was not chastised with severity; but the failure of his enterprize, and the consequent results, very nearly deprived him of reason. In another week la Pique sailed for the West Indies, and the almost broken-hearted Pierre Durand again quitted France, without having obtained the smallest information of those who were so dear to him.

At this time Victor Hugues was spreading devastation amongst the English colonies, which were incapable of resisting his force, and the French had a strong naval armament in the West India Seas. La Pique once more safely reached her destination, and anchored at Guadaloupe, then in possession of the republican troops. Here she underwent a refit, and then went on a cruize, but was driven for shelter by an English ship of the line under the batteries of the harbour of Point-a-Petre, from whence she manifested no disposition to come out; and her formidable adversary, despairing of enticing her forth, left her in charge of as gallant a spirit as ever swelled in an Englishman's breast. This was Captain Robert Faulknor, of the Blanche thirty-two gun frigate, who repeatedly challenged the Frenchman to fight, but without effect; the latter, however, got under way, but kept close to the land till the Blanche made sail away, and then la Pique having made every preparation for battle, and being superior in armament, slowly followed. The captain of the French frigate had determined to fight. The action commenced about midnight, the ships crossing each other on opposite tacks as they exchanged broadsides; the engagement lasted five hours, during which the brave Captain Faulknor was killed, together with one midshipman and six seamen and marines; there were twenty-one wounded. La Pique had suffered still more severely; and in this gallant and well fought action Pierre Durand had ample opportunity to witness the dreadful havoc caused by war; the French

frigate's masts were swept away, and about thirty poor fellows went with them, never to rise again alive. No less than seventy-six dead bodies, and one hundred and ten wounded, were found in different parts of the deck, which was covered with blood and shattered limbs. Pierre was amongst the wounded, not desperately, but severely, yet the heat of the climate rendered it doubtful whether many would recover. The ships anchored at the Isle de Saints to repair damages, and the prisoners were subsequently sent to Martinique, and from thence to Jamaica, as but little reliance could be placed on an exchange upon patrol, and it was not deemed advisable to strengthen the forces of the French in that quarter of the world.

Pierre gradually recovered from his wounds, and his good conduct gained him the esteem of the surgeon at the Hospital, who indulged him in many privileges not generally conceded to prisoners of war;—he remained two years in the West Indies, and then was sent to England, where he continued till peace restored him once more to his country;—he shipped on board of a vessel bound to Bordeaux, and on landing at the quay, hurried hastily towards the dwelling of his parents. The gloom of evening had set in when he reached the threshold that had so often resounded to his footsteps in boyhood, and here he was compelled to steady himself by the door-posts, his feelings utterly overpowering his faculties; and in the midst of hope, a dread arose that something disastrous had occurred to the authors of his being. Nine years had elapsed since his departure—he had heard no tidings of them—they might be dead, and he an orphan. But uncertainty was worse than conviction; he knocked, and a stranger opened the door—one whom he had never before seen—he could not speak—his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he leaned against the wall and gasped for breath.

Alarmed at these appearances, the female domestic called for help, and was answered by a voice that Pierre never had forgotten—in the midst of sorrow, pain, care, and trouble, it had always been well remembered, for the harmonious sounds were those which had soothed him in his years of infancy and childhood—allaying irritation—encouraging evenness of temper—and pouring upon his ear the sweet accents of tender and affectionate solicitude: it was the voice of his mother. Oh how deliciously did those tones steal over his senses, bringing with them delightful reminiscences of former days of pleasurable enjoyment. The cry of the servant brought her mistress towards them, but she was not alone, there was another with her, and as they approached, Pierre recognized the object of his heart's fondest regard—Jeanette Berghaume. The recognition was mutual, for love and nature are ever triumphant, and they were instantly locked in each other's arms. Pierre

found his family labouring under the pressure which baneful war had brought upon the commerce of Bordeaux, as for a length of time none of their larger merchant-ships could put to sea without being captured by the English cruisers, and the small coasters were in constant hazard of falling into their hands. Still they were not in want, and held a respectable station among the community. Mons. Berghuame had been successful in his undertaking, and though in some degree sharing the difficulties of the rest, was, nevertheless, comparatively rich.

A more united and happy family than that which was now assembled there could not well be, and in a few weeks afterwards this happiness was increased by the marriage of Pierre and Jeanette, and seldom had a handsomer couple been seen signing the contract that legally bound them together. The peace revivified the commercial spirit of the maritime cities—ships of burthen were promptly fitted out to load with the wines and brandy of the Garonne, and prosperity made an eager effort to rise from the pressure that had weighed it down. Pierre obtained the office of mate, with the certain prospect of becoming master in a short time, on board a large brig bound to Guinea; but, previous to sailing, a change took place which marred their future prospects. The restless ambition of Napoleon, and the vaccillating conduct of the English government, again involved both nations in war: men were wanted for the French fleets, and Pierre was forced to quit his home and his bride, to serve on board a ship of the line fitting out at Toulon, and from which in a few months he was removed to L'Achille, seventy-four, and made captain of her main-top, and his wife resigning all the comforts and tranquillity of home, was allowed to be with him.

Thus they continued, occasionally getting under way for practice, and once or twice appearing outside of port, but Nelson's keen watchfulness deterred them from putting to sea, till taking advantage of his temporary absence, admiral Villeneuve quitted Toulon, and, being joined off Cadiz by a Spanish squadron, the well-known run to the West Indies took place, pursued subsequently by Nelson, but the French had gained more than a month's start, and ultimately returned first to Ferrol, and afterwards to Cadiz, where the grand combined fleets of France and Spain were assembled. But Villeneuve was not allowed much time for relaxation; he received imperative commands to go out and fight the English, and active preparations were made to effect this purpose, by rapidly refitting the ships, and obtaining fresh hands from whatever quarter they could—troops were also embarked, and though the French and Spanish chiefs had no very great faith in those who were serving under them, and not much unanimity prevailing amongst themselves, yet refusal to obey was out of the question—they had a severe master

to deal with. Still Villeneuve lingered till there was more risk for him in delay, than in meeting the English.

On the eighteenth of October, 1805, the combined fleets were ready; the ships unmoored, and Cadiz was alive with excitement. All the women were ordered on shore: but, previous to their departure, they strove by every means within their power to inspire both officers and men with renewed martial ardour. Pierre parted from Jeanette with something like a melancholy foreboding, but the latter contrived to get unobserved to the orlop-deck where she exchanged her female dress for male attire, and then, mingling amongst the crew, passed unnoticed as one of the new hands that had so recently joined. The following day the fleet sailed, and two days afterwards was fought the celebrated battle of Trafalgar, the events of which are a matter of history.

L'Achille was attached to the squadron under admiral Gravina, and was successively engaged with several of the British fleet. Jeanette's sex becoming discovered, she had a brief interview with Pierre, and then resolutely took her station in the fore magazine-passage to pass along the cartridges, whilst her husband was quartered on the main-deck. The roar and din of battle was loudly heard, but the casualties were unseen in the dark and remote recess where Jeanette stood hoping and fearing as to what the fate of her husband might be. This uncertainty greatly affected her spirits, but still she attentively performed the duty assigned her till L'Achille surrendered, and then the magazine being closed, she ascended to the lower gun deck, with the intention of going still higher to join her husband. Here the horrible carnage and devastation caused by the fight were visible in every part—the dead and the dying, the wounded and the crest-fallen, mingled in promiscuous heaps amid the wreck of beams and spars and deck covered with blood. Jeanette shuddered at the spectacle, and tried at each hatchway to get to the main-deck, but every ladder was shattered or destroyed, so that there were no means of ascent. In a few minutes an intolerable heat spread itself over them, and cries of "fire, fire," rose above the rattling of broadsides and the wash of the waves, for the human voice in distress is peculiarly distinct whatever other noise may be heard. At first Jeanette was horror-struck; a most horrible death presented itself, and she beheld every one running about as if in despair, or stripping themselves and leaping overboard. Self preservation urged her to seek for any chance that might offer itself for safety, but then came fervid remembrances of her husband, whose life, if spared from the sea, she was well aware must be in extreme jeopardy, as from his well-known activity and perseverance, she entertained no doubt he was strenuously engaged in endeavouring to extinguish the flames.

Nor was she wrong. The sails and spars of the dismasted ship lay in confusion over the booms, and had become ignited through the explosion of some loose powder, and in a few minutes the conflagration spread with fearful rapidity, so that in a short time the whole was enveloped by the destructive element, which speedily communicated with the ship itself and burnt down to the main-deck. All those who could swim, or grasp pieces of the wreck, committed themselves to the mercy of the sea, but numbers perished, and poor Jeanette was nearly left alone upon the lower deck almost smothered and blinded by smoke, and scorched by the fierce glow of the burning timbers. Several urged her to follow their example in divesting themselves of their clothes, and leaving the burning wreck; but feminine delicacy revolted at the proposal, and she firmly rejected it, at the same time impressed with a melancholy conviction that Pierre must have fallen, or he would have tried to seek her out. None can tell the anguish which Jeanette endured both in body and in mind—death seemed inevitable, and that too, in so terrible a way, that shuddering nature recoiled from the contemplation, and the shrinking spirit trembling on the verge of eternity, courted immediate dissolution rather than prolonged existence in torture. Yet she prayed—earnestly prayed, that she might be saved, whilst an unnatural desire came murmuring round her heart that the ship would blow up and her misery be thus terminated at once.

Still the fire raged with greater fierceness; the deck above her head had yielded to its fury, and several of the guns had come tumbling through, threatening to crush her with their ponderous weight. From this perilous situation Jeanette retreated to the gun-room port, where she contrived, by means of the rudder chains, to get on to the rudder head. The sea was tinged of a ruddy hue, and strewed with wreck, to which half-drowned beings clung with the tenacity of despair. The cannon of the hostile fleets still thundered forth with death-dealing severity; the shots danced skipping over the waters, dashing up the spray, and many of the ships that had been engaged, laid grinding together, alongside of each other, totally dismantled—all spoke of bloodshed and devastation.

At length the fire reached the stern, and the crackling flames, with their serpentine tongues, came hissing a short distance above her head. The lead-casing of the rudder-trunk began to melt, and the fused metal ran down upon her body, scalding and burning into the flesh. The love of life grew stronger in her bosom as the terrors of death drew nearer—deliberation was at an end—and, divesting herself of her clothing, she struck out, as well as she could, away from the ship, and having gained a space between them, her strength became exhausted Something was floating near to her, she seized it with avidity, and it partially bore her

up, till a man, who was swimming, witnessing her struggles, brought a piece of plank, over which she threw her arms, and it well supported her; though, at times, the long swell that was rolling into the bay, would immerse both beneath the surface.

The boats, from the nearest ships of the English fleet, were busily engaged in picking up the floating sufferers, and carrying them, as expeditiously as possible, to where they might receive assistance. A boat from the Belleisle approached the fainting and shrinking Jeanette, and one of the bowmen stretched out his arms and caught her by the shoulders, raising her up a little way from the water.

"Well, I'm bless'd!" exclaimed the tar, "but this here's a comical man any how—with long hair hanging down."

"Man!" repeated the coxswain; "hould on gently, Tom, any body may see it arn't never no man at all, but a woman. Avast, however —avast," continued the the old seaman, stripping off his trousers, and leaving nothing on but his drawers, "we, none of us, should like for to go to have our own modesties shocked, Tom; so slip these trousers on her afore you hauls her in-board."

"And here's my shirt," uttered another, as he divested himself of that article; "and take my jacket," said a third, handing it forward, so that Jeanette was promptly equipped by the worthy fellows, and taken to the Pickle schooner, but, shortly afterwards, was removed, with some of her still denuded countrymen, to the Revenge, seventy-four. The second lieutenant inquired why one was dressed and the rest approaching to nudity, was apprized of the occurrence, and, without hesitation, conducted her to the ward-room, where she was introduced to the officers of the mess; and Mr. P——, speaking French with some degree of fluency, was able to explain all that she said. A collection of apparel was made amongst them, each contributing something—shoes, stockings, dressing-gowns, and shirts, which latter (being a dress-maker) she soon converted into the short jacket and petticoats, such as are worn in Belgium, and, with the help provided, she, in a few hours, made a very neat show; and her handsome features, though deeply marked by sorrow at the loss of her husband, were much admired. But the unhappy woman received the utmost respect and kindness from every soul. The second lieutenant gave up his cabin to her, and she lived at the ward-room table, seldom going out, and never for more than three or four minutes.

The Revenge was crowded with prisoners, both French and Spanish, who had been clothed from the purser's stores, but they were continually fighting, so that they were obliged to be separated and confined at different ends of the ship, with a strong guard of marines placed

between to keep them apart, and this, added to the hurry and confusion caused by refitting, as they best could, after the battle and the gale which succeeded, kept poor Jeanette close to her quarters, where she employed herself improving her wardrobe from the presents which had been made to her. The occupation employed her mind from dwelling too intensely upon the loss she had sustained. She mourned him with woman's strongest love, and tears would frequently force their way.

Six days she continued in the ward-room, and then issued forth to seek for some of her husband's shipmates of l'Achille, by whose information she hoped to ascertain poor Pierre's fate. The guard were directed to let her pass without molestation; and she was not long in finding what she sought for: but, before she could question the individual, she found herself clasped in the warm embraces of a seaman, who pressed her closely to his heart—it was Pierre, her own Pierre, unwounded and unhurt. It is not possible to describe this meeting: those who have generous sensibilities can picture the scene for themselves.

Jeanette, after warmly expressing her gratitude to the ward-room officers, for the kind treatment she had experienced, withdrew to join her husband amongst the prisoners; for she well considered that, as he could not be admitted to the society of the lieutenants, &c., so it was her duty to conform herself to his fate, whatever that might be; still, a screened berth was made for them in one of the wings, and her meals were regularly sent to her from the ward-room table.

On the arrival of the Revenge at Gibraltar, a day or two afterwards, the Spanish prisoners were ordered to be dismissed on parole, by receipt from the Governor of Algesiras, but, by a mistake of the port admiral, and contrary to the directions of the commander-in-chief, the French prisoners were also discharged. They were landed on the neutral ground, and marched round the bay. With them went Pierre Durand and his fervently attached wife. Previously, however, to quitting the ship, she took leave of the ward-room officers, and was deeply affected whilst expressing her gratitude for the kind and generous treatment she had received; for some time tears choked her utterance, but, at length she was more calm, and took her departure, praying for blessings on her friends of the Revenge. Pierre too tendered his best acknowledgments. A purse, containing thirty dollars, was collected amongst the officers, and given to them to defray expences on their journey home.

I was in Bruges a few years since, and there I beheld Pierre and Jeanette Durand, in the house of the Berghaumes, which, with other property, had been restored to the right owner. A young family surrounded them, and they valued present happiness by the test of former adversity.

ANNE OF MUNSTER.

CHAPTER II.

(With an illustration.)

It would be impossible to conceive a stronger contrast than was exhibited between the appearance of the fair young girl, who lay extended fainting on the rocky ground, and the swarthy fierce-looking beings around her. To a set of features cast in the finest mould of feminine beauty was united a figure of extreme grace and the most exquisite proportion. Her complexion was naturally fair, and deprived as it was of whatever colour it might ordinarily possess, the skin looked like the finest marble, or rather, displayed the delicate transparency of the purest alabaster. The long glossy dark hair had escaped in masses from beneath her bonnet, and disordered by the violence she had sustained, hung confusedly over her neck and bosom. The dress she wore was of the finest material, and bore traces by its sable character, that she but too recently had been a mourner, and probably a chief one, at the last resting-place of some dear and cherished relation or friend.—As she lay still and motionless on the cold rock, the thought shot rapidly through my mind, how much better it would be for her should she waken no more, than to encounter the destiny that seemed to await her, from the hands into which she had fallen.

Of the nine men who surrounded the fainting girl, there were at least six of them that appeared somewhat under the influence of drink. Mere low vagabond sensualists, whose prevailing habits were but too strongly stamped on their features. The other three were of a different order, one was a tall ungainly personage, with an awful squint of both eyes, and a most sinister expression. He had a sort of smile, that was meant to be winning and condescending, but it reminded you of the archfiend who could murder while he smiled. The dress of this man was better than those of the others, and he evidently carried some degree of superiority.—The remaining two were dressed nearly alike, and though decidedly clerical, there were some professional traces, which distinguished them from all the others.

One of these men was approaching fifty years of age, he had a pale smooth face, a small puckered mouth, and eyes of piercing brightness. He was extremely spare in his person, and appeared capable of undergoing great privation and fatigue. The other was younger, not exceeding thirty years at most—and though habited like the eldest personage, there was the most striking difference between them—somewhat above the middle size, and of a burly make, a spectator could at once point him out as a jolly boon companion, and the good

humoured smile on his broad face might have been attractive, were it not for the libidinous cast of expression which lurked in his eye. This peculiar view might be more strongly excited, from a little circumstance which occured while the girl lay fainting on the ground. In the disorder occasioned by the speed with which she had been dragged along, the upper portion of her dress was somewhat loosened and exposed a part of her neck more than was wont. Not satisfied with remaining standing in the most favourable position, he contrived an excuse for sitting down just beyond her head, and fixed his eyes gloating on the view afforded by the helplessness of her condition. There was a species of triumphant villany in the wild light of his eye, and I could not but augur the worst practise on the unhappy girl, if she were left to the tender mercy of this powerful voluptuary.

I had sufficient time to make these observations, which, as all persons are aware, require longer to tell than the mind takes in framing them, from the circumstance of the very slow pace we travelled up the steep road which led us into the midst of the party, and from the dead stand we had to make, owing to some of the men occupying the whole space of the road, over which it was necessary to pass. If I had been inclined to go on, with only the casual glance derived from the slow progress we were making, the intention would have been frustrated by the dogged stupidity of the men, who had placed themselves in our way, but to speak truth, I was so struck by the excessive beauty of the prostrate girl, and so interested by her deplorable condition, that I was not at all sorry to find an excuse for a more leisurely survey of the singular scene before me.

I know not how it was, that my mind became so immediately impressed with the idea that the girl was in danger; there appeared no evidence of hostility. I knew not the relationship between her and the parties around her; for anything that appeared to the contrary they might be her friends, removing her from pressing danger to a place of safety, and certainly from the number of the men, and the apparent respectability of a portion of their number, as well as it being in broad daylight, there could be no reason to apprehend either violence or insult. And yet on the other hand when I reflected on the wild path they had traversed, and the terrified look she had when I first saw her; the desolate country around, the lawless, the sinister, and the suspicious characters about her, and above all on the surpassing loveliness of this lonely and unprotected being, I could not help feeling that instinctive apprehension of evil, which like the dark cloud in the sky, casts its chilling shadow on the blighted field, or like the coming events of the gifted seer throwing their withering shade before them.

As the horse stopped, apparently of his own accord, when he came within a couple of yards of the men who were standing on the road, I noticed the driver lift his brinkless hat with a great degree of reverence to the two half-clerical strangers, and more especially to the elder, who returned his salutation with a mixture of dignity and condescension I could not understand. This appearance of acquaintanceship revived my former suspicions, and I became convinced that the fellow's simplicity was in a great measure assumed.

"You see people do come down the rocks," I said in a whisper, "do you know who they are."

"Sorrow a bit myself knows, said he, "ownly I jist guess that two of 'em are priests, heaven bless 'em."

"Why do you think they are priests," I asked in the same low tone as before, and to confirm me in the impression I had first formed.

"Oh be dad your honour and its aisy to tell" said he, "sure dont you see the black coat close to the body—the bit black stocks about the neck wid the white muslin above it, and more than all, the cut o'the jib which is like nothing else in ould Ireland, and faith but you may tell them in a sack o'pratees, so you may."

"And who is that beautiful girl," I continued, "and what do you think they'll do with her."

"Who is she," he asked, looking very arch, "and what will they do with her? aisy to ax, but mighty hard to answer, may be she's a woman," he continued, "and then the devil is there. He's niver away from the petticoats, any how, and so he isn't, the thief."

The last word he uttered, rose higher than the rest of our conversation, and being pronounced with considerable energy reached the ears of the elder of the two priests, and caused him to turn suddenly round, with an expression in his small dark eyes that was quite terrifying to the poor fellow who sat beside me.

"Who is a thief?" he exclaimed, bending his keen sharp glance on the frightened driver, "who is a thief, I say? speak," he continued in a voice of calm authority, "speak and tell me who it is you stigmatise with that disgraceful epithet?"

The party addressed was apparently struck with great fear: he shook on his seat; all the light joyousness of his previous conduct vanished in a moment; he hung down his head—looked sheepish and terrified—and as the incensed individual came nearer, his fears grew more powerful, until, overcome by his feelings, he fairly sank on his knees, and with great trepidation in his speech, faltered out, "It was the divil, your reverence."

"Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled his reverence, smiling kindly on the

trembling wretch, "a very proper character, as I'm a sinner; *he is* a *thief*, and so are his friends, the heretics—all thieves: ha, ha, ha—I'm glad you are acquainted with his character; ha, ha, ha—a thief, an errant thief—ha, ha, ha."

This appearance of excessive terror, and of sudden and extreme jocularity, was not calculated to allay the feeling of suspicion which had taken root in my mind. If the driver was not in the secret and acting with them, there could be no doubt that the priest was assuming a character for the occasion, and, endeavouring to create an impression on those about him, that might prove favourable to some ulterior object he had in view. What that object might be, was not for me to guess, ignorant as I was of his previous connexion with the girl, or why she had been hurried with such apparent violence to that lonely place. Whatever might have been his object, the means he adopted were evidently calculated to work well on the party around him, for they entered with great glee into the humour he displayed, and seemed to think it an excellent joke on the part of the priest, that he coupled the heretics and the devil together.

The loud, course laugh with which they responded to the priest's mirth, might probably have had some effect on the poor girl, for, drawing a long breath, and heaving a deep sigh, while a contractive spasmodic struggle agitated her frame, she just opened her eyes for a moment, and then closed them again, with an expression of shuddering and repulsive horror. The sensation and the expression were only for a moment, but they spoke volumes to my excited apprehension, and assured me that there was some deep and fatal cause existing to produce that mingled appearance of horror and loathing.

The elder of the two priests had apparently paid little attention to me up to the present time, and I probably might have escaped his notice altogether, had it not been for the younger whispering in his ear, and most likely suggesting something unfavourable. I had reason to infer some degree of dislike from having noticed his conduct to the lady. He had looked up, and seeing that I had observed him, a momentary blush reddened his face, which soon darkened, however, into a lowering expression of mortification and dislike. When, therefore, the former turned and bent his keen eyes as if he would search me through, I observed that his brow was suddenly contracted, and in a harsh, authoritative tone, he bade me "pass on, and be cautious."

As I knew of no right he had to control my motions on the king's highway, and, moreover, somewhat indignant at this impertinent assumption of authority in a stranger, I answered his looks with

others equally stern, and replied, that "my time was my own, and I would move at no man's bidding."

"Will you *not*," he said in a low calm tone, "do you see the rock above you? do you see the water below you? Now mind," he continued in a thrilling whisper, "if I say drown, the waves will cover you and the hard rock will say nothing. Be wise and pass on."

There was something terrible in the very calmness with which he uttered these words, betokening as it were the cool indifference of a mind resolved to commit any act that could further his object, and they evidently made a most formidable impression on the driver's mind, for he whispered in my ear, at the same time trembling excessively, "Oh, for the love of heaven, let us go—let us go, and not provoke the holy father when he bids you begone." He made a motion, as if to urge the animal forward, which had the effect of rousing me to the more decided opposition of seizing the reins. I said sternly, "Sit still, 'till I bid you go on, and let me see who dares annoy the king's liege on the public road."

"Bah! what a fool you are," said the priest laughing; "you forget we're in Connaught, and the strong hand is king here. Boys, "he cried, turning to the ruffians who stood at a short distance, "come, and show this Saxon——"

What more he would have said was cut short by a scream from the girl, who had started to her feet, and rushing past the men on the road, she came close to the car, and flinging herself on her knees, she lifted up a pair of most expressive eyes, and cried in tones of piercing earnestness, "Save me, save me for the love of heaven save me."

(To be continued.)

NORAH O'SHEE.

(Set to Music by J. W. THIRLWALL.*)*

My heart among strangers feels heavy and lone,
So I'll cheer it with thoughts of my own native home;
And sure 'tis a pleasure, though distant I be,
To think of dear Ireland and Norah O'Shee.
'Twas there that my Norah's eyes miltin and blue,
First set my heart bumping just fit to come through;
I was then a nate lad as a body could see,
And a swate little cratur was Norah O'Shee.

Och! well I remember the dark ugly day,
When I from ould Ireland went sadly away
To seek for my fortune far over the sea,
And all for thy sake, dearest Norah O'Shee.
Your blue eyes were wet when ye stood by my side;
I towld ye to smile, and meself 'twas that cried.

Says I, "I'll get rich, and come back dear to thee,
But ye'll wait till a while ago, Norah O'Shee."

Then says I, "I've a gift for you, Norah my dear,
Keep it close to your heart my long absence to cheer;
You will not despise it sure, poor though it be,
'Tis my illegant long-tail'd pig, Norah O'Shee.
And when it gives one of its beautiful squakes;
You'll think 'tis your own absent lover that spakes;
Perhaps too your heart will beat fondly for me,
As mine will for thee, dearest Norah O'Shee."

Och! Fortune's a comical dame by my soul,
Like a prize on the top of a long greasy pole;
We go all scrambling up, and our own happines see,
Then come all tumbling down, my Norah O'Shee.
But hope, like the stars that peep down through the night,
Still sheds on my heart its soft beautiful light;
And joy comes again as it whispers to me
Of home, and ould Ireland, and Norah O'Shee.

A CHAPTER ON BUCCANEERING.

"You are a vagabond, and no true traveller; you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the heraldry of your birth and virtues gives you commission."—SHAKSPERE.

AMONGST the Buccaneers Lolonois seems to have been a determined man, who went through many vicissitudes, of which the following may be taken as a fair specimen:—His ship was wrecked upon the coast of Campeachy, his party was defeated, and he himself, miserably wounded, was left for dead; and the fact being well ascertained by the Spaniards, who not only saw his body among the slain, but also received assurances from the prisoners captured that their captain was no more, that they sung the *Te Deum* in their churches, and gave praise to God for their deliverance from so cruel a pirate, and despatches, with congratulations, were sent to the Havanna and other Spanish ports giving information of the event.

On the Island of Cuba was a small town called De los Cayos, and some months after the above occurrence, two canoes, with twenty-eight men, under an experienced leader, came in sight of the place, apparently fully bent upon attacking it, but, happily the inhabitants obtained information of their design, and dispatched a messenger to the governor at Havanna to solicit assistance against the pirates, who they positively declared were commanded by Lolonois. The governor at first would not credit their assertions, for he had authorized intelligence, on which he implicitly relied, that the bones of Lolonois were bleaching on the shores of Campeachy; but, as the messengers were extremely importunate, and there seemed to

Robert Cruikshank

be no doubt that an attack was meditated, he sent a ship of ten guns, and ninety men well armed, with strict orders to the captain "not to return to his presence till he had destroyed and rooted out the pirates, but to take their chief alive, and bring him to the Havanna, that it might be ascertained whether it was Lolonois or not." In order to facilitate the operation of extinguishing the Buccaneers, a negro was sent on board the vessel to officiate as hangman. The ship sailed, and came to an anchor in the river Estera, to protect the place.

The pirates, though but few in number compared with the enemy, so far from fearing them, actually went in search of the Spanish ship. They seized some fishermen, whom they compelled to pilot the two canoes into the port during the darkness of the night. They passed the ship about two o'clock in the morning, and being hailed by the watch on board as to "what they were and whence they came?" they forced one of their captives, upon pain of instant death, to reply that "they were fishermen come in from sea."

"Have you seen any pirates abroad?" inquired the same voice from the ship, as the canoes floated rapidly by.

"No, Signor," replied the prisoner, who repeated the directions of the commander as he sat in the stern with a long barrel pistol pointed at his breast, "the seas are quite clear!"

"Have you heard anything of pirates being off the coast under that dog Lolonois?" again demanded the voice.

The chief buccaneer uttered a low chuckle of derision as he urged the fisherman to answer "no Signor, we have heard nothing, and as for Lolonois, it is well known that he is dead!"

"Esta bueno," returned the Spanish officer; "via ousted con Dios!" the villians have heard of our arrival and have fled with terror, "los Perros!"

The chief of the pirates muttered to himself, but having obtained a convenient distance, he prepared for the attack. It was just about day break when the canoes dropped alongside the Spaniard, and the men instantly rushed aboard and drove the enemy into their close quarters, from which they kept up an incessant fire upon the assailants, thinning their numbers, but so determined and desperate was the assault, that they were at length forced down the hatches, and surrendered.

And now re-commenced the work of slaughter upon those who had thus far escaped death. The Spanish captain was first brought up, and as he faced the leader of the Buccaneers, he almost screamed the name of "Lolonois."

"Si Signor," returned the chief proudly, "I am Lolonois, you know me well, for we have often met together, and now you shall do me ample justice on your blood-thirsty crew. Nay! nay! kneel not for

mercy," for the Spaniard had fallen into an attitude of supplication, "I am Lolonois, who never received quarter and will never give it.'

Another officer was brought up; his head was forcibly extended over the side, so that his neck laid upon the stout rail of the temporary bulwark, and a gigantic Swede with his arms bared, and a heavy axe poised in his hands, stood ready to strike. The poor victim tried to cry out, but the pressure on the rail nearly strangled him, and his entreaties for his life were more like the gurgling in the throat of a drowning man than anything else, and at the signal down came the axe, crushing the neck of the unfortunate captive; but it neither deprived him of existence, nor of consciousness; he again tried to speak, but the blow was repeated, and after three attempts, the head fell overboard, whilst the bleeding trunk dropped inward upon the deck. Another, and another succeeded, to the great horror and sickness of the Spanish captain, who was nearly fainting, but Lolonois tendered him a goblet of wine, which the other received, hoping that it would be a gage of amity that his life should be spared. He raised the goblet to his lips, but withdrew it in disgust on finding that the liquid it contained was not wine but human blood. The unfortunate man saw that his doom was sealed, he dashed the goblet and its horrible contents upon the deck; reviled his victor in terms dictated by despair, and longed to have his sufferings terminated.

"You thought me dead," exclaimed Lolonois, "but I am here, and determined upon retaliating vengeance. It is true I was amongst the slain, and wounded near to death; but I was rescued and saved, and ere long will repay the deed upon my enemies, and this ship, Signor, shall lay the foundation of my future revenge."

The work of destruction went on till the Swede grew tired, and wished for some one to relieve him in his merciless office, but the pirates, who had suffered greatly from privation, were carousing, or searching for money, and none seemed desirous to undertake the dreadful task. At length they brought up, from among the prisoners, a brawny athletic negro, who uttered the most doleful lamentations when he beheld the headless bodies, and dreaded that his own turn was come to undergo the same fate.

"Tan, Mass, you please a lilly bit!" exclaimed he, addressing the Swede; "yer nebber for chop off my head darra way dis time—No?"

"Why, its hardly sharp enough," returned the Swede, passing his horny fingers down the edge of the axe, "to cut sich a log of ebony as you; but, never mind, I'll try to do my best, and, perhaps, at half-a-dozen strokes—"

"Nebber, nebber, Saar," uttered the terrified black, trembling in

every limb, as he listened to the Swede; "Wharra for you killa me? I nebber see de day for be sodger—I nebber see de day for be sailor! Dey nebber send me for fight dis time nor nodder time."

"Neither soldier, nor sailor, nor fighter!" exclaimed Lolonois, who had listened to what had passed: "What are you then?"

The negro, at that moment, forgot his captivity, and only remembered the office he held at the Havanna, he proudly raised himself up and responded: "Ky, Massa, you nebber know me? Haugh!—I be de haangman for de gobernur."

Lolonois started at this announcement, his quick and intelligent mind immediately saw through the design of the black being on board, and a flush of anger reddened up his features. "Oh, oh!" said he, "sits the wind in that quarter, does it? You are the governor's hangman—are you, and sent hither to give us a cast of your office, eh?"

"Quien sabe, Signor," returned the frightened wretch, who perceived the anger of the chief, and immediately dropped from his *exalting* station: "Quien sabe—me only poor nigger."

"But you are a public executioner? Speak, sirrah,—or, Hermann split him down the middle," vociferated Lolonois.

"Tan, Massa, you please," humbly returned the negro; "Ponna ma honor, me tell you for true. Me haangman for de gobernur."

"The public executioner of Havanna?" demanded the pirate, in a voice of exasperation, and looking daggers at the Spanish captain.

"Massa say so," responded the negro, "and him sabby ebbery ting someting."

"It is well," returned Lolonois. "Give him the axe, Hermann: he shall practise his craft upon his comrades, who would have hung us up like dogs. Take the axe, sirrah, and give us proof of your dexterity." He again turned to the Spanish captain—"This is even-handed justice, Signor."

The trembling black took the proffered axe, and cast a stolid look upon the pirate chief, as he inquired, "What me do wid him, my massa?"

In the midst of his indignation, Lolonois could not avoid smiling at the artfulness of the black, who pretended that he did not know to what use the axe was to be applied, although he had previously implored that they would not chop off his head. "It is merely to shorten your comrades, Mungo," replied the pirate, "They will be all the better for it in the end; and as you are a public executioner, you must be perfectly well skilled in such matters. Hand forward a prisoner!"

The negro saw that excuses would be unavailing. The next unfortunate victim was, strugglingly, laid over the rail, and the black was

commanded to strike. He passed his hand over the edge of the axe, and then, addressing Lolonois, said, deprecatingly, "Tan you please, Saar, dey da comrade for me, and heare e me peak, me haangman for de gobernur do your orders Saar—and he pointed with his chin to the prisoners.

"Do you refuse to obey my commands, sirrah!" demanded Lolonois, in a loud and angry voice.

"No, my Massa," responded the negro; "Me no 'fuse for obey—me cut off 'em head—but—but, spose Massa sharpen him axe lilly bit?"

Whatever were the motives for this request, it was granted, and blackey, in a few minutes, by the use of a file and a piece of stone, had given a keen blade to the instrument; he then deliberately took his post, and very coolly performed the duty required of him, till not one was left but the Spanish captain, who stood proudly silent, though it cannot but be supposed, that the terrors of death, dressed in its most fearful array, were operating powerfully upon his mind.

"Your time is come, Signor," exclaimed Lolonois, casting a meaning glance upon the headless bodies that laid piled in their clotted gore along the gangway, a hideous and appalling spectacle to look upon. "I know you well, and had you been victorious, would without remorse or regret, have ordered yon devil to sacrifice me and my people—say, is it not so?" he paused for the space of a minute, but the Spaniard disdained to reply. "Silence I take as giving a full assent—nay more, my men have found the very halters that were to be fitted to our necks. You are a husband and a father," a convulsive gasping seized the unhappy man, "the wife you love has pillowed your head upon a bosom that will never feel its weight again—you have seen the last of your children—those pretty triflers who twine themselves about the sunny warmth of a parent's heart." The Spaniard strove to be firm, but the artful mention of his family almost unmanned him. "You must die—those fond endearments must for ever cease—those tender ties must be snapt asunder, never to be reunited, unless—" and he paused as he keenly scrutinised the Spaniard's countenance.

"What?" eagerly demanded the captive, thrown off his guard at the even faint prospect of being spared, "name your conditions!"

"You must swear upon this crucifix," and he held one before the Spaniard's eyes, "that if released, you will describe this scene to the Governor of Havanna, and you will have ample evidence to bear you out, and tell him that it is Lolonois whom he would have bound in chains and tortured, that sends you to say, from this hour he will never grant quarter to any that comes within his power. I know the orders you received, and you are forbidden to enter his presence unless you can report our utter extermination—your existence, and what

is still more dear to you, your honour rests upon the interview, for you have been defeated by a handful of men determined to conquer or perish, yet there is a chance for you—say, will you swear to do my bidding ?"

"I will," returned the Spaniard, mournfully but emphatically, and seizing the crucifix, he uttered, "I swear upon this holy symbol to perform your bidding," and he pressed it to his lips.

"Enough," responded the pirate, and then calling to some of the men he commanded, "Here, haul up one of the canoes and put these bodies into it—you shall not go alone, Signor."

The order was obeyed; the decapitated carcases were placed in the boat, and the Spanish captain was directed to descend amongst them. He very naturally shuddered at such horrible companionship, but nevertheless, there was a faint prospect that he might be saved, and he went over the side. The canoe was about to be cast adrift, when the negro earnestly requested that he might be released.

"No, no," exclaimed Lolonois, "you must remain with me. I have sworn to give no quarter to the Spaniards, and I shall require a good hangman to fulfil my oath."

"Ah massa, him Gobernur nebber hab nudder haangman like me," remonstrated Mungo, never reflecting that in sounding his own praises he was sure to afford stronger grounds for his detention.

"I know it, you are the very best of hangmen," responded the chief, "but you shall have your choice, either to add another body to the freight of the canoe or to remain with me."

"Well, me massa, ponna me honour me tan wid you," replied the black, "but massa gie em plenny for nyam an plenny for drink, no ?"

"Let go the canoe," exclaimed Lolonois, "the matter is decided," and the boat was soon floating with the current away from the vessel, whilst the birds who scented out the blood, hovered in flocks over the human remnants, screaming their discordant screams, and longing to commence the banquet, nay some were so bold that they descended upon the mangled flesh and tore it with their beaks, nor could the efforts of the Spaniard drive them away, indeed they frequently darted down at him, as if they would destroy the only obstacle that prevented their quiet enjoyment of the feast.

Lolonois had now a good ship, but only a few hands, and a small supply of provisions. However, trusting to his imposing appearance, he cruised for some time, and off Maracaibo he captured a valuable vessel laden with plate and money, besides a rich cargo in merchandise, and then he returned to Tortuga, where he was joyfully received, and his prize turned to good account. He now equipped a small fleet and captured a Spanish ship of sixteen guns, having a valuable cargo, which was landed at Tortuga, and he took the vessel for his own com-

mand. Shortly afterwards they took another vessel with eight guns, and having on board 700 lbs. weight of powder and a great number of muskets, pistols, and swords, which completely fitted them out in arms and ammunition. They then entered the lake of Maracaibo and attacked the city of that name, which they took, the inhabitants having abandoned it, and retired to a fortified place, called Gibraltar. This they also assaulted, and after some severe fighting, carried and plundered, committing atrocities disgusting even in brutes. The conquerors thinking only of present debauchery and wickedness, gave no thought for the morrow, and provisions failing, they totally neglected the prisoners, who were starved to death; in fact Lolonois seems to have kept his word, for his rage was brutal in the extreme. On one occasion when marching against the town of San Pedro he took many prisoners, and questioning them as to the way they were to go to enter the town, they all unanimously replied that there was but one way, whereupon Lolonois cut open the breast of one of the Spaniards with his cutlass, and pulling out his heart, began to bite and gnaw it with his teeth, declaring to the rest that, "he would serve them all alike if they did not show him another way;" after falling into three or four ambuscades, and defeating parties ten times his number, he succeeded in taking the town. The pirates afterwards separated, and Lolonois departed for the coast of Carthagena, but his ship was totally wrecked near the Isthmus of Darien, and he was subsequently taken by the Indians, who, knowing his cruelties, tore him in pieces, while yet living, and throwing his body, limb by limb, into a large fire, it was consumed before their eyes, and the ashes scattered to the winds.

The most famous amongst the British pirates was Captain Henry Morgan, whose adventures would more than fill a volume. At first he joined an old pirate, named Mansvelt, but soon obtained the supreme command, constituting himself admiral and chief, and granting commissions to officers who served under him, forming both an army and a navy. He attacked the largest cities and towns, which he plundered, and compelled the inhabitants to ransom them from fire, as well as themselves from death, at a great price. At Porto Bello he forced the priests and the women to advance in front of his troops, and place the scaling ladders upon the walls of the citadel, notwithstanding the heavy fire that was kept up against the assailants. He took this city, and set at defiance the governor of Panama, who had collected a large force to attack him, but did not dare to venture upon it. Morgan sent them word that "he would visit the governor before long at his own place."

The successes of Morgan brought a great number of adventurers from Europe to join him, and many young men of good family, desirous

of enterprise and wealth, placed themselves under his command; and it appears that though the government in England did not openly sanction the proceedings of Morgan, yet they did nothing to prevent them. Morgan's ship mounted thirty-six guns; and a French ship refusing to join them, he seized upon her, but she was blown up by accident, and three hundred and fifty Englishmen, besides the French prisoners, lost their lives. He next plundered Maracaibo, and the wretched population were most barbarously treated, in order to make them confess where they had concealed their money. "Among other tortures," says the historian, "one was to stretch their limbs with cords, and then to beat them with sticks and other instruments Others had burning matches placed betwixt their fingers, which were thus burnt alive. Others had slender cords of matches bound about their heads till their eyes burst out. * * * These tortures and racks continued for three whole weeks, in which time they sent out daily parties to seek for more people to torment and rob, they never returning without booty and new riches." They then marched to Gibraltar, which they found deserted, and burnt a poor wretch to death because he could not tell them where the inhabitants were gone. They took many prisoners in the woods, whom they tortured as they had done those at Maracaibo, but with still greater atrocity.

His escape from Maracaibo was completely the device of a sailor. The castle at the entrance of the lake had been well fortified, and garrisoned, and flanked by two or three Spanish ships of war. These latter Morgan destroyed, and then by repeatedly sending canoes on shore filled with men, (who, however, were not landed, but laid down in the bottom as they returned) induced the Spaniards to suppose a land attack was meditated, upon which they shifted their guns in the castle to the land-side. Morgan took prompt advantage of this, and, after dark, dropping out with the current unperceived he came abreast the castle, where he spread all his canvass and got clear off with but little injury.

Being determined on attacking Panama, he collected a fleet of thirty-seven ships, wherein were two thousand fighting men, besides marines and boys They sailed from Cape Tiburon on the 16th of December, 1670. They first took the Island of Saint Catherine, and thence proceeded to Chagre, which also fell into their hands; and from this place Morgan, with twelve hundred men, set out for Panama, but finding no provisions in their route, and having taken but little with them, they suffered most dreadfully from hunger; in a ten days march across the continent, they came near Panama, where they obtained food, and the next day gave battle to the Spanish force drawn up to oppose them, whom they defeated with the loss of six hundred men, besides wounded and prisoners; but a great number of the pirates also

lost their lives, so that Morgan's party was much reduced, yet he again attacked the city and took it, and it was afterwards destroyed by fire, and the place continued burning for a whole month. They had here a view of the South Seas, near which Panama stands. Morgan acquired great wealth at this place, and retired to England to enjoy it, where he was subsequently knighted.

The conquests of Morgan induced others to follow in his track, and the South Seas became infested with large bodies of pirates, who, after pillaging wherever they could, returned overland to Chagre, where they embarked for Jamaica. The court of Spain made complaints to the court of England, but the latter asserted that they were no party to the transaction, which was solely undertaken by lawless men. However, fleets were fitted out, and cruisers sent in every direction to exterminate these marauders, but it was a long time before they could drive them away. In 1717 a proclamation was issued, offering a pardon to all such pirates as should surrender themselves within a twelvemonth, for all the acts of piracy they might have committed before the 5th January preceding. After the expiration of the limited time, the following rewards were offered upon the capture and legal conviction of a pirate:—For a captain, £100.; any other officer, from a lieutenant down to a gunner, £40.; for an inferior officer, £30.; and any private man delivering up a captain or commodore of the pirates was entitled to £200. on his conviction. In 1721 there was a daring seaman named Roberts, who commanded a fine ship, mounting forty guns, and having one hundred and fifty men, with two other ships of his own, under his orders (one of thirty guns and one hundred and thirty men, and the third of twenty-four guns and ninety men), cruised for a long time in the West Indies, levying contributions upon all nations, till the vigilance of the men of war compelled him to cross over to the coast of Africa, whither he was followed by Sir Chaloner Ogle in the Swallow, a fourth rate. Having received intelligence that Roberts was off Cape Lopez, Captain Ogle disguised his ship to look like a merchant-man, and stood in for the land. Roberts's large ship and the small one were well up the bay, careening for a clean bottom, but the other, mounting thirty-two guns, and commanded by a resolute fellow named Skyren, immediately gave chase to the Swallow, who appeared to run, till Captain Ogle had drawn him well off from the shore, so as to be out of hearing from the rest, when he shortened sail and brought him to action. Skyren bravely defended his ship for an hour and a half, but at last was compelled to surrender, himself being badly wounded.

Captain Ogle, after taking possession, stood in for the bay; the piratical colours embellished with a fine death's head and marrow bones being hoisted over the royal ensign. The other two ships had not only righted,

but on seeing, as they supposed, their consort returning victorious, they stood out to meet him, for the purpose of congratulating Skyren on his conquest. But they soon discovered their mistake, for the Swallow on getting them under her guns, fired into them, and brought both ships to action. The pirates fought most furiously for two hours, as they knew it was life or death to them; but Roberts being killed, they at length surrendered. Captain Ogle took his three prizes to Cape Coast Castle, when all the prisoners that survived, one hundred and sixty in number, were immediately put upon their trial. No less than seventy-four were capitally convicted, and of these fifty-two were executed, and their bodies hung in chains along the coast.

Prompt and decisive measures at length put an end to Buccaneering, but the advantages derived from the practice permanently remained. These were, that undaunted courage which taught our seamen to despise a numerical force however superior to their own, and to bear up under every hardship and privation, when the achieving of a particular object was desirable. Nor were these all, they became inured to discipline, and quietly submitted to the frequently harsh and stern control of a man of war. Nor was marine architecture or navigation neglected, for as they required fast sailing vessels, the construction of their ships became ultimately of great consequence; and their cruises in the South Seas rendered a knowledge of navigation indispensably requisite. Besides, it was principally through their means that we became so well acquainted with the coasts of America, both on the east and west shores of the continent.

The cities of New Spain now offer but few inducements to risk the hazard of plundering; in fact, they have so robbed one another, that in most parts they are wretchedly poor. But, for many years, *free*-traders, that is, smugglers, under the English flag, visited the South Seas, and not only did a smart business in the contraband, but also a *little* in the buccaneering line. These ships were fine vessels, mounting from eighteen to twenty-four guns, and well manned. They sailed out of Liverpool and London; and I well remember two of them (the Kitty and the George Canning) who fought more than one gallant action with the guarde da costas. In the latter end of 1807, a South Sea man was laying at St. Helena, homeward bound, waiting for convoy; but they had been catching something else besides whales, for the men were plentifully supplied with Spanish dollars, as well as numerous little gold and silver images, stolen from the churches; and I saw many a Virgin Mary, or an Apostle, bartered for a bottle of rum.

Piracy will never be thoroughly prevented in the West Indies, the numerous small islands, and the long straggling one of Cuba, offer a

ready shelter to the thieves; but the vigilance of our naval officers is too great to allow of their doing mischief to any very great extent. The vessels they use are generally fast-sailing schooners, with an immense lofty spread of canvass, and their crews are mostly an assemblage from all nations under the sun.

SAINT LOO AND THE BOSTONIANS.

(With an Illustration.)

"O cunning enemy, that to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook."

It is well known that Massachusetts Bay, in the first stages of its colonization, was occupied by settlers who had quitted the mother country on account of persecutions for their religious opinions, and it might naturally be concluded that persons thus situated, would be the last to exercise an intolerant spirit towards those whose doctrines differed from their own. But this was not the case—on the contrary, no sooner had they gained stability by the attainment of power, than they became fierce persecutors, and whipped, imprisoned, or banished all whose consciences induced them to dissent from one particular creed; and to such a length did they carry fanaticism that almost every species of pastime, however harmless, was rigidly prohibited as criminal in the indulgence—and vice and amusement placed upon the same level, were punished by scourging. This was carried to the utmost extreme—even music and dancing were denounced, and the penalty of the stocks and a whipping inflicted upon all who were found engaged either on the one or in the other.

The town of Boston, about the year 1730, was greatly given to this species of frenzy, and the most rigid discipline prevailed, under what was styled "the covenant of grace;" and amongst many absurd regulations for the preservation of sanctity, was a law declaring that walking into the country or through the streets, except to a place of worship, on the Lord's day, should be punished by fine or imprisonment.

It so happened that the gallant captain of an English frigate, lying off Boston, was on shore one Sunday, and he was immediately apprehended by the constables, and put in prison till the next day, when he was carried before a magistrate, the fact proved against him that he was walking in the streets, and he was ordered to pay the fine. This he indignantly refused to do, and treated the exaction as most scandalous and arbitrary. The magistrate would not remit the decree, and the captain swearing that he never would pay it, he was sentenced to

be clapped one hour in the stocks during 'change time; and this, without the slightest mitigation, was carried into execution. Captain St. Loo was of course very angry to be thus treated, but his misery did not end here, for the grave magistrates assembled round him, and with earnest exhortations for his spiritual welfare, admonished him in future to reverence and keep holy the Sabbath-day, and to respect the laws of the province. Reverend divines also crowded to the spot, and relieved each other in pious lectures, till the hour of confinement expired.

At the first, the angry seaman indulged in invectives; but to the astonishment of many, and to the great edification of the crowd, he suddenly became humbled towards the close, and as if convinced by the earnestness of the preachers, he joined them in their prayers. They did not, however, abate him one minute of the prescribed time, and when he was liberated, he not only thanked the magistrates for their having so impartially and ably performed the duties of their office, but he also greatly humbled himself before the clergy, expressing his sincere gratitude for their spiritual counsel, which had brought conviction to his mind—he professed himself deeply ashamed of his past life, and declared that he was now ready to put off the old man of sin and to put on the new man of righteousness, and that he should ever consider them as instruments, in the hands of Heaven, of saving his erring soul.

St. Loo was somewhat known in those parts as rather a wild slip of a seaman, and a determinedly brave man, who, at different periods, had commanded several frigates, and behaved extremely well in various encounters with the enemy. Such a sudden conversion rejoiced both the clergy and laity—it was considered nothing less than a miracle, and there were clapping of hands, and shouting, and gladness, as they embraced the new convert, and eagerly turned-to with fresh exhortations, which terminated in the most zealous amongst them inviting him to dinner. St. Loo accepted the invitation, and fared most sumptuously, whilst the pious divines eagerly pursued their good work of admonition and teaching.

For several subsequent weeks, whilst the frigate remained in Boston harbour, St. Loo was the most assiduous of converts, and day after day he lived upon the fat of the land, at the tables of some one or the other of the elect, whose joy was so extreme that they held festival after dinner (as the number of empty bottles amply testified), and were not only lifted up by the spirit, but as frequently knocked down by its potency. The houses of the elect were constantly open to the captain, and their wives and daughters vied with each other in nourishing and cherishing such a handsome "babe of grace," receiving and treasuring

the presents which he made them, accompanied by a brotherly kiss, which set their lips tingling for an hour or two. Parties were arranged to visit the ship, where he entertained them with the best he had—there was a proposal to consecrate the stocks which had been the innocent means of performing such wonders, and the captain was compared to Jonah and Paul, and was considered truly happy in his surname—Saint Loo.

The honest and gallant seaman, however, had readily detected the most consummate hypocrisy under the assumed mask of religious fervour; and also ascertained that the restrictions enforced upon the population proceeded more from the desire of the leaders to exercise authority than any real wish to render the people pious. Persecutions of the most aggravated and cruel nature were constantly kept up against all who exercised the rights of conscience and searched the Scriptures for themselves—they were commanded to trust to no declaration of faith except it was pinned upon the sleeve of preachers under "the covenant," who likewise arrogated to themselves the power of the civil magistracy. All these things were duly noted by Saint Loo, who enjoyed himself in their peculiar way, and was a welcome visitor at all hours amongst the fair sex.

But this banquet of gratification could not last for ever. Orders were sent for the frigate to go to sea, and the gallant captain went round to bid his friends farewell. The men appeared sad at the thoughts of separation, though in reality they were glad to be rid of him; but the women hung round the neck of their favourite, and wept upon his breast, and to the day of his departure the time was spent in regrets, professions entertainments, and prayer. On that day about a dozen of the principal magistrates, including the select men, accompanied St. Loo to Nantasket Road, where the frigate laid in readiness for sailing. An elegant dinner was served up, and as "sorrow is dry," the wine circulated pretty freely to moisten their clay, till the bowls and bottles were drained, and they drank toasts "five fathoms deep," to the honour of their patron saint—Saint Loo.

There is nothing like generous wine—unless it is whiskey punch—to unmask the heart and show it in its true colours. The captain appeared to be fully sensible of this, for though he preserved his demureness of manner, he so plied his distinguished visitors with the juice of the grape and the rectified extract of the cane, that hypocrisy could not withstand it; gravity—which somebody has defined to be "a mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind," gradually gave way—the jest, the song, the shout of revelry resounded, till the ship rang with the roar of their merriment. There were austere judges drinking out of

Robert Cruikshank

their cocked-up hats; there were Reverend Divines soaking their wigs in liquor; men who scarcely ever raised their eyes in the street, were unblushingly chanting snatches of obscene songs—in short, it was a terrible picture of debauchery.

Just at this moment, when intemperance was at its height, a body of seamen rushed into the cabin, ready prepared with lashings, and in the twinkling of an eye the whole of the pretended saints were pinioned. Amazement and horror almost sobered them, the noise of mirth subsided into complaints, and on the captain commanding silence, each sat as mute as he well could. St. Loo then addressed them from the head of the table on the enormities and follies they had committed; he upbraided them for punishing him for so small an offence as walking in the streets on the Sunday, whilst they themselves indulged their vicious propensities in secret, and were like whited sepulchres. He exhorted them for the healthful state of their precious souls to avoid lewdness, uncharitableness, and all ungodliness, and after a long lecture, energetically delivered—during which the abashed select sat crest-fallen and malicious—he concluded "Woe unto ye hypocrites, as ye have meted out to others so shall it be measured to you again. Men, do your duty."

In an instant, two or three stout seamen laid hold of each of the guests, and heedless of their cries, entreaties and struggles, dragged them upon deck—it was yet broad daylight, and the unfortunate captives were horrified at beholding the whole ship's company assembled to witness their shame; nor was this all, for upon a signal from the captain, the seamen proceeded to strip the delinquents—and they were promptly seized to the quarter deck guns. The boatswain and his mates, armed with their instruments of flagellation, the cat-o'-nine-tails, took four at a time, and administered the law of Moses *secundem artem*, with a far better will than ever they experienced on any former occasion, for several of the seamen had tasted of the discipline of Boston for being drunk ashore. There was no uproar, no confusion amongst the tars, they went steadily on with their operations, and vain were all the petitions, ragings, stampings, and curses of the floggee—the appeals for mercy were disregarded, and the captain mounted on the sky-light, affectionately admonished them, and uttered repeated assurances that he chastised them in perfect love—the infliction being consonant to their own doctrine, that the mortification of the flesh tended in an eminent degree towards the saving of the soul, and therefore he should consider himself criminal were he to deprive them of one lash.

It was a curious spectacle to witness the rueful countenances of those

who were waiting for their turn to come round, and contrast their looks with the sly humour of the seamen, who silently and respectfully witnessed the correction, for every thong was done in the most orderly manner; and when the former had undergone the whole of their discipline, which had flayed them from the nape of the neck to the hams, the captain tendered his hand to them in brotherly regard, protesting that he had "inflicted the cat solely for their good," and then in the most polite way imaginable, had them conducted to their boat, taking leave of them with apparent grief, and earnestly begging them "to remember him in their prayers." The boat shoved off—the seamen manned the rigging, and gave them three hearty cheers. The anchor was run up to the bows, and the frigate made sail for the West Indies. Captain Saint Loo lived many years afterwards; in 1745 he commanded the Princess Royal, a second-rate, and two years subsequent he was placed on the superannuated list, with the rank and half-pay of a Rear-Admiral. He died on the 28th December, 1757.

JACK AND HIS PRIZE MONEY.

A JOLLY tar who had been paid a handsome sum of prize money for the capture of a Spanish frigate laden with treasure from the southern continent of America, being anxious to commemorate the event, entered the shop of a silversmith and ordered a massive gold ring, that on a pinch would have served for the ring of a boat's anchor, and a pair of silver buckles, an inch in thickness. When they were finished, the seaman called, and was much pleased with the articles, which having overhauled for some time with considerable earnestness, he inquired whether "it was not customary to put a posy on a ring?"

"Assuredly it is," replied the tradesman; "and anything you may be pleased to suggest, shall be engraved on yours in the best possible manner; the date of the action; or the name of some favourite lady."

"Gammon," exclaimed the tar, scratching his head as he turned the golden bauble over; "Cash won't last for ever, so just put upon it,

When money's low
The ring must go.

And as there's plenty of room on the buckles, why you may cut out on em,

If that won't do,
The buckles too."

This was accordingly done to Jack's entire satisfaction, and most probably both mottoes were strictly accomplished.

CAPTAIN GARDINER.

How far admiral Byng merited his fate is now—when prejudices and selfish motives can no longer prevail—pretty well understood, and justice is done to the character of a brave man whom injustice consigned to an ignominious death—certain it is he was sacrificed to party malice, and condemned to die for a crime of which a court martial acquitted him.

In Byng's engagement, Captain Gardiner commanded the Ramillies, the flag-ship, and became involved in the disgrace thrown upon his chief. He was afterwards appointed to the Monmouth, 64, (now, I believe, the sheer hulk at Deptford), and, in 1758, whilst in the Mediterranean under admiral Osborn, was employed in blocking up a French squadron in Carthagena. On the 28th of February they fell in with four French men-of-war, consisting of Le Foudroyant, 84, and 800 men; with a 64, a 50, and a frigate that had got out from Toulon to reinforce the ships in Carthagena. The signal was made for a general chace, and the Monmouth being an excellent sailer was amongst the first up with the enemy. But, independent of performing his duty, Captain Gardiner had another and most powerful motive to urge his exertions. The Foudroyant had carried the French admiral's flag on the very day that Byng engaged Galissoniere, and, smarting under the imputations that had been indirectly cast upon him, he was constantly heard to express an earnest desire to fall in with the Foudroyant, declaring his intention to attack her though he should perish in the struggle.

During the chace, Captain Gardiner's anxiety to get alongside this formidable opponent was extreme; an encounter seemed to offer a consoling balm—the Monmouth was fast gaining upon her colossal enemy. Nor was this gratification at all diminished when he found that he had far outsailed his own fleet, and should attack her single handed. Addressing a land officer who was on board with him, he said, "Whatever may become of you and me, that ship (pointing to the Foudroyant) must go into Gibraltar."

At three o'clock in the afternoon he was rapidly drawing up with his old antagonist, and the hands were ordered on deck; he spoke to his people in the energetic language of a seaman, and emphatically told them, "That ship (the Foudroyant) *must* be taken; she appears larger and above our match, but Englishmen will not mind that. I know you will all do your duty, nor will I quit her whilst the Monmouth can swim or I have a soul left alive to fire a gun."

At four o'clock the Foudroyant opened her fire from the stern chasers, and soon afterwards the Monmouth got into action. Almost at the outset Captain Gardiner received a musket ball through his arm, but he took very little notice of it, and continued to animate his men by exhortations and example. The unequal conflict was extremely desperate —the English prompted by the conduct of their brave commander, fought with a gallantry that has never been surpassed. After a contest of two hours the Monmouth's mizen-mast fell, at which the French gave three cheers, but their own mizen-mast falling shortly afterwards, the British returned the cheers with interest, which were renewed when in another half-hour the Foudroyant's main-mast came down. This infused fresh vigor into our brave tars, and their fire was so successful, and their guns so well pointed, that the French officers were unable to keep the people to their quarters. The battle had now raged four hours, when Captain Gardiner received a second ball in his forehead— he immediately sent for his first lieutenant, Carkett, and solemnly conjured him as a dying request that, "he would not give the Monmouth up or quit the enemy." The promise was given and faithfully kept, for whilst the brave Gardiner sunk into insensibility, Mr. Carkett continued the battle with invinciable resolution till half-past twelve; when the enemy was a complete wreck, her fire almost silenced, and the Swiftsure and Hampton Court coming up, she struck her colours, but her commander refused to deliver up his sword, except to the officer with whom he had been actually engaged. Captain Gardiner expired a few hours afterwards.

The Foudroyant was one of the finest ships in the French service, she had thirty French forty-two pounders on her lower tier, thirty-two French twenty-four pounders on her maindeck, and eighteen twelve pounders on her quarter deck and forecastle, with a picked crew of eight-hundred men. The Monmouth carried twenty-four pounders on her lower deck, twelve pounders on her main deck, &c., and her whole complement was four hundred and seventy men. The former had nearly one hundred killed, and about the same number wounded: the Monmouth had twenty-eight killed, and seventy-nine wounded. This was certainly a most gallant action, and did great credit to all belonging to both ships, but particularly to the British; the French fought with determined bravery, but the prowess of English seamen gained the mastery. The Revenge, sister-ship to the Monmouth, engaged and took L'Orphée of sixty-four guns. The Oriflamme, fifty, was driven ashore and bilged, and the frigate escaped.

THE OLD SAILOR'S

SEPTEMBER.

Up, lads, and away! for the sport is begun,
And the woodland rings wild with the sound of the gun;
The dogs rush delighted through stubble and fern,
And new coveys are rising wherever you turn.

Tally-ho! the glad huntsman is winding his horn,
As he bounds o'er the fields lately laden with corn;
Though Reynard steals off through the copse and old hollow,
Yet Ringwood hath tracked him—huzza, lads! let's follow.

Away, lads, the sun of his fierce beams is shorn,
And his eyelids are studded with dew in the morn;
The welkin is teeming with gladness and song,—
Then up and away, lads, to join the wild throng.

Who'd skulk in his bed, or abide in the town,
When his free steps may press the sweet heathery down?
Give me the wild breeze that blows fresh from the hill,
And your smoky old towns let 'em take them who will.

S. M

HARRY PAULET,

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

"'Twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings, and to silence that,
Which to the spire and top of praises couch'd,
Would seem but modest."

SHAKSPERE.

A CENTURY ago, and the suburbs of the English metropolis presented

to the eye a rural simplicity and beauty, that offered a striking and remarkable contrast to the business-portion of the vast city, with its spired churches, and gorgeous palaces; large tracts of land close upon the borders of London were occupied by humble cottages, standing in the midst of blooming gardens, each spot being self-appropriated by the occupiers without leave or license from the proprietors of the soil, who in most instances, however, exacted a ground rent from the tenants, and the number of "squatters" who thus raised the edifice and cultivated the plot of land, equalled that which was to be found in the New Western World some years after its discovery, and I much question whether considerable portions of the earth's surface on which now appear the handsome villa, or elegant mansion, were not claimed as "rightful property," by the descendants of those who had so unceremoniously pitched their tents under the ninth point of the law, possession.

At that period, the worthy citizens were content to slumber in their city dwellings, and thought not of magnificent squares or country houses as the places of their abiding; modern luxuries had not then become a mania, though innovations were gradually creeping over the state of society, as commerce grew more and more diffused and extended, and the wealth of the country increased with its speculative industry. Nor was this simple mode of living confined to the shopkeepers alone, for even the rich merchants resided in their city mansions, such as to this day may be seen in different parts of London, with their flights of stone steps in front, and spacious marble stairs in the interior—grand pillared entrances, noble apartments and dining rooms, resembling more the hall of some public institution, than the feasting place of a private individual. Here the mirth and the revelry of the good old times have abounded—the masque, the pageant, and the ball, each citizen vieing with the other in the splendour of their entertainments.

But to what base uses may we come at last. These buildings are no longer the abodes of the wealthy; they are converted into warehouses for home and foreign produce, and there is an air of mournful grandeur about them calculated to excite a melancholy feeling in the mind of the casual observer. Many of these mansions are to be seen in the neighbourhood of Upper and Lower Thames Street—generally in court-yards, as things of former days, retiring from the gaze of the public eye.

The shopkeepers kept to their boutiques night and day, and were ever ready for business; no horse, or gig, or phaeton was then brought to the door to carry the tradesman each evening to his country house, some miles distant from the sound of Bow bells; but with their three cornered hats upon their head, silver buckles in their shoes, and golden headed

cane, the extent of their occasional exercise was a summer ramble to some favourite place of resort, a short walk on either side of the Thames; and they strolled through plantations of fruits and flowers, with a happy independence, for they had paid their coin at the "Halfpenny Hatch," to enjoy the privilege. From Bermondsey to Lambeth, from Hammersmith circling round to Poplar, the *cordon* of cottage-gardens was drawn; and there are some few individuals yet living who can well remember them before the hand of *improvement* swept nearly the whole away, and except the spaces devoted to horticulture for the London markets, all has been filled up with the handsome and princely dwellings, covering the earth and towering into the air, in numbers of which families are crowded together according to their means, and "male and female after their kind," on the several floors which wealth or poverty compels them to inhabit. The only residue of the old system is to be found on the Chalk Road, Pentonville, between King's Cross and the New Model Prison; between the latter building and Holloway, and a few straggling buildings about Islington. The outskirts of Bermondsey also still retain their primitive character—there is a halfpenny hatch leading from Deptford Lower Road to the East Country Dock, but I have no doubt these will yield before many years have expired to the rage for bricks and mortar, as it has become a prevalent fashion for London to go out of town.

Who can tell me where Pedlar's Acre is situated? with the exception of those who are residing in the immediate locality; I believe there are but few who could answer that question, for its very name is changed to the Belvidere and York Roads, and there is not more than two or three now living on the spot, who can remember it fifty years ago, when it was covered with lovely gardens, and blossomed as luxuriantly as Eden.

Previously to the erection of Westminster Bridge, the river was crossed by ferry from Whitehall Stairs, on the London side, to the King's Arms Stairs, Pedlar's Acre, on the Southwark side, and after passing from the wharfs at the latter place through College Street (which in many parts still retains its primitive character), a halfpenny hatch branched off in different directions towards Lambeth or Newington, or the Great Kent Road, shortening the distance to the foot passenger, and during three parts of the year affording delightful recreation to all who loved to witness the bounteousness of nature in repaying the toil of man.

The several paths led through well cultivated grounds, divided into small portions, each containing its cottage structure, and all more or less ornamented and embellished according to the neatness, taste, or *outre* display of the various occupants. More than one had their outer

walls covered with oyster shells, some were castellated, with mimic tower and turret, others were gaily stained with mingling colours of pink, and blue, and green, and red, but the principal number presented a lovely picture of simplicity mantled with flowers.

The entrance to these paths was singularly pretty—a barrier of wood work was thrown across—stout and substantial to the height of three feet, then surmounted by strong railings six feet higher, through which the jasmine had twined its manifold embraces so as to mask the interior from view. In the middle of this barrier was a gateway, the door of which was divided horizontally in two, the upper half being kept open during the day, the lower half closed-to, and only swinging on its hinges, to those who dropped their halfpence as they passed, into the hand of a hearty sturdy old porter, who sat in a little snug lodge by the way side to receive the proffered coin and the good wishes of the donor.

The cottage of this Cerberus was the first that met the eye, it was of a superior construction to most of the rest, and consisted of four comfortable rooms, with an outbuilding for culinary purposes, all on the same floor—a trellis work covered the front, on which was thickly intermingled the spreading creepers of the clematis with the wanton branches of white and red rose trees, whilst the ivy, rising from the rear of the building, fantastically extended its evergreen leaves over every other part, even to the summit of the roof. The garden had been much larger than it then was, for a part of it was separated from the rest, and a small dwelling erected within its bounds, the rental of which served to increase the weekly stipend of the collector-general of tolls. His own immediate garden was tastefully laid out, and there was an air of neatness about it that plainly evidenced the careful labour of diligent hands—the hedges were nicely cut, the fruit trees well arranged, the horticultural department was free from weeds, and the flower beds glowed with the rainbow dyes of richest beauty. But there was also another peculiarity in high contrast to the rest, and which at once manifested a strong partiality for matters connected with a maritime life. A flag-staff, composed of lower mast and topmast nicely rigged, with the appropriate yards across squared to an exact parallel, reared its lofty truck by one corner of the dwelling, and from which on the anniversary of sea fights or state occasions, a union jack floated as proudly in the breeze as if hoisted at the main of a three decker carrying the admiral of England—at least so said the neighbours, for they had never seen a display of the latter. A three-pounder gun on a carriage all ship-shape was mounted on each side of the cottage doorway, but the truth must be told, that old age had brought on infirmities that rendered them unable to perform the functions for which they were originally designed, though this was kept a profound

secret from the world, as both old and young, unpractised in such affairs, firmly believed that they were constantly kept loaded with real gun-powder and iron bullets to defend the halfpenny treasury of the collector.

At the termination of the middle walk of the garden, seen through a vista of gooseberry bushes and currant trees, stood a figure of Hope leaning on her anchor, the ancient ornament of some vessel's prow, which in former times had dashed through the foaming billows and constantly exposed alike to burning sun or chilling storm, that had left a ruddy glow of health on the rich bronzed features of the goddess. Her's was no pale-faced sentimentality, sickly with apprehension, there was nothing that Byron calls "bilious and interesting" in her look—No! there were full laughter-loving blue eyes, red cheeks, ruby lips in a broad grin, and auburn hair, in some places approaching to a sea-green that descended over blushing shoulders and a lovely bosom, one half of which, however, was concealed by blue drapery fringed with gold desending to the feet, but looped up above the left knee so as to display a handsome leg, with a capacious calf, and instep, and ankle to correspond, giving the beholder an idea of stability and firmness, and a pretty well proportioned foot with five nicely turned toes as smooth as alabaster and utroubled by a single corn or bunion. The "fair-eyed" inspirer of mankind was pedestalled on a diminutive capstan, a most happy and philosophical association, forming a poetical group, for what to the seaman's eye can portray the

> "promised pleasure
> And bid the lovely scenes at distance hail,"

more powerfully than a ship's capstan lifting the anchor from its oozy bed of dulness, to swing its hammock at the bows, whilst the proud bark her eager sails swelling in the breath of hope and expectation rides careering over the waves.

It is true the lady in question, though leaning on her anchor, was not a *bowery* hope, she was in fact something of the Wapping breed and cut, like an honest landlady chalking two for one at the seaman's favourite sign, and eagerly looking forward to the happy moment when she should be able to set her cap-stern in defiance of the world. It offered a lesson to hope against hope, for none who looked upon that face could ever yield to despair, especially when on certain mischievous opportunities, a waggish youngster to tease the old man, his father, would stick a short pipe in her mouth.

To complete the thing and give it a perfect nautical finish, the base of the capstan was surrounded by sea shells, pieces of rock, coral, and flint stones, intermingled with the wooden heads and blubber faces of grinning

cherubs all looking up aloft to the enchanted figure that watched over them.

The inside of the cottage was characterized by the same peculiarities as the exterior, everything was particularly neat and clean, the stone floors perfectly white with scrubbing, and the old high-backed, curiously carved, oak chairs and tables of the same wood, brightly polished. In the family apartment this was particularly the case, and on the wall was fixed a looking glass in mahogany frame, elaborately ornamented with nondescript birds and sheaves of corn in burnished gilt, beneath which, on brackets made of sheet copper, horizontally reposed a well bee's-waxed wooden leg. There were also several glaringly coloured pictures of naval engagements between the English and Dutch fleets, and brandy-faced portraits of veteran chiefs who had sustained—and nobly sustained the honour of their country's flag. In one place was a brass-mounted hanger crossed by a short boarding pike, and lashed together at the crossing with a piece of white line, forming in the finish, a true-love knot. On one of the tables stood a correct model of a frigate, rigged according to the fashion of the times, and in a small glass case above it was a massive silver call, such as was once the symbol of the most exalted rank in the Royal Navy, and whose shrill sounds from the lips of a Lord High Admiral were designed to invigorate the men in the heat of battle; but in later times was only used by the boatswain and his mates to summon the people to their duty or their meals, and to direct their operations when busily engaged without the aid of human voice. To the call was attached a thickly-linked silver chain which was coiled round in Flemish fakes, and in the same case beneath the above, hung in strange companionship, the messenger of mortal death and the emblem of eternal life, the latter consisting of a heavy but small gold crucifix, the former, a flattened musket-bullet of lead. There were other tokens of the mariner to be seen, such as the palm and needle, the marlin-spike, &c., &c., but these were mere accidental displays, only coming forth occasionally when wanted for use.

The sleeping rooms were of the ordinary nature, except that in one of them a seaman's hammock was suspended diagonally from corner to corner by stout rope laniards, that were well calculated by their thickness and strength, to bear the strain of a heavy weight. The linen was delicately clean, and every department indicated the industrious habit of a clever and tidy housewife.

And now we must come to the inhabitants of this charming spot, as more essential to the progress of our history.

John Paulet was a thorough seaman of the old school, and from his earliest years had served in ships of the Royal Navy. Whilst yet a

youth he was actively engaged in the battle off Cape la Hogue, when the English and Dutch fleets combined under Admiral Russell (afterwards Earl of Orford), defeated the French, commanded by the Count de Tourville, whose ship, the Royal Sun, was burnt. He also served in the Breda carrying the flag of brave old Benbow in the West Indies, when so basely deserted by his captains in the attack on the French squadron under Du Casse, and was with the gallant veteran when he died. He then sailed with Sir George Rooke, and afterwards under Admiral Byng, but having lost his leg in the action with the Spanish fleet near Syracuse, he retired upon a pension, and through the recommendation of one of his old commanders, obtained the office which he then held. But John, or sturdy Jack as he was called, had been so much accustomed to messmates that he could not enjoy a solitary life, so he took to himself a mate, a careful, industrious, thrifty woman just suited to his condition, and though at most times inclined to have her own way, and top the officer over her husband, yet she was in all other respects an excellent wife, and rigidly attentive to her duties. Between them, they had contrived to raise the little Paradise they were in full enjoyment of, when their gratification was increased by the birth of a son, who in his infantile days resembled a bee from a hive, darting forth at the rising of the summer's sun to revel amongst the flowers, and at evening tide returning to quiet repose in the midst of honied sweets. They had no other family, and the happiness of the worthy pair seemed to be complete.

In the prime of his vigour, when admiral's coxswain and chief boatswain's mate, sturdy Jack stood rather more than six feet in height, with limbs in correct proportion to his altitude, a fine manly countenance, well bronzed by the sun, aided by many a stiff gale to blow the dust off, and though now age was logging down its rough reckonings in the wrinkles of his face, and his body bent under the pressure of increasing years, yet he still presented a fine sample of the gallant veteran seaman as arrayed in a rough cloth jacket, fulled at the lower part, petticoat trowsers, buckles in his shoes, and a three cornered cock-and-pinch hat upon his head, he drank his grog, cracked his jokes, and sang old songs.

It was a lovely early summer afternoon, and nature redolent with delight, appeared to select this favoured spot for mirth and holiday. The heavens in its general sympathy for the parched earth had been scattering tears that still hung clustering on the foliage, refreshing the drooping herbage and flowers, and glistening in the bright rays of a gorgeous sun. Old John was seated in his favourite lodge with mesh and needle, manufacturing a cabbage net, his wooden pin projecting like the muzzle of a musketoon through the open door, to remind all who approached that he

was at his post, and not to be gammoned out of his dues; as he had by this time been enabled to farm the tolls himself, and as a natural consequence keep a bright eye upon the "regulars." His flag was hoisted at the mast head, flashing its colors in the golden light—sure evidence of some extraordinary commemoration—a flask of real Jamaica, with a jug of pure cold spring water, and a pint horn cup was on the bench at his side, but not idly there, as with rough toned voice he sang in snatches, and frequently moistened his music with an equal mixture of two opposite qualities, the strong and the weak.

"Oh they said he was a Jacobite,
And if the French should heave in sight,
He'd box his pumps, and would'nt fight
To his country proving a rogue.
But when de Tourville put to sea,
My eyes but he banged them heartily,
For he made the French fleet quickly flee
For shelter to Cape la Hogue."

"To be sure he did," continued the veteran, "and yet they wanted to make him out a traitor, and not fit to be trusted with a command. Every man has a just right to his nat'ral principles as regards household affairs at home, but when foreigners want to shove their spoons into English messes, it's another sort of a matter and no harm done if they burns their fingers for their pains," he caught sight of his first born and heir apparent, who had crept stealthily into the lodge, taking a rather persevering draught from the horn cup, "Avast, avast there young monkey-face," shouted he, without however restraining the child, whom he gazed upon with fondness, "and yet how naturally the youngster takes to the stuff. Avast I say," taking away the cup, "why you'll get your jib bowsed taut up, and steer as wild as the flying Dutchman; "aye, there's your mother a coughing—lord love the boy how he gapes, like an owld maid in a trawl net."

And gasp sure enough he did, for the potency of the amalgamated liquid had almost taken away his power to breathe, and his lungs were still struggling for mastery when the lady of the mansion entered, and having looked upon her child exclaimed—

"Now fie upon you John Paulet, is it not enough that I yield to your wishes for intoxicating compounds, but you must also coax the poor boy to share your evil propensity. Draw your breath Harry, draw it strong," and she clapped the child upon the back, which served to impede her requests rather than accelerate them, and the boy was approximating towards strangulation, when the alarmed father took him in his arms, and was stumping off with him to the house as respiration

was restored, and the urchin recovering the use of his tongue uttered in broken accents,

"Sing—sing it—sing it again father—do, about the French fleet and Cape Hog."

"You precious young scamp to drink my grog," responded old John kissing the child, "I'll Cape Hog you with a cat-o-nine-tail's afore long. Take him away Molly, take him away, he's swallowed enough to make daylight dance in his eyes."

"And you John Paulet, who ought to have known better, to sit by and see it done," angrily exclaimed the mother as she received her son from the arms of his father, "and now the poor child will be ill, and all through your teaching him bad habits."

"Come, come, avast there Molly," remonstrated her husband good humouredly, "you knows you don't mean what you say, its a sad heart as never rejoices, and taking a drop of stuff now and then arn't no bad habit anyhow; especially on the 23rd of May, a day on which we destroyed the French fleet. Ah, that was warm work lovey, when we burnt and sunk more than thirty sail of the line." and he went on singing,—

"It was such grand and glorious play,
For we fought the French both night and day,
And at last we made 'em run away,
To anchor off Cape la Hogue.
And there we finished our gallant fun,
For we burnt and destroyed the 'Royal Sun,'
With forty more as was undone,
Now warn't owld Russell a rogue?"

"I neither know nor care anything about old Russell," retorted the wife, "it's well for you John Paulet to be singing nonsensical songs, and drinking at a sitting more than would satisfy a moderate man for a week, this is not the way to be saving for your family after you're dead and gone."

"I should think you wanted me to slip my cable Molly, but that I knows you better," urged the veteran, "a pretty corpse I should make with my wooden leg laying strait in the coffin; who would you have to comfort you then, my precious, and who would look arter and edecate the boy."

"Sing,—si,—sing it again father," hiccupped the child, on whom the mixture was operating with due effect, "si,—sing about ca,—Cape Hog, nev—never mind mother."

"Educate the boy," repeated the seaman's more than better half,

whilst she vainly struggled against a smile, "a pretty tutor indeed you make John Paulet, there's no denying that if we may judge by your scholar,—be quiet Harry," for the boy was getting obstreporous under the influence of the liquor, and struggled to get free, "lay still child, lay still,—ha something must be done with him, he'll tear his clothes, and they will cost ever so much to get them mended."

"Let me go to father," shouted the youngster, "let—let me go—owld Russ—Russ—ell and Cape—Cape Hog—let me go then."

"No, No, Harry my precious," urged old John, "go and turn in for an hour, and take a snooze to yourself, you'll be all right then, and I'll rig you a new boat."

But Harry was obstinate, his mother could scarcely hold him, and she was moving away towards the cottage, but with woman's spirit she could not forbear a parting salute to her husband.

"Ha, kick and fling boy do," said she holding him tighter in her arms, "no managing of him, he's just like his father."

"Then he's like a man who has always done his duty Mrs. Paulet," answered the veteran proudly, "one who has fought the French in many a hard battle, and lent a hand to beat 'em—a man who has lost his precious limb," and he looked at the timber substitute with mingling emotions, "in the service of his king, and never disgraced the colour of his cloth."

But the woman was beyond hearing, though the pleasant smile of triumph on her cheek indicated that it had not all been lost upon her, and she was proud of the prowess of her husband, whom she ardently esteemed, notwithstanding her assumptions of supremacy. Old John looked after her, and if any angry feelings had been aroused they quickly subsided, as reseating himself, and mixing another potion he observed,—

"Well she's a good wife too, and knows how to cater for the mess. As for the boy, lord love him, he's one arter my own heart, and I shall live to see him a credit to his country yet afore I die. How kindly the young monkey took to the stuff, and the more in regard of its being the 23rd of May, a day which oughtn't never to be forgotten." He quaffed the mixture he had made, and having smacked his lips to testify that it was much to his liking, he resumed his netting work and his song.

"Then shipmates all who goes to sea,
Come drink and sing right merrily,
And finish off with three times three,
To the victory off Cape la Hogue.

When Russell had the chief command,
And Georgy Rook was his right hand,
Oh! we beat the fleet of Loohe la grand,
And—

What further the ditty had to express was cut short by a rattling at the hatch, which summoned the veteran from his bench.

THE DYING SAILOR BOY.

Lay me beneath that spreading tree, when I in death's repose,
Forget the fev'rish dream of life, already near its close,
It offereth a kindly shade where I shall calmly sleep,
Unheeding all the storms around,—the lashings of the deep.

I fain would rest beneath those boughs, for near that cottage door,
Where a sweet mother cherish'd me wav'd such an one before;
In shape and size, 'tis wonderful, how like it seems to me,
As if it were transplanted by my faithful memory.

Around it I have gambol'd oft in childish happy time;
With agile frame so buoyantly, its lofty height would climb,
And when descending to my home a mother's gentle kiss,
Would infuse into my spirit the purest filial bliss.

Methinks if ye will lay me 'neath that calmly peaceful shade,
'Twill be as when that sainted one most tenderly has laid
My weary head to slumber soft, upon her loving breast:
Oh welcome death's eternal sleep—my soul indeed thou'rt blest.

L. M. S.

NAVAL GRADATIONS.

THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.

ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND.
VICE-ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND.
REAR-ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND.
ADMIRALS OF THE RED.
ADMIRALS OF THE WHITE.
ADMIRALS OE THE BLUE.
VICE-ADMIRALS OF THE RED.
VICE-ADMIRALS OF THE WHITE.
VICE-ADMIRALS OF THE BLUE.
REAR-ADMIRALS OF THE RED.
REAR-ADMIRALS OF THE WHITE
REAR-ADMIRALS OF THE BLUE.
COMMODORES.
POST CAPTAINS.
COMMANDERS.
LIEUTENANTS.
MASTERS.
SURGEONS.
PURSERS.
CHAPLAINS.
SECOND MASTERS.
SURGEONS' ASSISTANTS.
GUNNERS.
BOATSWAINS.
CARPENTERS.
MATES.
MIDSHIPMEN.
MASTERS' ASSISTANTS.

The most exalted rank in the royal navy of England is that of Lord High Admiral, and the office has been held at different periods, either by an individual personally, with a council of direction under him, or it has been put into the hands of a joint commission, composed generally of five persons, styled Lords of the Admiralty; the first Lord being on several occasions, especially latterly, a soldier or a civilian, on account of the existing administration requiring all the influence of its extensive patronage to support them in their measures, which it was feared would not be the case under a naval chief, whose mind would be directed to the rendering indiscriminately to merit, that preferment which parliamentary intrigue deemed it indispensably necessary to bestow on the friends, relatives, and protogés of those who could command most votes in the House of Commons.

The flag carried by the Lord High Admiral was (according to Randel Holmes, in the Harleian MS.) "The anchor argent, gorged in the arm, with a coronet, and a cable through the ring, and fretted in true-love's knots, with the ends pendant, or, is the badge of the Lorde High Admirall of England; as he is commander in chiefe over all the king's navell forces."

Thus we find it was successively borne by Lords Edward and Thomas Howard, and by the Earl of Southampton, in the reign of Henry the Eighth; by the Earl of Lincoln in the time of Mary (except that he had the stem and flukes of the anchor, argent, the ring and stock, or, and the cable, azure); by the Duke of Buckingham in 1619, who used the anchor and cable entwined, all or, similar to what it now is, and may be seen flying on great occasions at the mast-head of the Admiralty yacht, or in the bows of the Admiralty state barges. History records that the Earl of Berkeley, in 1719, being then only thirty-eight years of age, Vice-Admiral of England and First Lord of the Admiralty, by particular warrant from the crown, hoisted the Lord High-Admiral's flag at sea, and had three captains (one of whom was a Vice-Admiral) appointed under him.

Uniforms were in those early days unknown; but the great mark of distinction worn by a Lord High-Admiral consisted of a massive gold chain, to which a large whistle (the boatswain's call of later times) made of the same precious metal was suspended, as the following records bear ample testimony. The first date is 25th April, 1513.

"Sir Edward Howard, Knight, second son of the Earl of Surry, and Admiral of England (Lord High-Admiral), having boarded a French galley near Conquet, a little below Brest, in Britanny, with about seventeen English gentlemen, his own galley falling off from alongside, by some accident, this noble person was left in the hands of his enemies of

whom there could no other account be given by his own men, than that when he was past all hope of recovering his galley, he took his whistle from his neck, and threw it into the sea."—*Lord Herbert's History of Henry VIII.*

Sir Edward Howard was the first created Lord High-Admiral of England,* in the fourth year of the reign of Henry the Eighth (1513), and the cause of his death was, that being basely deserted by those who should have supported him, his galley sheered off from alongside of the enemy, and he was determined not to yield himself a prisoner. Fearing, therefore, that his badge of office should, after his death, fall into the hands of the French, and grace their triumph, he flung it overboard, and was himself then driven by the French pikemen into the sea, where he perished. He was a truly brave and excellent character, and esteemed a good seaman. The king was much grieved at his loss, and conferred the office on Lord Thomas Howard (the elder brother of Sir Edward), who shortly afterwards, on account of his valorous achievements in the battle of Flodden Field, where he led the English van, was created a peer of the realm, by the title of the Earl of Surrey, his father being elevated to the dukedom of Norfolk. In the year 1517 we find further reference to the whistle. It is stated in Hall's Chronicle.

"The Earl of Surry, High-Admiral of England, in a coat of rich tissue, cut in cloth of silver, on a great courser richly trapped, and a great whistle of gold, set bauldrick wise, accompanied with one hundred and forty gentlemen richly apparelled, on goodly horses, came to Blackheath, and there amicably received the Embassadors of France."

The Earl of Surrey named in the extract, was the Lord Thomas Howard before-mentioned. In 1523 he was made Lord High Treasurer in the room of his father, the Duke of Norfolk, on whose death he succeeded to the title; and for a short time his son, Henry Earl of Surrey, held the office of Lord High-Admiral. Henry Howard was a skilful, gallant man, full of chivalrous sentiments, second only to Chaucer as a poet, a clever statesman, and one of the most distinguished ornaments of that period. On December 12th, 1546, both father and son, after long and able services, were sent to the Tower on charges of high treason. The Earl of Surrey was condemned and executed, unheard, on the 19th January, 1547. The Duke of Norfolk was to have suffered death ten days afterwards; but the king dying the night previous, his life was saved. He lived during the reign of, and survived Edward the Sixth, departing this life the 1st of Mary, 1553. Henry the Eighth married

* At the first appointment of Lord High Admirals the pay was ten shillings a day; each captain eighteen-pence a day; all other officers ten shillings per lunar month—one half for wages, the other half for provisions.

two queens from this family, viz. Anne Boleyn, whose mother was a daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, and Catherine Howard, the duke's niece: both of these wives were beheaded.

On the 10th December, 1539, when the English escort went out on the Calais road to meet the Lady Anne of Cleves, Hall states:—

"The Earl of Southampton, Great Admiral of England, apparelled in a coat of purple velvet, cut in cloth of gold, and tyed with great aglets and trefoils of gold, to the number of four hundred; and bauldrick-wise he wore a chain, at which did hang a whistle of gold, set with rich stones of great value."

This whistle was not only designed as a mark of distinction, but it was used in naval battles to encourage the men, by its shrill piping giving them information that their chief was still in existence. In what way it afterwards came to descend to the boatswain, we shall endeavour to show when noticing that officer.

This Earl of Southampton was Sir W. Fitz-Williams, a brave seaman, who in 1537 was made Lord High Admiral, and soon afterwards raised to the peerage. He was succeeded by John Lord Russell in his high office; and after him, to the death of Henry the Eighth, it was held by Viscount Lisle. Soon after the accession of Edward the Sixth, in 1547, when the Earl of Hertford, (afterwards the Duke of Somerset,) the king's uncle, (by Henry the Eighth's marriage with Jane Seymour, Edward's mother), was declared Protector of the young king, Lord Seymour of Sudley, the Protector's brother, was created Lord High-Admiral. He married Catherine, the queen dowager of Henry the Eighth; but she died a few months afterwards, in child-birth. In March, 1549, he was attainted in parliament of high treason, and beheaded, without being heard, his brother, the Duke of Somerset (beheaded on Tower Hill, January 22, 1552,) signing the death warrant. His successor was Dudley, Earl of Warwick, (Viscount Lisle,) who a second time assumed the office. He was afterwards created Duke of Northumberland, and suffered death on the 22d of August, 1553, at the commencement of the reign of Mary, for the leading part he took in the affair of Lady Jane Grey. In 1550, Lord Clinton received the appointment of Lord High Admiral, by a royal patent, which secured it to him for the residue of the king's life. In the first year of the reign of Mary, Lord William Howard, the half-brother of Lords Edward and Thomas Howard, was created Lord High-Admiral and Baron of Effingham, and sent with a fleet (under pretence of guarding the Narrow Seas) to escort Philip of Spain to England, as the future husband of Queen Mary. They met the fleet of Spain, the ship which carried the monarch having the Spanish colours hoisted at the main. The Lord-Admiral at once asserted the

supremacy of the English flag, by firing at the Spaniard, and compelling her to haul down her colours as a mark of respect to his sovereign. In 1557, Lord Clinton again assumed the office of Lord High-Admiral, which he held during the remainder of Mary's reign; and also as Earl of Lincoln, during the reign of Elizabeth, till he died, 1585; and Charles Howard, Baron of Effingham, (son of Lord William Howard, the first Baron Effingham, already mentioned as having held the office,) succeeded him.

This was the able chief who commanded the fleet that defeated the Spanish Armada, and for which he was created Earl of Nottingham. He continued to occupy this exalted post till the 6th of February, 1619, in the reign of James the First, when he resigned it in favour of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who retained it till assassinated by Felton, in the reign of Charles the First, August 23, 1628.

History is rather hazy about this time, for when there are two ruling authorities, one scarcely knows which to call master. We shall, however, adhere to royalty as far as possible; and about the year 1637, we find Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, was Lord High-Admiral, (he died in 1688,) and his successor, in the time of the Civil War, was the Earl of Warwick, (died in 1658.) At the restoration of Charles the Second, in 1660, his brother, James Duke of York, was appointed Lord High-Admiral on the 4th of June in that year, and behaved himself most gallantly in the Dutch wars; in fact, to him the Navy is principally indebted for framing and enforcing regulations that gave greater stability to the service. He arranged the fleets under their several Admirals' flags, and separated the various grades amongst the officers. He continued actively engaged in his onerous duties, till—according to one authority—the passing of the Test Act, 1673,* deprived the nation of his further exertions. By another account we find that he continued to exercise the authority, even after he became James the Second. A third states that Prince Rupert succeeded him, in 1673. To reconcile these discrepancies, it need only be stated, that on the resignation of the Duke of York, the office of Lord High-Admiral was put into the hands of commissioners, and Prince Rupert was appointed First Lord, which he gave up on the 4th of February, 1679. I have not been able to ascertain with correctness who it was that came next after the Prince—in fact, Charles principally managed the Navy himself; but I find, in 1689, the office of First Lord was held by Admiral Her-

* The Royal Assent was given to the Test Act 29th of March, 1673, and on the 13th of June following a draft of instructions, to regulate the duties of Lord High-Admiral of England, was sanctioned by the King in Council. It defines his duties very clearly.

bert, afterwards Earl of Torrington; and an old work speaks of his successors as the Earl of Pembroke, in 1690—Earl Cornwallis, in 1692—Viscount Falkland, in 1693—Admiral Russell, afterwards Earl of Orford, in 1694—the Earl of Bridgewater, in 1700—the Earl of Pembroke, in 1702, when a Lord High-Admiral was once more appointed in the person of George, Prince of Denmark, husband to Queen Anne, who retained it till his death, which happened on the 28th of October, 1708. The Earl of Pembroke succeeded him; but the office was again put into commission, and so continued till the year 1827, when his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence was declared Lord High Admiral; but he held the post only a few months, when it was again put into commission, and has continued so to the present time. The following is a list embracing the whole period from 1709, of

FIRST LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY.

Year.	Name.	Reign.	Year.	Name.	Reign.
1709	Russell, Earl of Orford .	Anne.	1783	Viscount Howe . . .	Geo. III.
1710	Sir John Leake . . .	——	1783	Lord Keppel	——
1717	Earl of Berkeley . . .	Geo. I.	1784	Viscount Howe . . .	——
1727	Viscount Torrington .	Geo. II.	1788	Earl of Chatham . . .	——
1733	Sir Charles Wager . .	——	1794	Earl Spencer	——
1742	The Earl of Winchelsea	——	1801	Earl St. Vincent . . .	——
1744	The Duke of Bedford .	——	1804	Viscount Melville . .	——
1747	The Earl of Sandwich .	——	1805	Lord Barham	——
1751	Lord Anson	——	1806	Lord Howick	——
1756	Earl Temple	——	1806	Mr. Thomas Grenville .	——
1757	Earl of Winchelsea . .	——	1807	Lord Mulgrave . . .	——
1757	Lord Anson	——	1810	Mr. Charles Yorke . .	——
1762	Earl of Halifax . . .	Geo. III.	1828	Viscount Melville . .	——
1762	Mr. George Greville . .	——	1830	Sir James Graham . .	Will. IV.
1763	Earl of Sandwich . . .	——	1834	Lord Auckland . . .	——
1763	Earl of Egmont . . .	——	1834	Earl de Grey	——
1766	Sir Charles Saunders .	——	1835	Lord Auckland . . .	——
1766	Lord Hawke	——	1835	Earl of Minto	——
1771	Earl of Sandwich . . .	——	1842	The Earl of Haddington	Vict. I.
1782	Admiral (afterwards Lord) Keppel	——			

DETRACTION.

"From envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness,
Good Lord deliver us."—LITANY.

It is a pity, in this world of ours,
Where every thing is beautiful and bright,
Like summer day refresh'd by sun and showers,
Tears of sweet joy and smiles of rich delight,
Souls warm with love or sway'd by friendship's powers,
Hearts that have never yet felt sorrow's blight—
That cynic eyes should scan each minute action,
And spiteful tongues give utterance to detraction.

The bane of happiness is rank suspicion,
Prolific source of hate, with envy rife,
It blasts all confidence, destroys decision,
And cankers every flower and fruit of life,
Clouding fair prospects by a jaundiced vision,
And stirring up bad feelings unto strife,
Assassinating peace and satisfaction
With the envenom'd weapon of detraction.

They have no generous sympathies within
Their hearts, who coldly would endeavour
To construe pure affection into sin,
Fancying themselves extremely clever
In finding wicked faults where none have been,
Striving the bonds of fond regard to sever—
Of all the means adopted by base faction
To wound fair fame, the basest is detraction.

M. H. B.

ANNE OF MUNSTER.

CHAPTER III.

(With an Illustration.)

The sudden restoration, impassioned action, and piercing cry of the distressed girl produced an instantaneous effect on the various individuals around her, more than sufficient to withdraw their attention from me and to fix it exclusively on her. The person apparently most affected among them was the tall ungainly man with the sinister eyes. He was standing close to the back of the car, and consequently very near to the spot where the unfortunate girl was kneeling, and no sooner had he recovered from a momentary surprise, than bending his black bushy brows, he stepped forward and taking hold of her arm raised her forcibly from the ground, at the same time saying in a voice, where violent passion was contending with what might have been habitual respect, "It is your honoured mother's last command, and you *must obey.*"

There was a terrible emphasis on these latter words as if designed to impress her most fully with the helplessness of her condition, but instead of yielding passively to the strong hand which held her, she struggled violently to escape, as she cried in a scornful tone—"It is false false as the deceitful villain that utters the slander."

"Ask his reverence," he replied, still holding her fast, "he was present and heard her."

"It is false I say. My dearest mother loved me too well."

"It is not false, Miss Anne," said the elder of the priests coming forward, "they were the last words she uttered before receiving the last sacrament, and the will of the dead must be obeyed."

The allusion to this bereavement, which was evidently very recent, seemed to awaken the most tender emotions, for ceasing to struggle she cast her streaming eyes to heaven, and sobbed in tones of the most passionate grief. "Oh! my mother, my mother, would to God I had died with thee, and was now resting in thy quiet grave!"

The view of this interesting young creature in such deep distress, produced the most powerful emotions in my mind, and although the slightest reflection might have convinced me, that any interference on my part must be attended with extreme danger to myself, without the slightest chance of benefitting the unfortunate lady, yet so highly were my feelings excited against the suspicious scoundrel that held her, that seizing one of the cudgels at my feet I sprang out of the car, and shaking him violently by the collar, ordered him to unhand the lady at his peril.

"And who are you," he asked with a sarcastic sneer, "to interfere with a gentleman in the discharge of his duty."

"Gentleman indeed!" I replied, my blood boiling, and scarce able to keep the cudgel from his head—"unhand the lady, or—"

"Or what?" asked the priest, at the same time making a sign to the men behind who instantly rushed in and seizing my arms, took away the stick and pinioned me in their hard grasp with the strength of iron. The outrage on my person, though not calculated to allay the irritation of my feelings, immediately convinced me of the folly I had committed, not so much as regarded the unpleasant consequences to myself, as the effect it might have on the fate of the unhappy girl, and I had to regret this still more, when after a minutes consultation between the two priests, a bandage was put over my eyes—my arms tied behind, and after being thrown on the ground with some degree of violence, my legs bound with ropes, so as to render motion impossible. My first impression was the fear that thus bound and blinded they would throw me into the lake, where I might lie long enough without interfering with their schemes, and although the thought ran chilly through my veins, yet recollecting how useless any appeal to their pity would be likely to prove, I assumed a more fearless tone than the state of my feelings warranted at the time, and said loud enough to be heard by all, "there will be a day of reckoning hereafter."

Whether this remark had the effect of changing their purpose I could not tell, but no further attempt at violence was offered, and I

lay listening in vain for any sounds to intimate their intention towards me.

Meantime it appeared that the young female had ceased to struggle with her oppressor, and to judge from the heavy sobs that every now and then reached my ear, she seemed to be wholly absorbed by her own deep grief in the loss of her mother, until after a considerable shuffling of feet, as if the party were in the act of unloading the car, I heard the tall man say in an authoritative voice, "Get up—we have wasted too much time already."

Whether this was to urge her to mount the car or to rise from the ground, I could not tell, but she instantly replied in a tone of firmness that surprised me, "I will not stir at your bidding."

"You must," he said, "and that quickly."

"I will not," she replied vehemently; "you have no warrant for this violence; brute force may take me hence as brute force has brought me here, and bound the stranger yonder, but of my own accord I will not stir, and you shall account hereafter for the outrage."

"Will you dispute your mother's will?" asked a calm voice which I could recognize as that of the elder priest.

"My mother's last will could never contradict her whole life, and she loved me too dearly to doom her only child to such treatment as this; but I warn you," she cried, raising her voice and speaking with great firmness, "I warn you of the consequence—I will appeal——"

Here a loud voice broke in upon her, as if giving way to uncontrolled passion, and this mingled with the sound of feet shuffling to and fro as if in the act of securing her by violence, intimated but too plainly that they were forcing the unhappy girl into the car. This was immediately confirmed by the rolling of the wheels, and the receding voices of the men, which becoming every instant fainter, intimated the rapidity of their movements; until just as they were growing quite indistinct, a wild terrified scream rung upon my ear, and was succeeded by a silence as deep and as awful as the last stillness of the grave.

The fearful sound which had closed this singular scene, continued to ring in my ears; and situated as I was with my eyes in darkness, and stretched helplessly on the ground, it is not surprising that my imagination should portray the worst misfortune as having befallen the young lady.

"Death," I said to myself, "has got another victim! and one of the loveliest that ever starred this vale of tears. They have murdered her, the villains! they have murdered her, and she now lies cold and silent at the bottom of the lake; and whose turn is next? If they have had no mercy on her, will they show any to me? I have witnessed their villainy, and they will silence their accuser."

Full of this gloomy apprehension, which for the moment grew more powerful than my sympathy for the unfortunate girl, I lay straining my ears to catch the stealthy footsteps of the approaching murderer, who I did not doubt was already within sight of his victim, and would in a few moments hurl me into the water without a struggle or without a chance of escape. "But shall I die thus without an effort for life or without revenge? There would be some gloomy comfort in dragging the destroyer to the bottom and clutching his throat in the strong agony of death." I rolled, and pulled, and twisted, and felt as if I had double my usual strength, but it was in vain—they had done their work too well—all was utterly useless, and I must die without seeing my murderer or having one struggle for existence. The thought came over me with the coldness of ice, and I sunk exhausted and spent into a state of apathy. "Let them come," I said, I can die but once, and the pain will soon be over."

In this state I lay for some minutes, feeling quite resigned and indifferent to my fate, expecting every moment the grasp of the assassin; until after waiting a longer time than seemed necessary, I began to be impatient, and wondered they should keep me in suspense, and at length grew quite angry and disappointed because they did not come. I had made up my mind to be killed, and now there was no one to kill me.

This violent agitation of the feelings, gradually subsided, and in the space of an hour, all the stronger excitement of the mind had died away into the mere physical sense of uncomfortableness to my frame, from lying cramped on the cold ground. The morning had opened with a heavy mist, which had now settled down into a drizzling rain, and I could feel the moisture penetrating to my skin in various parts, and spreading its cold chilly influences further and further, like the silent and insidious footsteps of some deadly disease. My feet had become stiff and destitute of feeling; my hands were benumbed, and all my limbs cramped and full of pain. The gloomy thought crept over my spirit, that I was doomed to a lingering death, and without any of the excitement I had formerly experienced, there appeared a sort of distant relief in thus ending the misery I felt. A species of drowsiness, a sort of supernatural sleep was beginning to steal over me, when I heard a sound that shot through my frame with the quick thrill of an electric shock, and awoke me at once to an interest in life. It was the sound of some one whistling the merry air of "St. Patrick's day in the morning." There was more than music in the tone, there was hope, there was life. All the morning my ears had taken in nothing but the gloomy sound of the rolling waters, the splash of the rain as it fell from the rocks, or the harsh scream of the distant eagle, but now to hear this quick sound of kindly life, this joyous up-bubbling of the merryhood of man, this vocal

speech of a light heart, it was indeed the voice of the charmer, it was divine. And there was no fear, no drawback, no distrust, for it grew louder, and it came nearer, and the life that was in it was unabated; and if it stopped but for a moment, it burst out louder than ever, and there was love and goodwill in it, and it was a goodly sound.

It is surprising what an effect the imagination has on the body, the hopes awakened by this common sound, which at any other time would not have excited more than a passing thought, seemed to shed a reviving warmth through my whole frame, and a degree of pleasurable feeling actually ran through the limbs that a few moments before were full of intolerable pain. My heart throbbed with a feeling of delight perfectly inexpressible, and it seemed as if a new tide of renovated existence was pulsing through my veins.

As the sounds came nearer, I could distinguish the slow feet of a horse, with the rumbling wheels of a heavy cart, intermingled with the lighter footsteps of a man, as if dancing a jig by the side of his cart, to the merry tune he kept whistling with unabated vigour. All of a sudden the sounds ceased, and a cry of surprise broke forth, "Och! by the powers! and what have we here, boxes, bags, and an illigant portmantle. Faith its myself is in luck this morning; St. Patrick be praised and the Virgin. Eh—murther, murther, a dead man kilt as sure as a poker; ohone, ohone, , and what'll I do; oh by Jasus and he's not kilt at all at all, and so he is'nt. Faith! but its a damp bed he has any how and a hard one." Then coming close up he cried out, "If you're a living man, be after telling me that I may help you, but may be you're speechless darlint, and well you may be this could morning."

Here I recovered from the surprise and pleasure I had experienced, and succeded in convincing him I was still living, by requesting he would unbandage my eyes, and untie my arms.

"By dad," he replied, "it's a small thing your after axing, and if Shamus O'Rourke refuses the stranger, may be Cathleen wouldn't be scolding. Och! Honey, hould up your head, and let's look at the knot —faith it's a hard one; if this had been fast round your neck for an hour, your face might have shaken hands with your shoe without blushing. Och! the devil! he knew how to tie a rope any how—one would swear his father was a hangman—if his mother's son was hanged, the world would be none the worse—divil burn him. I have broke my nail, and not untied it."

"Take a knife and cut it," I said, becoming impatient.

"Mighty convanient that same," he responded; "but then the illigant kerchy will be spoiled. Try again; now we have it—there—by dad, one pull more, and you may see daylight."

It was true enough, the bandage was off, and I once more felt how "blessed a thing it was to behold the light." Tears of grateful joy came into my eyes as I earnestly thanked the poor fellow for his kindness.

"Oh, weresthrue, and don't be bothering us," he cried, the muscles of his face slightly relaxing; "sure we have your arms and your feet still in limbo, and let's be after getting them out."

This was a task of some difficulty, but was at length accomplished, and I stood again with unfettered limbs; but owing to the cold in my feet, was unable to stand without his assistance. "Aisy, your honour, aisy," he said, as I grasped his shoulder to prevent me from falling; "jist be after leaning on me for a little, and try to take a turn or two on the road till the blood warms. By dad! and it was a could bed your honour had chosen."

"There was no choice in the matter," I said, smiling, and striving to hobble along; "but it would soon have been my last one, if Providence had not sent you hither to relieve me."

"And that's thrue," he said, somewhat solemnly; "Providence *did* send me—and very much against my own will—I little drhamed it was to save a life, that I was forced ten miles out of my way; the saints be praised and the blessed Vargin."

"And yet you seemed very merry," I replied, "for you were whistling and dancing on the road like a young kid."

"Your honour's a witch," he said, laughing, "to find out that, and your eyes blinded."

"But you forget my ears were not stopped," observed I.

"No more they were," he replied, "and that's queer—its well a man has two ways into his head—but are you better," he asked, in a tone of feeling too earnest to be mistaken, and it was with real pleasure he heard that I now felt able to walk alone.

After some time, being sufficiently recovered to proceed, I expressed a wish to be moving towards some place of refreshment, where I might change my clothes and obtain something to eat, as I had tasted nothing the whole day, and it was now long past meridian. "Is there an inn near to us?" I asked, "for I am very hungry."

"An inn," he replied, "not within twenty miles certain."

"Is there no house where we may obtain something like food and shelter either for love or for money?"

"Och! love and money," replied Shamus; "love 'ill go a long way, but money a deal furder; but neither love nor money will get victuals nearer than the Pontoon."

"And what is the Pontoon?" I asked.

"The Pontoon! faith its a house of iligant entertainment, and myself often stops at it when I come this way."

"And how far may be this house of elegant entertainment," I asked smiling at the idea suggested by his recommendation.

"Jist seven miles from the ould mare's tail at the top of the hill," said he, pointing to a remarkable rock at some distance, and which, to a fanciful mind, might bear some resemblance to the article in question.

"Seven long Irish miles," I said, with a sigh, "and nothing to eat till then."

"Jist that your honour, and no mistake at all. So I'll put the luggage on the car, and the baste 'ill carry us both, and we'll make the best of a bad bargain, and be off to the Pontoon at once."

As there appeared no other prospect of relief, I made a merit of necessity, and helping Shamus to load the car with the valuable property I had in charge, we started together in quest of the Pontoon.

When seated on the jolting vehicle, my thoughts reverted painfully to the recollection of that unfortunate young girl whose dark destiny had just swept across my own path, and nearly involved me in the ruin that had swallowed her up. I was greatly tempted to question the simple and kindly-hearted fellow who sat beside me; but calling to mind the danger I had already escaped, and reflecting how unlikely it would be that he should be able to give me any information about her, I suppressed my anxiety, and resolved to lay the case before the next magistrate I could find. With this determination in my mind, I strove to pay some attention to the merry songs and wild legends which Shamus poured forth, with a verbosity and profusion that astonished me. Ever and anon he would burst out in such snatches as—

Cush la ma chree,
Did you but see,
How the rogue served me?
He broke my pitcher and spill'd my water,
Kiss'd my wife and married my daughter.
Cush la ma chree, cush la ma chree.

And then he would relate some dismal legend, how a fair young girl was spirited away by the fairies, and kept as a queen in a diamond palace beyond the big mountain.

With these and similar tales in verse or prose the time passed along, and though the horse moved but slowly, yet we arrived at last before the house of "illigant entertainment," dignified by the name of the "Pontoon Hotel."

The external appearance of this house of call, bore a strange contrast to what might have been expected from the name it possessed. So far from having any of those accommodations usually found in an hotel, it could scarcely be called a house, unless the term was used with considerable latitude. Properly speaking, it was a kind of hut or shed, which seemed leaning against the rock—the rock forming one side of the single apartment which embraced all the accommodation that could be found in the Pontoon Hotel. As the night had closed before we reached the door, the strong light of a blazing turf fire shot clearly across the road, and seemed to offer a strong temptation to turn in from the drizzly darkness around, and it was not long before both Shamus and myself had found our way into the apartment. As I have already said, this was the only room, and the bare hard rock formed the principal square—the others were the naked clay walls, from which arose some rude rafters, leaning against the rock; and these again were covered with turf, which barely sufficed to keep out the rain, and were wholly destitute of anything in the shape of finish or comfort. In a rude break, which formed a sort of recess in the rocky wall, was a bed, already furnished with occupants—two children being in it—five or six fowls upon it, and a pig underneath. A few yards distant, was placed the horse of Shamus, where he regaled himself with a bottle of hay, for which his long walk had given him an excellent appetite. Four or five rough-looking Connaught men were lounging about, now and then speaking in Irish to the landlord's very pretty young wife, who sat nursing her baby on a block near the fire, while her husband busied himself officiously with looking after his new guest. As the house contained no table, and its only stool had but three legs, I seated myself on a log of wood by the turf fire, which blazed cheerily on the hearth, and, pulling the stool before me, supplied its deficiency of legs by the use of one of mine. Satisfied with this contrivance, which promised well at such a pinch, I called to the landlord to bring me something to eat and to drink

"And what would your honour like to take," he enquired, with the calm assurance of having an excellent larder.

"Anything," I replied, "in the shape of meat, for I am very hungry."

"Mait—mait, is it your honor's axing after. Sure don't you know that the likes of us never taste mait."

"Well then, let me have some bacon."

"Bacon—and what is that but mait?"

"Have you any bread and butter and eggs," I asked, growing more desperate.

"Sorrow a bit," he replied, "the rogue of a baker forgot to call, and what's the good of butter without bread."

"What have you then?" I asked—"have you anything at all."

"Oh, be aisy my jewell—haven't we some illigant pratees in the pot, and here's an egg the ould hen laid on purpose for you."

This was certainly not the fare I should have chosen, but the keen appetite I felt made anything seem savoury, and I accordingly hailed the potatoes and eggs with a great degree of cordiality. In went the egg into the pot of boiling potatoes, and, in a few minutes, was fished out by the hard fist of mine host, and along with a skep full of smoking unpeeled murphies was placed on the chair before me. I asked for a spoon—the landlord shook his head—a fork—he held up his outstretched fingers—a knife, and he reached down from the rafter a piece of rusty hoop-iron, three inches long, stuck into a cleft stick, and tied with a piece of thread. "These are primitive instruments," I thought, as, seizing a potato with one hand, I tried to scrape off the coat with the rusty iron, and being desperate with hunger, was not very particular as to the amount of peeling taken off or left on. But such potatoes! On a good mealy, smiling, rough-coated fellow, I could have made an excellent supper, and been something more than thankful; but these were bog potatoes, washy and soft as a rotten turnip, and the water flew out in all directions as I pressed them between my teeth. The salt, however, to make amends for their softness was as hard as pebbles, and every grain as big as a pea. It was a ponderous effort of the jaw to crush a single grain, and it made the teeth chatter and jar when the feat was accomplished. The egg, indeed, was right excellent, and although I had to fish out the contents with the rusty hoop, yet never before or since did I find an egg so excellent. Bad as the fare was, I worked away until the keen edge of my appetite was broken off, and then turning to the host, I asked him for something to drink.

Och! by dad, your honor's right there" he replied with a grin, "sure, I've the raal potheen that never smelled the gauger's rod, some nate quaker fhwisky, that's not been baptised at all." Saying which, he fetched from a rude crypt in the rock, an old tea pot with a short broken spout.

"Give me a glass," I said, "I cannot drink out of this."

"Does your honor see that shelf?" he asked with a grave face, pointing to a crazy piece of wood that bore the name.

"I do," I replied, "but I see no glasses there."

"And that's thrue for your honor, for three days ago, that drunken baste Tim Flanigan broke half-a-dozen with one blow of his fist; so he did, the divil scald him."

"Then you have no glass, find me a tea cup."

"A tay-cup indeed, and where is the tay?"

"A basin, anything," and he brought me an egg-cup with the stand off at the bottom, from which I was fain to swallow the raw whiskey which he praised so highly.

Accustomed as I had been to the luxurious tables of our English inns, I know not that I ever enjoyed a meal with keener satisfaction, than the one I have just described, and the pleasurable feeling I experienced by the warm fire, as I stretched my feet across the rocky floor, seemed to open my heart with more kindly feelings, and I called to the men who were in the room to ask if they would take some whiskey.

"They do not know English, your honor," said Shamus, who had like myself been discussing the potatoes.

"Can they drink," I asked "if they do not speak."

"Och! lave them alone for that" said the landlord, laughing, and holding up the tea-pot he addressed them in Irish, which set them laughing till the rafters rung again, and the pretty hostess herself, smiled admiringly on the merry wag.

It was easy to see that the trifle expended thus, had made a favourable impression on the parties present, by the kindly looks they cast towards me, and not at all sorry to witness this feeling, I begged the landlord to let them have as much as would do them good; and to say what I owed him, as Shamus and I must travel at once to reach the next town before midnight. A moment's consultation settled the question, and paying him just double the sum he demanded, I prepared to resume my journey when a strange incident detained me at this house of "iligant entertainment, the Pontoon Hotel."

(To be continued.)

THE SHIP'S GHOST.

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep."

The superstition of sailors, perhaps, exceeds that of every other class of society; it is in fact, a characteristic peculiar to them, and even the best educated officers of former times have frequently yielded to its influences. I have known a ship's ghost as firmly fixed in a man-of-war, as if it had been rated on the books, and mustered among the crew for victuals and pay; and it is still a matter of doubt in my mind whether the purser did not profit by the visitation. In the Royal Navy, according to the complement borne, an entry was made of a perfect nonentity, a thing of straw, a rope-yarn hanging to a rattlin, under the title of the "widow's man." Thus, a sloop of war, with with one hundred and twenty-one persons on her establishment, carried actually one hundred and twenty, the one hundred and twenty-first being nobody, was the "widow's man;" his supposed wages &c., being placed in a fund for the benefit of the widows of

seamen. Now, though the ship's ghost could not claim the same privileges as the "widow's man," yet in honest Jack's ideas it was far more to be respected, though I have conversed with many who firmly believed that the "widow's man" and the ship's ghost had the same identity. But, if superstition prevailed amongst our men-of-war's men, it was still more strongly operative in the merchant service, where the number of hands was small, and, consequently, they were detached in their night watch from each other.

In my last voyage to the West Indies, the captain of the barque was a proud, haughty cadaverous-looking man, with a face like a Dutch warming-pan. He had been an old master's-mate in the Navy, and though we were shorthanded, he insisted upon keeping up the discipline of a royal cruiser; he would have two look-outs on the forecastle, and one at each gangway, and never permitted the men to lay down even in the finest weather, to take a snooze in their watch; he also made it a practice to sneak up the ladders to catch any one sleeping, and should he detect a defaulter whose weary eyes had closed in slumber, all hands were immediately called out to reef topsails, or perform some other unnecessary duty, so that the whole got punished for the fault of one.

In his nocturnal perambulations he wore a peculiar dress, consisting of a long flowing white dressing gown and a flaming red night cap, and when he first indulged his spying propensities, considerable alarm was excited, as it was firmly believed a ship's ghost had actually made its appearance; and this was credited for some time, whilst the old skipper laughed in his sleeve. As soon as his individuality was made out, various schemes were proposed to get rid of the annoyance, some were for running a bowline under his arms, and a dive overboard; others wanted to drench him with water from the mizen top; but as the probability of discovering the offenders would have been greatly in his favour, and the law would have afforded him the weather-gage, both were abandoned. At last the old black cook hit upon a plan, which was thus carried into execution.

One dark hazy night as we were beating through the horse latitudes with a stiff breeze, and as much canvass as the barky could well carry on the starboard tack, the man at the helm rushed away from his station, shrieking and shouting "A ghost! a ghost!" the black cook took up the cry, every soul hurried upon deck—and there, steering at the wheel, stood a tall figure apparently wrapped round in a shroud, and with a head as ruddy as a marine's jacket. In two minutes not a man or boy was to be seen below, all hands ran up the rigging, some into the tops, and others stowed themselves away in the foot-hook shrouds—and not a few were roaring with seeming terror

At length after the lapse of about half-an-hour, the second mate, a rough-spun son of Neptune, succeeded during a lull in the fright in hailing the spectre.

"In the name of St. Poker, who and what are you?" demanded he, "are you a ghost or demon?"

"Don't be frightened men," answered a hollow voice from the wheel; "it is only me—I am no ghost."

"We've only your bare word for that" exclaimed the second mate, "and I for one don't believe it."

"Nor I—nor I," was repeated by a dozen voices from various places aloft. "Pitch it at him again, Dick."

"I will, shipmates, I will" said the second mate. "And I axes you again, who and what are you?"

"You know me well enough," roughly answered the figure at the wheel. "Come down here, all hands of you, directly."

"Very like a whale" responded the second mate; "I'll tell you what it is old-un, I'm blessed if I don't think as you're the skipper's playmate as larns him his reck'ning, and to weather upon you, would be getting to windward of him; Mother Carey's chicken didn't fall aboard of us to day for nothing."

"What shall we do, Dick?" shouted the chief-mate from the fore-top. "You have had more experience than I in these matters."

"Do," returned the second mate. "Why, there's only one thing as you can do, for if a ghost or Davy Jones haunts a ship, you can never get rid of either without cutting away a mast; carpenter, where's your axe?"

"All ready" answered the carpenter; but I'm blessed if I go down till daylight comes, and then——."

"Avast! avast there men," shouted the spectre at the wheel. "Come down and take the helm one of you—I'll pull you all up for this."

"We sabby dat," halloed the black cook; "but no catchee, no habee, massa ghost."

"No doubt in the world but you'd pull us up or carry us down," exclaimed the second mate; "but I'm thinking if the skipper was to come on deck just now in search of the caulkers, he woudn't be best pleased to see you steering the craft, and if he could get rid of you he would be calling all hands to splice the main-brace to your speedy departure."

"Chu," uttered the black cook, "him cappin nebber splice a main-brace—he grog-totaller, drink all he self for keep de people sober."

"You are a set of mutinous scoundrels," said the voice from the deck, but immediately added, "do not be afraid lads it's only me, your captain."

"Tell that to the marines, old chap," said the second mate; "the captain is no more like you, than the ship's bowsprit is like a parish church."

"I've got the carpenter's axe" shouted one of the men from the fore-top. "Only say the word Mr.———, and though I can't write, I'm blessed but I can make my mark in the mast, and its only by cutting one on 'em away that a ship's ghost is to be got rid on—Hurrah my boy! I'll down on the foksle and try it."

"For heaven's sake, men, hold on!" exclaimed the figure at the wheel, "I will forgive every thing if you will come down, and make sure that I am your captain."

"You're a nice old gentleman for a small tea party," answered the second mate, sneeringly. "Come down, is it? aye, low enough no doubt, if got in to your clutches. Stand by there forud to cut away."

"Me hab my axe too," said the black cook; "chop toder side—make plenny chip for caboose."

Thus the figure at the helm got gloriously roasted for about three hours, not a soul would venture down the rigging, and the threats to cut away the mast frequently repeated. At length daylight broke upon us, and we *discovered* that it was indeed the captain, in his white dressing-gown and red night-cap, *minus* his slippers and trowsers, who coming up to catch the sleepers had caused the helm to be deserted, (which he immediately took himself to save the sticks), and the alarm to become general. Loosely as he was clad, he *enjoyed* a spell of three hours at the wheel, and when released he hurried below to his cabin, where indisposition confined him for more than a week; whilst all hands enjoyed the joke.

Upon our arrival in the London docks we were summoned before a magistrate, but as the skipper had no witnesses in his favour, and it was neither mutiny or disobedience of orders to be frightened, we were discharged, and our worthy captain was amply revenged by having all the expenses to pay. Not a man would sail with him again, and I hope wherever he may be, he will take care for the future how he enacts the part of THE SHIP'S GHOST.

W. A. S.

A PIECE OF CHINA.

THE BOATSWAIN IS ATTACKED BY DISEASE AND THE SHIP IS VISITED BY DEATH'S MESSENGER—WHAT BECAME OF BOTH.

(With an Illustration.)

OUR last left Mr. Wildgust at the dwelling-house of the Chinese ladies, which to his great surprise, he found dismantled and deserted, nor could he gain any clue to the cause of their disappearance, or to the place to which they were gone; in fact, a principal portion of the respect-

able inhabitants had removed from the neighbourhood, and suspicions were excited that the natives intended to rebel, which were ultimately strengthened by the conduct of some Tartar troops, as the boats of the Mercury laid waiting at the landing-place for the officer. Wildgust lost not a moment in getting aboard and communicating his views to his commander, who hastened to report the circumstance to the captain of one of those abominations in naval architecture, which had been particularly selected for a service and a climate totally unsuited to them—I mean the twenty-eight gun, or jackass frigate.

During the absence of Lieutenant Bullfit on this duty, Mr. Wildgust informed Pearson of what he had witnessed ashore, which so operated on the mental faculties of the unfortunate boatswain, that he was very near perpetrating several extravagant acts, and was only restrained from setting all discipline at defiance, by the vigilance of honest Jack Moberly; in short, the unhappy man was nearly driven mad at the supposed loss of his Chinese beauty. Never did the strong passion work more powerfully, than on his muscular frame—endeavours to soothe him, served rather to increase than allay irritation, and, before his commander's return he was confined to his cabin under the influences of brain-fever.

Sickness was at this time committing fearful ravages amongst the troops, so that there were but few who could do duty, and death daily swept off his victims—the Chinese rejoiced at this, and watched for a favourable opportunity to retaliate upon their conquerors. Under these circumstances the Mercury was ordered round to Canton, for the purpose of sending transports to remove the men and evacuate the island. The ship was unmoored, but Pearson's whistle was not heard to cheer up the crew, the anchor was weighed, but the voice of the boatswain was mute. Wildgust visited him as soon as duty would permit, but his language was wild and incoherent, a mingling up together of past and present events in a strange and sometimes ludicrous manner. His love-letter, however, appeared to be uppermost in his mind, coupled with a desire to transmit further communication, for every now and then he occupied himself in chalking such curious figures on the bulkhead of his cabin, that it was well for the human race he had had no hand in manufacturing the first sample. The doctor directed that though he should be narrowly watched, no especial restraint was to be laid upon his actions, and old Jack at all opportunities, waited upon him as if he had been an infant, aiding him in his pictorial designs and literary labours, with the same serious attention that he would have done, had his master been perfectly sane, and the cabin like an illustrated tea-chest, was to be presented to Miss Ring Ching

Fou. There were hearts split in two, broken harpoons, an altar capsized, the lady carried off by an elephant, and Moberly suggested and accomplished himself, the boatswain standing on his head, in order to show that his brain was turned by the loss of his love.

The Mercury sailed, and Lieutenant Bullfit felt himself far more comfortable at home in his own peculiar element, with the blue waters around and beneath him, and the clear sky above, than when secured by the nose, the ship had only a few fathoms' space between the ground and her keel. The lively motion whilst careering over the waves, was far pleasanter than the heavy monotonous roll as she lay at anchor, and the spread of canvass was more gratifying to the sight, than the sails rolled up, and the yards delicately squared. Besides, the commander had now an opportunity of the fresh sea-breeze to recruit the health and strength of his men, for disease had commenced its work of destruction, and several of the crew had fallen already victims. It is a difficult thing for a ship when once assailed by sickness, to get clear of it again, it clings with such tenacity; I remember a frigate in the West Indies, which yellow Jack got hold of, and no efforts could unship him, until nearly two hundred of her crew had been consigned to an ocean grave.

But once more to the Mercury as she sped her way to the place of destination. Sickness still prevailed though the active and unremitting exertion of the surgeon had somewhat checked it, the boatswain, however, continued with but faint prospects of amendment, sometimes trembling on the very verge of eternity, and then rallying again so as to entirely puzzle the doctor's calculations.

They were about three days' sail from the port, when the winds became light and fickle though still fair, the ship made small progress. It was evening, the surface of the sea was clear and tranquil, the night was fine and the atmosphere pleasantly warm. Mr. Wildgust was walking the deck as officer of the watch, when Jack Moberly came aft, and touching his hat, pointed to a bright luminous appearance at some distance in the water. The colour was a greenish blue, rich and beautiful to look upon, and as it moved slowly along it revived recollections of ancient tales, in which fairies are represented as scattering diamonds, so brilliant were the gems that sparkled around the movements of the ocean fiend.

"I'm afeard, yer honor, as its all up with my governor," said Jack mournfully shaking his head and looking at the ominous light.

"I hope he's not worse than he was," returned Mr. Wildgust, with emotion, "poor fellow he has suffered much and ——"

"He'll not never suffer much longer yer honor," remarked Moberly in a tone of sympathy, "his line has nearly run out—his cable's at a short stay peak—there's one heaving in sight to give him his last warning——"

"What do you mean, Jack," demanded the young officer as a superstitious thrill crept over him, and his eyes were directed towards the luminous appearance that expanded and grew larger and larger as it drew nearer to them. At first it was broad away on starboard bow, but as the vessel progressed it slowly launched onward, till it attained a position upon the starboard quarter, and kept way with the ship, occasionally inclining to fall into her wake. For half a minute both stood silent, and Wildgust became aware that the whole watch had gathered together in groups at the gangway, and were earnestly discussing the nature of the spectral visitation on the deep.

"Well, Jack!" said the officer, "I can see it plain enough, and so can all hands—it is nothing more than a young grampus that takes us for its dam."

"That ere's no grampus yer honor," said Moberly solemnly, "look at the lofty black peak as he carries in a-midships towering out of the water like a himp astride of some infarnal monster.—No, no, Mr. Wildgust, that ere's a messenger for my governor, and rely upon it, Sir, he'll never quit the craft till Muster Pearson and he walk off together —that ere's one of your blue sharks—I've been watching on him a long time, but he knows too well what he's arter to clap himself alongside."

"The word "shark" rather loudly spoken, seemed to have a thrilling effect upon all who heard it, so that it was instantly repeated by many mouths, amid the instinctive dread which seamen invariably have at the sight of this rapacious and terrrible creature, which appeared to be following the vessel without an effort of its own to do so, the large fin upon its back not inaptly resembling the description given by honest Jack, who in a short time, recovering from his dread, prepared the shark-hook and other implements in case the monster should give them a chance of grappling with him. But this he never did during the remainder of the night, for he preserved his distance till daylight, when he cautiously ventured upon a nearer acquaintance; and as he frisked close under the lee counter displayed a monster of about fifteen or sixteen feet in length, leering up at the men with longing eyes, but whether he smacked his lips it was impossible to see, as the mouth of this voracious creature was out of sight. Three or four handsome little fish from six inches to ten inches long swam close to his nose, and diverged towards the baited shark-hook that had been put over the traffrail; they were striped like a zebra, and here and there a few black spots on a white skin. These were the pilots to the shark who would have drawn him to the bait but he disregarded it, and pressing to leeward, shot a-head, and having crossed the bows, again took up his station on the starboard quarter.

From this time till they reached the anchorage and joined the admiral

did the creature follow the ship, sometimes ranging close to her stern and floundering coyishly at the bait on the hook, at other times darting away as if in pursuit of some object in the distance. At night his course was tracked by his gorgeous light; by day the enormous fin on his back correctly pointed out his whereabout; and so pertinaciously did he continue to preserve companionship, that the officers as well as the men experienced strange feelings of dread that made them shudder whilst contemplating the unnatural association; and the conversations and commands which had previously been carried on in cheerful hearty language, now descended into little more than whispers, as the anxious look was cast towards the pursuing monster of the ocean, and the thoughts reverted to poor Pearson the boatswain.

As I have already said they joined the admiral, and the Mercury having anchored, Lieutenant Bullfit entered his six-oared cutter to convey the despatches to the seventy-four. The boat shoved off, and so did the shark, for it followed the former to the admiral's ship, round which it swam several times, and though tempted by sundry pieces of meat that covered the well barbed instrument, to taste of dainty fare, it resisted every invitation to the feast. The story of the creature was soon told by the lieutenant, together with the illness of poor Pearson; it excited strong antipathies in the minds of the line-of-battle ship's company, though there were not wanting for some of them expressing a wish that the monster would take a fancy to their surly tyrannical old boatswain instead of the boatswain of the Mercury. Muskets were got up, and the balls rattled towards the creature, but it seemed to take no heed of them; harpoons were hurled, but he dexterously evaded all; and on Mr. Bullfit pulling away to rejoin his ship, the shark attended upon him with the utmost politeness, and returned to the Mercury.

Excitement grew higher and higher, and poor Pearson got worse and worse, so that he was supposed to be near his last gasp. Jack Moberley was half wild; in vain he plied and plashed the baited hook in the water, changed the temptation from beef to pork and from pork to beef; the shark seemed regardless, and, as Jack observed, "was determined to keep banyan-day till he got howld of the governor." At last a young pig that had been smothered, was thurst upon the crooked iron, and Moberly, ordering every one to keep out of sight, himself played the tempter. The delicacy was thrown with some violence into the water from the taffrail, and the splashing noise brought the shark towards it. The pilot fish swam round as Jack suffered the dead grunter to drop astern with the current, and then briskly hauled it ahead again as if trying to escape. More than once the huge monster had ogled the bait and half turned himself upon his back to nibble;

but Jack, like a clever lawyer, would not let him taste, under the conviction that when properly vexed he would gorge the whole. Nor was he mistaken, for after some pretty practice in the way of teasing, the shark floated belly upwards, opened his ponderous jaws, and Moberly, watching the opportunity, slacked away the line so as to drop the pig into his throat. The monster shut-to his teeth and shook the bait as a terrier shakes a rat,—his tail lathered the water into foam,—the pig was swallowed,—the line hauled taut,—and a shout from the ship's company proclaimed his capture. Still with so powerful and savage an adversary great care was requisite in getting him aboard, especially as his rage knew no bounds when he felt himself a captive, though not yet conquered. A running bowline was slippled round him, he was dragged forward to the gangway and hauled aboard by the main-yard and main-stay tackles. Then came the tug of war; the men now hand-to-hand (if I may use the term) with their once dreaded opponent feared him no longer; axes, top-mauls, crow bars, handspikes, cutlasses, every offensive weapon was put in requisition to destroy him, whilst the enraged creature snapped at everybody like a dog, or throwing his huge carcass from the deck endeavoured with his tail to sweep away his tormenters. Slap went a hen coop to pieces, and away flew cocks and hens in wild disorder. Jack Moberley took the post of honour close to his nose as he held on the line, and narrowly did he watch the vicious eye of his enemy, whilst all hands, as they saw the shark get weaker and weaker, joyfully proclaimed their triumph, till, utterly exhausted, the monster stretched himself out and died.

(To be continued.)

THE TWO RINGS.

"Now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed."

SHAKSPERE.

I CHERISH no animosity against foreigners generally, it affords me pleasure to see them visiting my country, and inspecting its institutions; we can loose nothing by the interchange of our opinions; they may gain much information that will benefit them on their return home. Nor am I angry with my countrymen for exercising the rites of hospitality towards foreigners; it is a fixed principle, a marked characteristic of our nation to be liberal and generous; may the fame of old England never be tarnished by selfishness and distrust. But still there is ground to complain when I see in numerous instances that foreigners are indiscriminately received and petted in society that excludes an

honest Englishman, because he may be in humble circumstances; let a foreigner but assume the title of Baron Von Gotbutlittle—the surname is entirely swallowed up by the Baron Von, and no inquiry is made as to the legitimacy of the claim to nobility. I remember a certain Hungarian, who, when he first located himself in a large provincial town, had no more clothes than would have rigged out a respectable scarecrow; for several weeks he was almost destitute, when another polished rogue from Italy suggested his taking out a patent of nobility. Accordingly he dubbed himself a count, and appeared in a light uniform jacket, with a silver star on the left breast. A few days sufficed to introduce him to all the principal families in the neighbourhood, and for many months he lived in perfect clover, cheating husbands, kissing their wives, flirting with their daughters, and goodness knows what besides. Fetes were given to the count, who turned out to be a counterfeit after all; he contrived to borrow and steal to no very small amount, and then decamped to America, where he tried, and for some interval did carry on the same game, but Jonathan "calculated it warnt altogether slick to be done," and the United States being a land of liberty, clapped him in jail.

It is now some few years ago that a young and clever violinist (who has since gained eminence as a musician and composer), had to lead the orchestra at a public concert in a northern town, as well as to play one or two solos. He acquitted himself extremely well, and gained considerable applause when at the close of his second solo, a short punchy man, with a round bullet head, and large staring eyes, rushed from amongst the audience, and grasping the hand of the young musician, exclaimed as he thurst a massive antique gold ring upon one of his fingers,

"Dis is truly vonderful, I vos tink Angland had no music in de varld, but now I am convinced; take it ma tear friend, pushing on the ring to the surprise of the violinist, who took him for a maniac, "it vos hardly do honour for your acceptance, oh tish gold, tish gold, but you are varthy von tousand times as much as more; I am delighted wid your playing," and away he strutted back to his seat.

The musician looked at the ring, it was an ancient one of solid gold, and then glanced at the audience with feelings of self gratulation; numbers had witnessed the transaction, and the fact soon got spread through the room, much to the gratification of every one, and to the credit of the generous donor. On inquiry, the young violinist learned that he had been thus honoured by a celebrated German professor, Mynheer von S——, who had recently arrived from the continent for the purpose of rendering himself better acquainted with English manners and character. This information added value to the gift,

and Mr. ——— went home not a little pleased with the affair. The ring was ascertained to be valuable.

A few days afterwards, and the German professor called upon the musician, the piano was open, and much harmony ensued, Mynheer testifying his delight in strong language. The succeeding morning he paid another visit, and referring to the ring he had so publicly given (the presentation of which had gained him numerous invitations and many friends), he observed,—

"Ma tear friend, I'm truly shame for give you ting of so littel vorth, but I had no oder den upon my finger; bah, tish noting, noting at all but an old family ring which I value on dat account; You must return dat old ring to me, and I will give you anoder ring, ma friend.'

"I have no wish to part with it," answered the musician, "and though I am not in the habit of wearing trinkets, yet this," and he held out his hand and examined the golden circle, "so generously and freely given—"

"Vell, ma tear friend, dat is all nice, but as I tell you tish old family ring, and here," undoing some tissue paper, and at length revealing a splendid looking ring, "here is vun beautiful ting vorth four times de oder vun, I have looked it out on purpose for you, you must give me back de old ring and take dis, ish it not beautiful," and without waiting for assent or dissent he seized the musician's hand, thurst the new ring upon one of his fingers, and dexterously drew off the antique one from the other finger, "Dere, ma tear friend," exclaimed he in an attitude of admiration, "dere, tish grand, tish splendid, and I shall charge you no more as eight shillings for de exchange."

Although a feeling of distrust did cross the mind of the violinist, yet after all there was nothing unnatural in a desire to get back a family relic, and the present just received seemed to be far more valuable than that which he had been deprived of; the eight shillings was consequently paid, the guady bauble glistened on the hand of the young musician, when a friend, a chemist, on seeing it, expressed a doubt of its genuine quality, a test was applied, and to the great chagrin and anger of the wearer, it proved to be made of gilt copper, not worth sixpence.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A MARINE OFFICER.

Whilst off Rochefort in the Centaur, bearing the broad pendant of Commodore Sir Samuel Hood, in July, 1806, we were informed by an American ship from Bourdeaux, that a convoy of merchant vessels under the protection of two men-of-war brigs were lying in Verdun Roads, (some distance up the river Garonne), where Lord Cochrane

had succeeded some months before in cutting out a sloop of war, (the Tapageuse). Our first lieutenant, E. B. Sibley, immediately solicited the commodore for permission to attempt heir capture with the boats of the squadron. Sir Samuel detached Captain Rodd, in the Indefatigable frigate, to reconnoitre, and he, confirming the correctness of the American's information, the signal was made to the squadron for each ship to send a barge manned and armed for immediate service, alongside the Centaur, our own being preparing at the time. The commodore with his usual kindness granted me permission to accompany Sibley, with such marines as I chose to select. We all proceeded on board the Indefatigable, boats' officers, and boats'-crews, and made sail from the squadron for the mouth of the Garonne, where we joined the Iris frigate, who reported all to be in the same state as when the Indefatigable left, and on the night of the 14th of July we were all in the boats and preparing to quit the ship, when it came on to blow so hard that it was not deemed prudent to proceed that night (I mention this, because we learnt afterwards our preparations had been observed from the shore, and that the enemy being put on their guard, took their measures accordingly), however, the next evening saw us all thirteen boats including those of the two frigates quit the ship and steal along with muffled oars, (like poor old King Lear's troop of horse shod with felt). We left the frigates about nine o'clock, the boats in two lines, six in ours, (Sibley's) and seven in the other, commanded by Lieutenant Joy, first of the Iris, the two commanding officers abreast of each other, the rest following in succession; after pulling some time we made sail, the wind blowing strong, and the boats keeping excellent order, we passed the Cordovan light house and reached the river's entrance, when we struck sail and again took to our oars, pulling in the direction we expected to find the objects of our search; it was now exceedingly dark, blowing strong, with thunder and lightning, we pulled a considerable time and began to fear we should miss our object, if we had not already passed them; when Sibley cautiously gave the word "oars" (that is cease rowing), he had observed the masts of a vessel through the gloom, the two lines of boats were still in excellent order, and the two commanding officers now closed each other, and we distinctly made out the two men-of-war, by their masts and other tokens familiar to the practised eye of an old man-of-war's man; they were riding to the tide which ran strongly, and Sibley determined to attack the headmost, which appeared the largest with his division of the boats, leaving the sternmost one to be dealt with by the other; this was clearly understood before we parted, when wishing each other success, each gave way with the utmost impetuosity towards his destined bark. The high wind, the

thunder, and the extreme darkness, were in favour of approaching our enemy unheard and unseen, and, I believe, a vivid flash of lightning betrayed us at the last; but we were alongside at the instant, or at least as nearly alongside as protruding booms would allow us to get, when she opened her broadside upon us, and followed it up by a rapid discharge of musketry, and when we at length reached her side and grappled the boat to her, muskets with bayonets fixed were darted into the boat, and we found we had not yet cleared away the principal obstacle to our entrance. She had boarding nettings triced up to her mast-heads, and secured down to her hull, barring all entrance, until Sibley whilst clinging to the rigging, with a most fortunate stroke with his sword, severed the tricing line and down came the netting, when with a simultaneous rush, those who were not entangled in the netting sprung forward, and and a most desperate struggle, hand to hand, ensued, but it was too terrible to last long, and the Frenchmen who were able ran below and and left us masters of the deck, when we gave three hearty cheers to give notice to the party which we hoped were in possession of the other brig, but we heard no return to our cheering, which caused considerable uneasiness, as in the event of failing in the capture of the second brig the convoy was pretty sure to escape us, as it eventually turned out.

It was about two o'clock in the morning of the 16th when we got possession of our prize, which proved to be the Cæsar, of eighteen guns, commanded by Captain Hector Furet, who, poor fellow was bayonneted fighting in his shirt, and was found dead by the mainmast. We missed Sibley, and suspecting whereabout he fell, I went as soon as some kind of order was restored in search of him, and found him fallen and insensible, under a heap of killed and wounded just where he had boarded, he had received six pike and sabre wounds, and had been tram led upon by those who so gallantly followed him; we got him down to the cabin, and as soon as circumstances permitted, stripped him and cleansed his wounds, and restored him to consciousness, but our work was not yet done; in intense anxiety we waited for the dawn of day, at about three o'clock a shot from the other brig riding ahead of us rattled through our rigging fore and aft, assuring us *she* was not in possession of our companions; the increasing light of day discovered to us a number of our boats in various directions, the enemy's convoy mostly under weigh and proceeding up the river, and the other brig of war getting under sail. Lieutenant Parker, first of the Indefatigable, now took command of Le Cæsar, which we found was drifting with the tide, her cable having been cut by some of the Frenchmen, in hopes, doubtless, that she would drift on some of the numerous sand banks which abound in this part of the Garonne; we immediately made sail

and proceeded to pick up the boats as fast as we could reach them, taking the crews on board, and the boats in tow; during this time, the other brig (the Teazer formerly an English gun brig of fourteen guns), was not an idle spectator of our proceedings but keeping at a respectable distance plied us pretty sharply with round and grape, principally from a long Tom or heavy gun which she had mounted, I believe, a midships. When we had got together what boats and their crews we could pick up, we turned our attention to our opponent brig, and soon found it necessary to cut adrift the boats we had towing astern, we then endeavoured by all the means in our power, to close with her, but that she was enabled to avoid from *her* knowledge and *our* ignorance of the intricacies of the river navigation; having no one amongst ourselves at all acquainted with it, we tried to prevail on the French pilot to take charge, but he refused like an honourable man, and no *promises* would prevail, so we e'en tried a threat, and placed him on the deck with a marine by the side of him with a loaded pistol, giving him to understand that if the brig touched the ground, that moment would be his last, and the marine had orders in such case, instantly to send a pistol ball through his head, we did *not* touch but soon found we were labouring in vain, our opponent was enabled constantly to avoid our closing with him and boarding, and we were running considerable risk of grounding, for the poor French pilot was not likely under his *peculiar circumstances*, to be altogether trustworthy, we therefore turned our prow seaward, taking back *but two* boats out of the *thirteen* with which we had entered the river a few hours before; the rest were, I believe nearly all stove to pieces; one, the barge of the Revenge, received a shot through her bow from a battery on shore, which passing aft, killed her lieutenant (marines) and so damaged the boat, that she was obliged to run ashore to prevent her from sinking, and her crew twenty-four I think, in number, were taken prisoners.

Another, that of the Indefatigable, which was next to our's at the moment of getting alongside, was knocked to pieces by the brig's broadside, and Lieutenant Parker and the crew, boarded across our's. We had a strong free wind out of the river, the shot from the batteries on each side at one time crossed us, but without doing us any damage, and we joined the frigates (I think), about nine o'clock in the morning, they manned their rigging, and received us with three times three truly British cheers; we proceeded and joined the squadron that night Our loss, having no memoranda, I do not exactly recollect, I think twelve killed, and far in the teens wounded, the loss on board the Cæsar, was seventeen killed, and twenty-three wounded; including every officer belonging to her, except the surgeon. The scene at the

moment we reached the brig, and she opened her broadside and musketry upon us, which was returned by the marines from the boats, was awfully grand and beautiful; and the scene on deck, when daylight disclosed it *truly horrible:* as you may conceive, if you consider that the above amount of human slaughter was displayed on the deck of a small vessel, some eighty or ninety feet long. Sibley recovered sooner than could have been expected, and deservedly received his promotion to the rank of commander, and the then Patriotic Fund Committee at Lloyd's voted him a sword of one hundred guineas value, and two hundred guineas in money, towards his outfit when he should get a ship, which he did some time after.

SEA SONG,

BY JACK JUNK.

Cast loose your guns my hearts of oak,
The enemy is near,
And let the sight of fire and smoke
Your gallant spirits cheer:
Stand by, a rattling broadside pour,
Give them one stunning blow;
Hurrah, the cannons loudly roar
Their thunder on the foe.

Come nail the colors to the mast
And let them flaunt the breeze,
We'll show them, boys, that to the last
We're masters of the seas.
Ram home your shot and make them tell
And point your muzzles low,
Hurrah, the pealing cannons swell
With thunder on the foe.

Steady, my lads!—no boyish play!
This is no time for fun,
Nor throw one pound of iron away
In pointing of each gun.
She strikes,—no further vengeance seek,
What can be done we show,
Hurrah, when British seamen speak
In thunder to the foe.

THE OLD SAILOR'S

TO OCTOBER.

IL PENSEROSO.

MONTH of the changing leaf!
  Type of vicissitude!
Why are thy days so brief,
  And with sadness imbued?
Do'st mourn for the storm-days,
  Frowning darkly and drear?
Or regret the bright, warm days,
  That gladdened the year?
Man's hopes, like thy dropt leaves,
  Lie withering around;
And the sad heart that now grieves,
  Once with joy might abound.
Youth, beauty, and manhood,
  Falling frequent and fast;—
Shall the leaves of the wild wood
  More enduringly last?

L' ALLEGRO.

HERE's gamesome October, a hearty, hale fellow,
Pretends to regret that his leaves are turned yellow.
The merry old rogue! when he knows very well
That the young leaves were there, when the old ones fell.

Although the long leaves were so fair to the view,
Yet it was for the sake of the fruit that they grew;
And now that the fruit in the garner lies by,
We may part with the leaves, and still keep a dry eye.

Who regrets that the leaf has dropped off from the vine,
When he quaffs his friend's health in a bumper of wine?
Or will fret that the corn is removed from the dale,
When he holds the brown jug, as it foams with good ale?

Then away with complaints at the fall of the leaf:
If it lessens our pleasures, it shortens our grief.
The grass may be withered—the branches be bare—
Yet the barns are well filled! so be jogging, old Care.—S. M.

HARRY PAULET.

CHAPTER II.

" I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear."
SHAKSPERE.

We concluded our first chapter with "a rattling at the hatch," which summoned the veteran (John Paulet) from his bench in the snug little retreat that he was accustomed to call his "look out." Without a moment's delay he stopped short in his song, and promptly attended to his duty by advancing to the barrier gate, the upper part of which was open (as before described), and whilst so doing a well remembered voice gaily saluted him with—

"So ho, Master, Paulet—fighting your battles over again," and raising his hand to point at the flag, "with the union of Saint Andrew and Saint George flying above your head, as if the victory off La Hogue had finally settled the business between the two countries. Yes there are the united crosses of Papistry which our gallant seamen firmly established on that day, though the Protestants were every where knocking the Catholics on the head. Oh it was the height of consistency, Master Paulet."

This was uttered by an elderly man habited in the dress of a substantial tradesman of those days, but there was an assumption of importance about him, and an energy in his manner, that would have led a stranger to suppose he was superior to the general run of the class to which he claimed to belong. Though not very stout, his limbs were firm and well set—his eyes were sharp and piercing—and his countenance though generally smiling and mild, at times displayed a look of fixed determination, that plainly indicated he was not a man to be trifled with. He shook old John heartily by the hand and the veteran seemed delighted with the visit, though somewhat shrinking from the familiarity with which his old friend had accosted him.

Who James Trueman really was—except the character he had given to himself—a travelling packman—old Jack never thought it worth his while to inquire; their first meeting had been extremely singular, for the veteran having one evening indulged rather too freely in strong potations with some old messmates in Greenwich Hospital,

was stumping home at a late hour towards the hatch, across Saint George's Field, he heard a hue and cry at a short distance, and a man almost exhausted ran up to him and implored his assistance in rescuing him from his pursuers.

"Run, run," cried Jack, as he placed himself by the side of a tree and grasped his oak cudgel firmly in his hand. "Bear a hand d'ye hear, and I'll cut off the lubbers as they come up."

The man again started off—the momentary stoppage had renewed his expiring strength, and old Jack, without one thought as to who were the aggressors, only supposed that numbers were unequal, and never thinking that the same reasoning would apply to his own position prepared to fell the foremost runner to the earth, which he did most effectually by a smart blow on the back of the neck, which laid him prostrate—up came another and shared the same fate—the third in his eager haste stumbled over the bodies of his comrades, and the fourth would have followed the example but for the cries of those who preceded him. Astonished at what he beheld, he suddenly stopped and made inquiry as to the cause, but not one of them could account for it; and whilst the last comer assisted to raise the two who were most maimed, old Jack passed round the trunk of the tree and stealthily crept away in the darkness, leaving "the enemy," as he called them, terribly frightened at what they believed was an infernal visitation, as no one had been seen; and fancy, ever fond of indulging in superstition, conjured up a smell of sulphureous exhalation, though with greater probability it might have proceeded from a more natural cause.

In honor of his visit to the Hospital, as well as to gratify his own peculiar self-esteem, Jack had that day worn his splendid silver call which had been given to him by Sir George Rooke, as a token of merit for his gallant conduct at the relief of Gibraltar. It had been suspended from the button-hole of his waistcoat by a blue ribbon, but on his reaching home, to his great mortification and astonishment, he found that it was gone, but how or where he could form no reasonable conjecture. It is true he remembered that the man who had been so hotly pursued had run rather violently against him, and for a moment or two had clung to his shoulders for support, but whether it had been then torn away, or had been wrenched from its hold as he strenuously applied his cudgel, he was equally ignorant. Without mentioning one word of his disaster to his wife, old Jack went to bed, but was up before the lark in the early morning, and shaping his course for Saint George's Fields, then an open place of dangerous resort on account of the villainous characters who infested

the neighbourhood. As near as he could possibly guess, the veteran traced his course of the previous night, but he would have been utterly unable to have recognized the spot had not several persons already arrived upon the ground and were carefully and closely examining the locality. Old Jack joined the party, and inquired the reason of their being thus early astir. There was no lack of speakers all eager to tell some marvellous tale, but the most prominent was a young man, who swore, that whilst in pursuit of a suspected person who had broken from arrest, his companions had been knocked down by an unseen hand, but that on his coming up, a huge monster enveloped in blue flames was hovering over them, as if eager to carry off his prey—that he fought with the demon, which at length vanished, leaving them in black darkness and almost dead with bruises and frights.

"Ah the beggar, I know him," said Jack with a grin of defiance, "it was your long-shore Davy Jones, with eyes like a copper-pot lid—"

"Exactly so," remarked the other with avidity.

"And mouth as big and as hot as a baker's oven," continued Jack, to the gaping audience.

"If you had seen it you could not have described it more correctly," assented the man as he looked round him.

"Breathing out fire like a blast from a furnace," added the seaman.

"I feel its scorching heat at this moment—oh it was terrible," declared the man, with a shudder that ran through the crowd.

"And little jets of flame coming out of his head and playing round his temples like fiery snakes" uttered Jack, by way of climax—"and roared like a bull."

"True, true," pronounced the man covering his eyes with his hands, "he did indeed roar, especially whenever I got a crack at him."

"No doubt in life on it," remarked Jack, with ready assurance, "but the lubber's a coward arter all, and won't stand fight. Have you diskivered any brimstone among the grass?"

"Nothing of that kind has been found, though, as you see, the ground looks scorched," answered the man.

"What haven't you picked up any thing," demanded the veteran, who hoped, yet almost dreaded to hear of his call; but he was answered in the negative, and judging how useless it was to particularize, he made no further inquiries for the missing property, but asked "who was the fellow they were in chase of."

"It must have been the arch-fiend himself," replied the constable,

" or he never could have got away as he did; nay more, its my belief that it was the vision that afterwards appeared and so belaboured us. He was given into our custody by a king's messenger at arms, who charged us to guard him well and take him safely to the nearest lock-up. Now there were four of us, all constables—good men and true—and who would have ever given it a moment's thought that he would have the hardihood and impudence to try and escape from such a guard; but he had neither respect for our quality nor yet proper manners to conduct himself, for whilst I and another went into a house to get a light for our lanterns, he started off from the other two. But then what can be expected from a fiend like that?"

After some further conversation, as old Jack could gain no tidings of his call, he pursued his way to Greenwich, but he was equally unsuccessful at the Hospital, his messmates reminding him that he piped " belay" just as they parted. The veteran returned home by water, and though he chuckled at the story of the demon, he was excessively grieved for the loss of his call, and as the person who had escaped had been characterized as a suspected traitor, he now became convinced that the individual whom he had befriended had repaid his generous assistance by robbing him.

Several months elapsed, when one day an elderly man, apparently bending with years and the weight of a thick warm cloak, appeared at the hatch; on his head he wore a large bushy wig that came well down over his forehead, and it was surmounted by a broad flapped hat that partly rested on the collar of the cloak. Very little of his features could be seen. Jack opened the gate, and the stranger threw back the front lapelles of the cloak to get the required coin to insure his passage—his under coat was unbuttoned, and there beneath it, from a hole in the waistcoat and suspended by a massive silver chain, hung a call, which made Jack's eyes twinkle to behold; there was no mistaking it—the blue ribbon was still attached—it was indeed his own, and hastily seizing it he collared the possessor, who, starting erect, with the nerve of a giant shook off the veteran as if he had been a child.

" What means this insolence," demanded the stranger in an authoritative manner, and standing on his guard.

" Every man for his own, master," replied old John angrily, " and though you may be the strongest of the two, you and I dont part till I get it again. Warnt it given to me by owld Georgy Rooke for that ere business at Gibraltar."

" Of what are you speaking, my friend," said the stranger, dropping the folds of his cloak so as to conceal the call.

" Come none o' that," roared old Jack, " you think to hide it, do you?" he put his hand within the lodge and produced a heavy club-stick which he firmly grasped. " This will make us more equal, and is the very dentical cudgel that I knocked the enemy down with in Saint George's Fields the night I lost it—so no gammon d'ye hear, but hand it over, or I shall make owld Benbow here do special duty again," and he shook his ponderous weapon.

" I begin to understand your meaning," said the stranger with mildness, though still standing on the defensive with a watchful eye, " you are speaking of the whistle—"

" The what," bellowed Jack indignantly, " to go for to call a nat'ral christian-like pipe, such as that is, a whistle! I'm ashamed of your ignorance, man. But then, mayhap it's excusable, as belike you've never been to sea—"

" Assuredly not, in a professional capacity," responded the stranger," but you were alluding to the silver badge that is hanging from my breast—do you know any thing of it?"

Old John gave him a look of contempt as he replied—" Now only to think what silly questions a person may ax as doesn't know any thing about the matter. Why its my own call, to be sure."

" And lost, as you have already said, in Saint George's Fields," uttered the stranger inquiringly; " may I ask how you lost it."

" Why mayhap the ungrateful fellow stole it," responded the veteran reproachfully, for he began to suspect that the individual he had so timely served was standing before him. " But as I claim it, and mean to have it too, its perhaps only fair I should explain the whole."

" Rightly determined, my friend," said the stranger mildly, " and believe me, if you can prove to my satisfaction that the whistle—"

" Call, call," interrupted Jack with vehemence, " give every thing its right name; you may as well say its a bagpipe as a whistle."

" Well, well, ' call' then" assented the stranger with a smile at the seaman's adherence to technicality. " I was about to say that if you can prove that the whis—I mean call, which I carry, is really yours, I shall have a thousand times more pleasure in restoring it than you can possibly have in receiving it. Pray what is your name? and I assure you I do not ask it impertinently."

" There's J. P. carved on the call" replied old Jack, " standing for John Paulet—the name I've answered the hail on ever since I was shoved into the parson's bathing tub, and its entered on the books of every ship I've sarved in."

" There certainly are such letters on the whis—I beg pardon, call

I should say," remarked the stranger, "but will you favour me with the particulars how you lost it."

"To be sure I will," replied the veteran with eagerness, "I haven't got no matter of cause as I know of to be ashamed on it.—D'ye see, I'd been on a cruise to Greenwich to see owld Sam Blake, and Tom Groggins, and another or two, in regard of our having been messmates together, and they now snugly moored in that grand and beautiful place which, they tell me, was formerly the palace of good Queen Bess of glorious memory, God rest her soul; but it was given by some king or other for the use of disabled seamen, and Sam and Tom had brought up under the lee of it, to ride out for the rest of their lives in peace and plenty. So we had a glorious day of it, and overhauled owld consarns when we were youngsters together, and sported a bit of the monkey. At last, when night came, we parted company, and I gave 'em a farewell wind of my call—that call as you've got hanging there—and makes sail for home. But some how or another I couldn't keep my wooden leg to one side of the street, and it would keep crossing over, and crossing back again, that I got quite dizzy and nonplushed with staggering, and 'mayhap,' thinks I, 'it wants to go back again to Greenwich and chum with its brothers.' Well, this sort of tack and half-tack bothered my course, and delayed me ever so long, as more than once I had to bring up for the tide as was running strong again me. It was taut work, but by dint of good seamanship I contrived to make George's Fields, where a strange sail as was carrying on a heavy press, come slap aboard of me, and would have foundered, but that I rigged out my spars and shored him up. 'Yo hoy,' says I—'Save me,' says he, 'there's the enemy in chase and no port to shelter in'—'Run, run,' says I, 'heave a-head out of this;' and having got the breeze again, away he started. So I hauls up alongside of a tree as a bit of ambuscade, and presently up comes a man at a rattling pace, as if the devil kicked him endways. 'Do your duty, owld Benbow,' says I to my stick, and I'm blessed if he wanted a second bidding, for he gave only one twirl, and down dropped the runner as flat as a Chinaman's face. Up comes another, and owld Benbow having whispered a word in his ear, off he went and clapped himself alongside of his consort. Number three came next, but Benbow missed him, and I was just threatening a dozen for it in my own mind, when number three tumbled over his companions, and scatters himself all along upon the grass, rolling over and over like fun. Still I hears another a coming, and 'stand by, owld Benbow,' says I, but he caught sight of the others afore he got to them, and brings up all standing; so I boxes the

compass round the tree whilst they were all hanging in the doldrums, and carries on till I got clear, and when I went to turn in after getting home, I diskivered as the call was gone, and in course I suspects the man I'd saved as having stole or borrowed it by accident.—"

"My gallant friend," exclaimed the stranger, "you are indeed my preserver, but the call was neither borrowed nor stolen—it came into my possession by sheer accident, having caught to the hook of my short cloak whilst you were supporting me, and must have been torn away when I again set off." He threw open his coat and unfastening the instrument held it out to the veteran. "Take it—take it," said he, observing that old John was gazing earnestly at the silver chain. "The whole is yours—let the chain be a memorial of my gratitude—I have generally worn it as you have seen, under the hope that it would be recognized by the owner, and now that he is found, most heartily do I restore it."

Thus induced, old John received the call, and applying it to his lips, there issued forth tones, which, if not strictly harmonious, were musical and shrilly piercing. This brought out Mrs. Paulet, who had often rated her husband for his negligence in losing so valuable a relic, especially as she attributed it to intoxication, and her gratification on beholding it once more was little less than the brave old seaman's; nor did the sight of the massive chain in any way diminish her pleasure. It was delivered into her hands, and was safely conveyed into the cottage.

"And now," said old John, "since I have told you all about it, may I ax—though it arn't altogether no business of mine—yet may I ax what you was running away for that night?"

"Certainly my friend—it all originated in a mistake," answered the stranger. "My name is James Trueman, a loyal subject of the king, but it appears that whilst travelling at some distance from the metropolis, I fell into company with an outlawed rebel, and we journeyed for the space of two days upon the same road—of course I was ignorant of his character, or I would not have run such a risk; but he was a pleasant-speaking gentleman, and I was glad of his society. At Coventry he was recognized, and attempts were made to take him, when I, acting upon the spur of the moment, and unacquainted with his person, took the weaker side, and after a smart brush he got off; but I was not so fortunate, for having no fear of the consequences, and being encumbered besides, was made prisoner, taken before the magistrates—witnesses proved my association with the outlaw, and my aiding his escape—communications were forwarded to the government, who sent orders for my removal to the

metropolis to be examined before the Privy Council. I was on my way thither, when taking advantage of a relaxation in vigilance amongst my guards, I cleared myself of them, and took to my heels."

"But why, if you had nothing to fear, why should you run away," asked old John.

"These are perilous times, my friend," returned Trueman, "to be suspected and to be condemned are almost synonymous terms. As soon as I ascertained that my companion was indeed a rebel spy in the service of Prince Charles, I became sensible that strong suspicion would be excited against me, and as proofs of innocence are but too often mystified so as to be taken in evidence for guilt, I weighed the matter well, preferring freedom to confinement, and through your aid most happily obtained it. Since then the affair has been fully explained—at all events, Master Paulet, you see that I am enjoying liberty, and shall be glad to exercise it in partaking of your hospitality, for after so sudden and strange an introduction, it follows naturally that we should become better known to each other."

And better known as good friends they very soon were; for Trueman, though not frequent in his visits, seldom came without bringing some present of hardware, or cloth, or ornament for Mrs. Paulet: all which things, he said, were appertaining to his usual trade. At certain times his manners assumed a loftiness that seemed to be far superior to his avowed station in life, and occasionally he indulged in a freedom of speech that would have been more than hazardous had he exercised it in general society.

Such was the visitor to the hatch, who, as already mentioned at the commencement of this chapter, hailed the veteran with

"So-ho, Master Paulet—fighting your battles over again, with the union of Saint Andrew and Saint George flying above your head, as if the victory off La Hogue had finally settled the business between the two countries. Yes, there are the united crosses of Papistry which our gallant seamen firmly established on that day, though the Protestants were everywhere knocking the Catholics on the head."

"All that may be correct enough in the ship's reckoning, worthy Sir," responded the veteran, as he unclosed the hatch, "but it was never no consarn of mine, seeing as all I had to do with the matter was to obey orders, and beat the French—"

"And by defeating the French," remarked the other, as he entered the barrier and shut it after him, "you destroyed the prospects of the rightful Monarch of these realms, and fixed his doom in exile—an outcast from his throne and his dominions, which were usurped by another."

"Aye, aye, friend Trueman," returned the veteran, "I've heard you say as much afore. But your Jameses or your Williamses are all as one to me, as long as there's a Commander in Chief's flag leading the fleet against a foreign enemy—and more especially the French. Besides, I've often told you, friend Trueman, that King William was on the throne when I first shipped in a man-of-war; and though it was said that Admiral Russell favoured the cause of James, and would have brought him to his own again if he could, yet the owld boy knew better than to let Mountseer de Towerwille get to windard of his duty to his country."

"It was a strange affair, Master Paulet—a very strange affair," remarked the other, leaning his shoulder against the entrance to the lodge in which old John had again re-seated himself. "I was then but a young man, just out of my apprenticeship; but as in those times Protestant ascendancy was the universal cry; and only three or four years before, the King, being deserted by his subjects, in turn abandoned them—there was a general feeling amongst young and old—for a civil war, Master Paulet, brings such matters home to our own doors; and as party strife and religious rancour grew stronger and stronger, why it was very natural for people to take one side or the other."—

"All ship-shape and proper, friend Trueman," returned the seaman, continuing his work, "I arnt never the man to gainsay it, or to quarrel with people because they chooses to work their ship different to myself; all as I've got to say is, he's no Englishman who catches sight of French colours and doesn't want to have a slap at the craft as carries 'em."—

"Always touching the same chord, I find, Mr. Paulet," observed his companion with a sarcastic smile; "fight the French whether or no—right or wrong. But if I recollect right, Russell was strongly suspected at the time, and it was asserted that he would surrender the fleet to the French Admiral for the service of James; nay more, that negociations had been going on between Russell and the expatriated Monarch to that effect."—

"Harkee, friend Trueman," uttered the veteran with some degree of sternness in his manner, as he laid aside his netting and looked earnestly in the other's face. "Harkee, my friend; crack your jokes on my head and you're welcome, but don't go for to disparage and damage a character as wont be easily found now Admiral Russell has gone to give in his reckoning in another world; he was as brave as a lion, and as generous as half a dozen princes put together."—

"I deny him the possession of neither generosity nor bravery,

Master Paulet," quietly answered the other; "doubtless he had both qualities, and largely too. What I am saying is, that suspicions ran high against him, and it was augured that he would take the fleet over to the cause of James."—

"I arnt got nothing to say to that, friend Trueman," said old John, unconscious that his companion was drawing him into a dilemma. "As I told you afore, it was no odds to me whether James or William wore the crown, as long as I had my allowance and the French were made to know that we were masters of the seas."—

"But, my gallant and worthy Master Paulet," replied the visitor with avidity, "don't you see that, in order to secure the English fleet for James, he must have surrendered it to the French?"—

"No—I'm blessed if ever I seed any such thing," returned the half-angry seaman. "Surrendered to the French, eh! why, where did *you* larn history, I should like to know? When did we surrender?—come, tell me that, if you can. Not on the twenty-third of May, off Cape la Hogue, friend Trueman, nor yet in many a more sharp brush with them polly-wooing wagabons. Surrender indeed!"—

"When you have got to the end of your tether, Master Paulet," quietly observed the other, "I will answer you. I never said you had surrendered, or ever contemplated such a thing; what I stated was, that in case Admiral Russell had wanted to have carried the fleet over to James, he must have placed it in the power of the French; and that de Tourville expected he would do so is certain, else why did he sail along the whole of the English line in his superb ship, receiving their fire as he passed, in order to seek out the British Commander in Chief? Russell was true to his country, though not so to his King."—

"'True or not true arn't the question, as I take it," rejoined Paulet firmly, "and as to the gammon about surrender, there warn't a man in the fleet as ud give in to any French lubber as ever was made, let him be for who he would. Do you think owld Rooke or Sir Cloudesly Shovel would have submitted like children at a school?"

"It was not tried, my friend—it was not tried," remarked Trueman rather impatiently. "But those were ticklish and perilous times, Master Paulet. Ireland was in a ferment—insurrections were threatened in the northern parts of England and of Scotland—James had many friends in London, and though the Dutchman behaved himself with moderation and good sense, yet he was a foreigner and an alien, and people did n't like to see the throne of England filled by any but a native prince"—

"A native, nat'ral English-born Prince, friend Trueman," uttered

Paulet in doubt and surprise, "why warn't William a native of this country?"

"No, no, Master Paulet; no," responded the other; amused at the old seaman's simplicity, and wondering at his ignorance. "And you, who have been exclaiming against foreigners befooling us, fought and shed your blood to fix a Dutchman on the throne of England, to the exclusion of the rightful King. What have you to say to that, Master Paulet? Come, expound me the riddle if you can."

But old John was for the moment too much puzzled to expound any thing, so he took a persevering pull at the beverage, and then handed the horn to his companion, who, apparently nothing loathe, seemed to do it ample justice. He then again returned to the attack.

"What silent, Master Paulet," said he. "Nay man, never shrink; your reason—your reason. Why should you fight the French, who appeared in arms for the true King of England, and risk your life for a Dutchman, who had usurped his throne? Come man, your reason."

"Why, as for my reasons, friend Trueman," responded the veteran, stooping down and trying to screw up his wooden pin in the socket, though it was perfectly tight before, "you must see, Sir, that I was but a boy in them times, and not much larned in affairs of state, any more than I am now." He looked up archly at his companion. "But I'm thinking as you're gammoning on me about that consarn of the Dutchman."—

"Nay, nay, Master Paulet, in good truth I am not," positively replied the other; "King William was actually and truly born in Holland, and consequently regularly Dutch built, yet you fought the French to keep the crown upon his head. Chop logic as you may, it will amount to the same thing in the end."

"I arn't never going to chop any thing," said the veteran testily; "it's all a matter somewhat ahead of my comprehension; but if so be as it is just as you say, why then I take it you must look upon me as"—

"A worthy, honest man, Master Paulet. Yes, I repeat it; a worthy, honest seaman," answered Trueman, interrupting the other; "one who loves his country, and never drew back his hand from a friend in distress. Nevertheless you have been deceived—deluded, Master Paulet—and I have no doubt you fancy, at this moment, that an Englishman is ruling over us."

Paulet had been so bothered about the Dutchman that he hesitated to reply, fearing that he might again commit some error, but at the

same time strong doubts crossed his mind as to the actual state of the case; for he had never troubled himself with a single consideration relative to the Protestant succession, and when he heard others conversing about a Pretender, and rebellions, he concluded that the former was de facto an impostor, who, by inciting the people to rebellion, sought to usurp the crown for himself.

"You are silent, Master Paulet," continued Trueman, after a short pause. "Am I to take it for granted that you believe the present Sovereign of England is a countryman?"

"Who says as he is n't?" demanded the veteran, endeavouring to escape from making any positive assertion of his own.

"I say so," replied Trueman, firmly. "Yes, Master Paulet; I, James Trueman, declare it; he is a German—the second in succession who has sat upon this throne—bringing with them foreign minions and parasites to prey upon our country. And it is for this, John Paulet, that you have been fighting through a long life, although you did not know it."

"As for the matter of fighting for Dutchmen or Jarmans, friend Trueman, my conscience is quiet enough," responded the old seaman; "I never fought for none on 'em—it was in honour of the English flag that I pointed my gun and did my duty, though I must own that what you tell me about them foreigners arn't by no manner of means pleasant to my notions of things in general; and if it's all true, it's not so much wonder as owld Russell was a bit difficult to be pleased."—

"But they made him an Earl," remarked Trueman; "showered honours upon him; and that smooths away all compunctious risings of conscience."

"His bravery deserved more than power could ever give him," answered the veteran. "But come, friend Trueman, sit down, we'll have another horn, and drink success to owld England and her wooden walls. What does it matter to us how they carry on the war at Court, so as we do but act uprightly to one another, and obey orders?"

"It matters much, John Paulet; very much," returned his companion seriously; "Englishmen are degraded—society becomes disorganized—jealousies and bickerings lead to disaffection—and disaffection prompts to revolt. The country is distracted by internal commotions—the innocent suffer with the guilty—and" warming as he proceeded in his catalogue of evils, "there are none, however humble their station, but must feel more or less affected by the manner in which they are governed. For my own part, I am"——

he stopped short, as a rattling noise was again heard at the hatch, and the merry voices of children announced a happy little party impatient to be amongst the gardens and enjoy the freshness of the flowers. Old John had a pleasant word for each as they passed, greeting him with respect and kindness, and he was about to resume his seat, when he was once more aroused, and the hatch was opened to a stout-made man, in the peculiar dress of a waterman of that period.

"Hillioah—hillioah—what cheer—what cheer, Master Paulet!" exclaimed the new comer. "Here you are, I see, just where a seaman ought to be—over the hatchway"—he caught sight of Trueman inside the lodge. "Hopes no offence, your honour—old John and I have known each other many years—shipmates and messmates in foul weather and fair; and though we did n't happen to be together on the twenty-third of May, yet I've heard him tell the story so often that it comes as nat'rally to me all the same as if I had been. And so d'ye see, happening to pick up a flask of brandy to-day, amongst the French craft below bridge, I thought old John and I would have a toothful together. Not as I mean that you won't be heartily welcome to share it with us; and if your honour wants to cross the water, I'll ferry you over with all the pleasure in life."

The person addressed, when first spoken to, manifested something like impatience; but his self-possession quickly returned, and he was again at perfect ease as he replied, "Many thanks, my friend, for both your offers—the first of which I will readily accept; and, should my stay be prolonged beyond the twilight hour, the second will be freely asked for; as it is dangerous, I am told, to wander on this side of the Thames after darkness has veiled the face of honesty."

"Why yes, Sir, your information is correct," returned the waterman; "outrages and robberies, and even murders, are getting quite common on the land, and it is only when in his boat that a man feels that he is safe. The theatre and low houses in Goodman's Fields harbours a many of the thieves; and there's the decoy-cages, where they traps onfortinates for the colonies. Oh, there's sad work among 'em at times, and not a few lives lost."

"It is very lamentable," remarked Trueman, as he made room for the new-comer, "and manifests a want of energy in the Government. But what can we expect from men who, though English born, and inheriting a natural warmth of feeling, suffer themselves to be guided and governed in their actions by cold-blooded Germans, who have no other actuating motive than self-interest? What do they care about foolish Englishmen killing each other, any more than every death makes additional room for a countryman of their own?"

"Belay—belay there, friend Trueman," exclaimed old John, eyeing his companion with something like distrust. "Though I never make or meddle with matters of State, as is altogether out of my calculations, yet I knows enough, friend Trueman, to hope as you never pays out the slack of such discourse where the ears of an enemy may be open to coil it away."

"And yet, Master Paulet, as we're among friends," said the waterman, looking askance at the stranger, "I must allow there's a good deal of truth in what the gentleman says; for instance, who cares for the river-rights, and the protection of our brotherhood, eh? Arn't they every day building and launching more coaches than boats, so as to deprive us of our livelihood? Would any but Jarmans suffer this to go on? But they want to destroy the independence of England, and they could n't have found a readier way, old messmate. Then there's the new bridge as they're building—it almost breaks my heart to look at it—every arch is a span towards the destruction of the country"—

"Really, really, I cannot see the correctness of all this," remarked Trueman with surprise; "a facility of communication must be beneficial to a community—carriages are extremely convenient"—

"Not to my thinking, your honour," responded the waterman abruptly. "When can their jolting, and jingling, and jostling, be compared with the pleasant, easy, and graceful movements of a wherry, where per-ons of the best quality may sit comfortably and fear no upsetting or down breaking? And who would go for to say that the streets and roads are as smooth as the glassy surface of the river?"

"All very just, my friend—very just," assented James Trueman; "and yet there are numerous places which boats cannot reach. As a pack-man, I myself find a coach conveyance, for short distances, much preferable to horses."—

"A pack-man," uttered the waterman in a tone of doubt, "I thought—but many faces are so much alike, there's no telling one from another"—

"For whom did you take me, friend?" asked Trueman with perfect self-possession. "If I mistake not, my features may not be easily forgotten—but it is a matter of but little consequence—I am plain James Trueman, a travelling pack-man, and therefore the title of 'Your honour,' when you are addressing me, may readily be spared; in fact, I am the better pleased that it should be so, for on the level of equality we may be more communicative to each other; I hate the restraints which superior rank imposes."

"And yet, without proper subordination, we couldn't work ship, friend Trueman," observed John Paulet; "though I must own, I would rather have a good English Officer in command than any Dutchman or Jarman, however clever they may be in seamanship. What say you, Bill?"

"To be sure—to be sure, Master Paulet," answered the waterman with ready assent; "for it stands to reason, that if we had our own countrymen in authority, they would understand the right jometry of the thing, and the new bridge and the jigamarees would be all sent to the devil together. As it is, we must look for no more victories on the ocean; the French will become King of the Seas, and our naval power and maritime commerce must haul down the colours and strike to the enemy."

"I cannot fathom your conclusions, friend," said James Trueman quietly. "In what way will you make it appear that the use of coaches, and the building of a bridge, is to bring ruin upon the nation?"

"'Tis plain enough, good traveller," returned the waterman; "and you must have gained but little wit in your journies not to perceive it clearly. Whilst England can man her Navy, we may bid defiance to France and to the whole world. And from what source is her Navy principally manned—eh? Why, from our fraternity on the river Thames. We are made to serve, either voluntarily or by being pressed; and the gangs know that we are always at hand, so that it's of no use trying to get out of the way. Well, what's the upshot of the coaches, but that they take away our trade, and thereby reduce our numbers, which arn't more than half what they were thirty years ago—and every week diminishes them? Where will they get hands when we are gone? Not from the coach-boxes, or among the bridge builders, I take it"—

"I see your drift, my friend. Yes, I see it now," returned Trueman, eagerly; "and certainly there is some argument in it that requires consideration. Don't you think so, Master Paulet?"

"Bill is a cute chap, Sir," answered old John; "he was always looked upon as a 'genus' when he was aboard, in the way of working a traverse. But if you have no objections, as you make out that we are all going hand over hand to owld Nick, why let's enjoy the present moment as we best may—here's spirits, here's pure water and clean horns—for my part, I think times as they are will last me out, and so I see no use quarrelling with them—help yourselves, friends, and here's to the memory of owld Russell."

The trio sat enjoying themselves, disturbed only by foot passen-

gers through the hatch, who at length became so numerous that the old seaman flung the gate back; taking care, however, to sit prominently forward, so as to receive his pence, till the twilight spread its deepening shades over the face of nature—when Trueman, availing himself of Bill Bowline's offer, took his departure from the hatch, and was ferried across the river to the opposite side; whilst old John, having taken *quantum suf* of the exhilarating compound, hauled down his flag, and turned into his hammock.

ANNE OF MUNSTER.

CHAPTER IV.

Amongst the fellows grouped about the door, and who seemed as much amused by the landlord's jokes as by the potent drink he served out to them, was one who, apparently, cared for neither, as he did not laugh, like the others, nor drink as they did of the liquor that was offered. In the days of which we speak, Father Mathew was unknown, and the Temperance and Teetotal doctrines were not preached; and for an Irishman to refuse whiskey was a strange thing, more especially as it was offered without money or any other equivalent. But what made the man's conduct more remarkable, was the extreme vehemence with which he repelled all the efforts of the men about him to join in their carousal; and to such an extreme was this carried, that the egg-cup was broken in the struggle between them. As the shattered fragments fell to the ground, he uttered a deep growl and retreated swiftly from the door, leaving the company somewhat astounded at the violence of his conduct, and apparently ashamed of his ill-manners to a stranger.

Up to the present time I had been so engrossed with my own affairs, that I paid no attention to what was going on around me; and it was not until the dispute was grown rather loud that I looked at the individual, and was immediately struck with his resemblance to one of the men I had seen in the morning as the foremost in the outrage on the lady.

"Stop him—stop him," I cried. "Stop the murderer; he has murdered a lady, and cast her body into the lake!"—

"Whisht—whisht," said the landlord; "Tim's a gallows bird, sure enough, but not so bad as that, your honour."—

"He is—he is," I repeated; greatly excited, and struggling to get

out of the door—but in vain—for the strong grasp of the host effectually held me, while he put his mouth close to my ear, and whispered, "He *will be* a murtherer if you follow him."

"Be aisy," he continued; "and you, Shamus, untackle the horse, for out of this ye'll not stir the night."

"Blur and agers," cried Shamus, "it's myself must be going. Cathleen will expect me by sunrise to-morrow, and it's thirty good miles to Munster. So jist be after unboulting the door, and let's get a taste of the night."

"Arrah now Shamus," said the landlord, still holding the door with one hand and me with the other, "why can't you be aisy? Would you have his honour murthered entirely? Tim has vengeance in his heart, and it's a big curse be upon him—for he manes mischief."

The shrewd guess of mine host immediately struck me with its apparent likelihood; and supposing the fellow to have been engaged in the outrage on the lady, he might have a double motive in waylaying me in this lonely country, as he would have the chance of securing a considerable booty, and at the same time ensure his own safety by removing me out of the way. Impressed with this conviction, I inquired earnestly of the landlord as to "what he knew of the party, and what motive he supposed would induce him to commit this outrage on a stranger?"

"It's but little myself knows of him," he replied; "but, faith, the little I know makes me prefer his room to his company. He has plenty of money—but where does it come from? Tim never works, and he lives like a turkey. Better lave him alone, and not spake of the divil behind his back. Laist said is sunest mended: so take your ould sate by the fire, and we'll bar out Tim and the divil together."

With these words he brought me back from the door; and saying something in Irish to his wife, he reached from a concealed cupboard in the rock, close to the roof of the cabin, two capital guns, one of which he loaded with great care, and handed the other to his wife, who deposited her baby on the bed and imitated her husband in preparing the instrument for destruction While this work was going on, which it may be confessed was a little alarming, I could not help noticing the cool composure of both husband and wife, neither of whom manifested any anxiety about the matter. For one moment the thought came across my mind, that perhaps the contents of the pieces were designed for me; but when I looked on the good-humoured face of the man, and the soft, feminine expression of his

wife, it was repelled instantly; and I felt fully assured, that whatever danger might be impending, it was not to come from the host of the Pontoon.

Anxious to obtain some clue to the fate of the interesting girl I had seen that morning under such mysterious and painful circumstances, and connecting the conduct of Tim towards myself in some degree with the same event, the proceedings of mine host became doubly important; as they not only promised to secure my safety, but would in all probability enable me to learn something of the lady's unhappy end. Under these mingled feelings I watched his actions with the greatest care, and could not help admiring the excellent arrangements he made for defending his cabin, with the very indifferent means he had for the purpose. Two stout pieces of wood were propped against the door, and rested at the bottom in two holes in the rocky floor. A large bundle of hay was suspended over the only window: and as this consisted of a single pane of glass, it promised sufficient resistance to a bullet; so that unless the walls gave way, or the roof was fired, there appeared a tolerable chance of safety. But besides these precautions, there was another means of avoiding danger disclosed by the removal of the bed, where a trap-door lay concealed, and which, on being lifted, showed some rugged steps cut in the solid rock, leading, apparently, to some subterranean apartment. Down these steps the landlord descended, and invited me to follow. It would have been useless to refuse; so catching up a burning stick, I descended some eighteen or twenty steps, and came to a sort of low cavern, where we could just stand upright, but which spread out lengthways to a considerable extent.

"Tim won't find you here," said the host, smiling, as he observed me looking anxiously round.

"Why does he want to find me?" I asked. "I have done the man no harm, and cannot conceive his motive for injuring me."

"Maybe not," responded the host; "but I saw Tim counting yer honour's boxes up there, and I guess what that manes."

"If that be his motive," I replied, "let us put them outside, and not endanger the life of your wife or children for the sake of defending my property."

"I'm thinking that wouldn't stop him the night," said the man doubtfully. "He believes myself has a little cash, and when his hand is in, nothing will stop him till he has got all. I heard a whisper between him and one of the boys when you came in, that makes me think there's more than one to be plundered the night; and when Tim refused the whiskey, myself could soon tell where

the mischief was coming. But I'll defate him—the villain!" he cried, doubling his fist; "I'll defate him, and let him know that an honest man is better than a rogue any day. Come," he continued, "let us get the bits of boxes down here, and the children and yourself too, if the smell o' powder affects you." So saying, he stuck a bit of a candle in the wall, and hurrying up the steps, soon returned with one of my trunks in one hand and a half-naked child in the other. His wife followed with the other; and both children were deposited in a corner, on some straw, where they nestled together as if nothing had happened to disturb them. Meantime Shamus had brought down the remainder of the luggage, and we were about to ascend the steps, when observing the pretty young hostess was also returning, to what I considered the scene of danger, I stopped and remonstrated against her going. I suppose she must have guessed my meaning, as she did not understand English; for, shaking her head, and smiling, she stepped to her husband with an expression of the most cordial confidence and affection, and taking hold of his arm, said something in Irish which brought the big tears into his eyes; and, straining her to his breast, he kissed her with an impassioned earnestness that showed how truly he returned her confiding love. This touching scene of deep attachment in beings so uncivilized, and contrasting so strangely with the rugged rocks around us, went strongly to my heart, and I could not refrain the warm tears which came gushing from my eyes much faster than one's pride or philosophy might approve. The man apparently noticed my emotion, for putting his wife gently forward up the steps, he turned to me and said,

"The darlin cratur is so winning she makes a body forgit himself."

"Oh, don't call that forgetting yourself," I replied; "the chief happiness of life is found in the overflowings of our best affections, and a man never looks better than when he stands like a tower of strength to sustain the lovely being that trusts in him."

"By dad your honour speaks truth," he answered; "for myself always feels as big agin when Nora smiles; and it's aften she does that, and my blessin be on her!"

By this time we had reached the upper apartment, where it now appeared we were to sustain an attack, from how many we could not tell, but which was likely to be serious, from the determined character of Tim, of whom I learned more afterwards. The trap-door was therefore closed, the bed was drawn back again to its place, and every thing made to appear as much like its ordinary shape as possible. When this was accomplished, he reached a small bottle of

whiskey from his store, of which he insisted we should all partake, not excepting Nora herself; and then, finishing the remainder of the liquor, he observed, with an arch smile,

"The warm heart bates all the better with something to help it—and may the blessin of Heaven be on us!"

"It cannot fail to be upon you," I replied, "since you are now practising one of those virtues of which Heaven most approves."

"Whisht," he cried, holding up his finger and stretching out his head; "I thought I heard a foot beyont the door."

"Better look out and see," said Shamus.

"And get a bullet thro' my head to make spectacles," replied the host. "The ear is the better sentinel to-night." So saying, he crept softly on his hands and knees to the door, and laying himself flat on the ground he placed his ear beside the small opening at the bottom, and waited for two or three minutes without speaking or moving.

"He's off for the present," he observed, rising and coming forward, "but we'll have him again shortly, so jist place yerselves where the balls won't hit you, and may be the divil may git his supper to-night after all."

With these words he stationed Shamus and myself in the corner behind the door, and went with his young and interesting wife into the opposite corner, near to the small window which was hidden by the bundle of hay. In this place were the two guns, and on the floor beside them some powder and balls.

"Let me at least assist you to load the guns," I said, "if I cannot be trusted to fire."

"Bide aisy where you are," he replied, rather sternly. "Nora knows how to load them better than you, and I'd miss fire if her own hand didn't help me."

There was no remonstrating against this tone; and finding it quite useless to attempt defence or assistance, where the nature of the danger was unknown, I stationed myself beside Shamus in the corner, and awaited, as patiently as I could, the result of these formidable intimations of approaching danger.

After remaining motionless and silent for some time, it appeared as if the host began to think he had been mistaken. He relaxed from the determined expression his face had latterly worn, looked rather uneasily at his wife, and more than once shifted his position, as if doubting and unsettled in his mind. Amid the anxiety natural to my own position, it afforded some slight relief to my mind in watching the motions of mine host. The light was dim and flickering, coming from the half-burnt lumps of turf that lay on the floor,

and every now and then produced some striking contrasts in the appearance of the man and his wife, as a sudden blaze might light up the room for a moment, and then die away again into the murky red which came from the body of the fire. At such times I could observe the motionless figure of the woman; calm, silent, and collected; whose only change arose from the varying position of her husband, on whom her eyes were constantly fixed, when she looked like a statue endued with consciousness, in which all was motionless except the eyes. The wild light which kept continually changing, threw about the appearance of the man something that was at times approaching the heroic. His real figure was tall, and very muscular; and seen under these singular circumstances, when the imagination was highly excited, I could not help at times fancying him some giant of romance, or one of those powerful genii which eastern fables assign for the protection of the weak. In this latter view I might well regard him, for in the scene which immediately followed he acted the part of my guardian angel.

For some few minutes he had stood fixed and resolute, in an attitude of attention and stern defiance mingled together; all the restless uneasiness had left him. With his ear turned to the small window, his hand grasping the gun, and his foot firmly planted on the ground, he appeared at once to foresee and to triumph over the approaching danger. His wife held the other gun: not, apparently, with a view to fire it, but to hand it to him when the other was discharged. Her eye was fixed on his face continually; and even in this exciting moment, I could not help admiring the perfect composure and full confidence she evinced in the courage and skill of her manly husband.

This feeling was now about to be tested in the severest manner, for in the course of a few minutes we heard the confused tread of many feet, and immediately afterwards the blow of a heavy stick on the door, which made it jar and chatter as if falling to pieces. This was succeeded by the loud tones of a rough voice demanding instant admittance, accompanied with threats of dreadful violence if the door was not immediately opened. No answer was returned, and for a couple of minutes our state of suspense was rendered more painful by the dead silence which prevailed, and which we knew to be only the precursor of the dreadful uproar that was likely to follow. The man of the house stood as calm as if nothing extraordinary was going on. He had stationed himself in the corner beside his wife, away from the range of the shot through the window, and with his finger on the trigger appeared ready to avail himself of

the first moment of advantage. After another slight interval, the heavy blows were repeated on the door with greater violence, and then the same voice demanded admittance with more horrid threats than before.

"What is it ye're seeking," said the host, "that ye come with such violence to the door of an honest man?"

"Open it, and you shall see," replied the man on the outside.

"That would be a wise man's trick," answered the host; "ye're jist bad enough on the outside, and what would you be in?"

"Blood and thunder!" shouted another voice on the outside; "let us in, or we'll burn you alive." And again the heavy blows fell on the door, which creaked and chattered as if giving way to their violence.

"Stand off!" shouted the man of the Pontoon, at the top of his powerful voice. "Stand off—or I warn you—and yer bloods be on yer own heads!"

"Open the door—open the door"—responded the voices more violently.

"Stand off, I say," repeated the man; and kneeling on one knee under the window, he fired his gun. A lowd howl immediately succeeded, and a body fell heavily to the ground. It was evident one of our assailants had fallen, which for a moment had apparently stunned or surprised the others, for a dead silence succeeded, only interrupted by the groans of the wounded man. In a minute afterwards a complete volley was fired from the outside, and we could hear the bullets whistle in through door and window, and drop on the ground, after striking against the opposite wall, or rather, the rock which supplied its place. Screened as we all were by the walls of the house, the balls flew harmlessly past us; and ere they could have time to re-load or do further mischief, the landlord had taken the other gun from the hand of his wife, and fired again with fatal effect, as we heard another body fall, accompanied with the most horrid yells and furious imprecations. To these succeeded another volley, and fired so desperately that the very muzzles seemed thrust into the house, and the smoke and flash were apparently inside. So far as regarded ourselves, this passed as harmlessly as the first volley; but the horse of Shamus was desperately wounded, and fell, groaning, heavily on the floor; and the poor pigs, either wounded or frightened, screamed and yelled in a frightful manner.

"The poor baste is done for," said Shamus, sorrowfully; "and what will I do for another? Och! hone—but ———— will be grieved at his loss, and the wedding agin be put off."

"Never mind the poor horse," I whispered; "let us only get safe over this night, and I'll buy you two for the one you have lost, and then the wedding can be all the sooner."

"Heaven bless you," sobbed the poor fellow, grasping and kissing my hand, on which I could feel the warm tears descending. "Heaven bless you! and sure ———— herself shall thank you."

The poor fellow's emotion affected me not a little, and I determined to forward his interests if possible; but this was no time to indulge in sentiments which, however delightful in themselves, were absorbed in the more stirring calls of self-preservation, especially as the contest appeared to be growing more desperate than ever. The attack on the door re-commenced with redoubled fury; the oaths and imprecations grew louder, and showed as if the villains were in a state of frenzy at the opposition they met with. Shot after shot was poured into the house; and what with the cries of the affrighted swine—the groans of the horse—and the blows on the door—intermingled with the rapid discharge of the fire-arms, created a scene that might have made the stoutest tremble.

Meantime the young wife of the host conducted herself with the steady resolution of a heroine. Standing quietly in the corner, she took the empty guns from her husband as he successively fired them, and no sooner had he discharged the one than she had another ready to his hand, and thus enabled him to take advantage of every opportunity which occurred for repelling the attack of his murderous assailants. I have no doubt it was in a great measure owing to her assistance that her husband was able to maintain himself against such superior force; for the quickness with which he returned every fire from without must have told with dreadful effect; and this was beginning to be felt, as the shots came less frequent, and the attack on the door was in a measure suspended. How many were killed it was impossible to guess, but certainly there must have been several, from the repeated yells which succeeded the discharge of his gun, and I began to entertain the hope that he would defeat the gang entirely, or compel them to retreat.

This hope, however, was apparently without foundation; for, after a pause of a few minutes, wherein it appeared they had been consulting together on some new mode of operation, the attack on the door began again as furious as ever. How it had stood so long under this very violent assault was a mystery which I did not discover till afterwards; and even then, when I saw it was studded with iron knobs, and made of oak, having once been the door of a prison, it appeared astonishing it could resist the ponderous blows which

fell upon it. Such, however, was the case; and the strong timbers that rested in the rocky floor effectually prevented it from yielding inwards. Whether the villains were aware of this circumstance, and despairing of forcing the door, determined to break through the roof; or perhaps, in their impatience to get in, adopted this as the readier method, it is impossible to say; but while one or two continued to batter the door, and others to fire in at the window, I became aware of some one clambering on the roof, just over the corner where Shamus and I were stationed. The host of the Pontoon was still beneath the window, from which every now and then he continued to fire, as occasion offered, while his wife steadily exercised her office of loading and re-loading his destructive guns, and I therefore determined to watch most narrowly for the man on the roof, lest the host or his wife should be injured by an attack from this unexpected quarter. The noise at the door prevented us hearing the less violent operations above us; and it was only by extreme anxiety, which seemed to sharpen the facility of hearing, that I was aware that mischief was doing there, though I could not tell precisely what it was. In a few minutes I heard something fall on the floor; and, looking over the spot where it fell, I perceived a small hole in the roof, into which was thrust a blazing torch—it remained for half a minute, and was withdrawn—the turf had not ignited, being soaked with the moisture of the preceding day; and the party outside, apparently disappointed in his intention to fire the roof, introduced the barrel of a gun, with its muzzle directed to the spot where the landlord kneeled. As I felt that the safety of the entire party depended wholly on him, I was just springing forward to warn him of the danger, when a quicker hand than mine interposed more effectually to save him. The eye of his wife had watched the torch, and when she saw the point of the gun projected through the opening, quick as thought she fired the piece she had just loaded, through the roof, and, as it seemed, with the greatest precision; for immediately after the shot, we heard a wild terrific yell overhead, succeeded by a dead, heavy fall on the ground; and a voice cried—

"Tim's done—the game's up—off."

Whether this was an intimation of relief we could hardly judge; it might be only a feint to throw us off our guard; and though we were pretty certain that the wife's shot had been fatal, yet knowing the desperate characters we had to do with, both the landlord and myself judged it best to be prepared for what might further ensue. This caution appeared the more needful, as we could hear the sound of stealthy steps for some time about the house, and it was more

than a quarter of an hour before these noises had wholly ceased, which they did at last, with a cry of fear, and the fast tread of several men in rapid flight.

After listening attentively for some time, and finding all was perfectly still, the landlord ventured to look out through the broken window. This he did with the utmost caution, as if he feared some treachery was still lurking about the house. In a few minutes he looked again, and then thrust his head through the little opening.

"The coast is clear, any how," said he, stepping back into the room; "and the dead as well as the living are gone."

"Gone!" I asked with astonishment; "are the dead bodies gone?"

"Your honour may see," he replied; leading me to the little hole in the wall where the single pane of glass had served the purpose of a window, some jagged remnants of which still remained, and made the look-out rather dangerous.

"They are, indeed," I said; looking out, where the clear moonlight enabled me to trace the pools of blood on the ground, but from which were removed all traces of every thing that bore any resemblance to a human being. "They are gone, but what is that on the water?"

"Where?" asked the host; coming close beside me.

"There," I said, pointing in the direction; "it looks like a woman in a boat."

"Mercy defend us!" responded the landlord in great fear; "it is the white lady of the Cliff. Grace be about us! but it is awful to see her."

"Who is she?" I asked; "and what is she doing on the lake at this hour?"

"Whisht," said the man, "and don't provoke her. She hears what we say. May the Saints preserve us! and it's herself does not like to be spoke of."

The man's fear, and the anxiety of his wife, naturally provoked my curiosity; and as I could learn nothing from them concerning this mysterious vision, I expressed a wish to go out and observe her more nearly and more earnestly, as I could see that the boat was passing rapidly from the shore.

"It's more than your life's worth," said the man, opposing my wishes. "Nobody lives long that provokes her; and she hates to be watched."

"But who or what is she?" I persevered in asking; "and for what purpose does she appear so strangely?"

"Yer honour might respect the roof that's protected you," said

he, rather reproachfully, "and not be axing questions that's disagreeable."

"Excuse me," I cried; "it would be ungrateful in the last degree to offend the man who has so lately risked his life to defend mine, and whose kindness I can never repay."

"Och—be aisy," he replied, laughing; "a good deed is always the best pay in itself, and may be I'll throuble yer honour for something by-and-bye."

"Nothing that you can ask will be received with greater pleasure, than I shall feel in giving whatever my means will afford," urged I.

"When the mistress is next in the straw we'll try you," said he; and then turning to his wife, he addressed her in Irish; something, I suppose, that had reference to his last words to me, for it occasioned her to give him a playful slap, which seemed to me as if she had said,

"Arrah thin, Pat, what a rogue you are."

In a minute or two afterwards I again cast my eye through the window, and perceived that the "White Lady" had diminished to a mere speck, which presently disappeared altogether, and nothing was seen on the surface of the lake to disturb the clear moonlight which slumbered on its bosom.

(To be continued.)

SEA BALLADS.

No. I.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

Old Neptune hath quitted his palace hall,
And round him are Tritons great and small:
And Amphitrite, the Queen of the sea,
At her husband's side, as wives should be:
And through the waters they speed afar,
Taking a drive in their sea-shell car.

Hail, hail to the King of the ocean wave!
The monarch of waters, proud and brave!
In his triple crown the bright gems shine,
Dug from the depths of the deep-sea mine;
His trident grasp'd in his good right hand,
And over his shoulders a jewell'd band.

Flashing around him in brilliant light,
Like the glorious stars that spangle night,
The yielding billows obedience pay,
With sparkling lamps to illume his way,
As onward the Tritons dash along,
Cheering their toil with a blithesome song.

Up rose the Ruler of calm and storm,
Displaying his fine majestic form,
His ruddy features in health's full glow,
His hoary head and his beard like snow,
And waving his trident in his hand,
With sonorous voice he gave command.

"Speed—speed my car to old England's coast,
That spot in the world that I love most;
Where ages ago I reared my throne,
And always have fondly called my own;
Whose monarchs have long my sceptre sway'd,
To which all nations their homage paid.

"Speed—speed my car—for old England's pride
Hath launched her bark on the ocean-tide,
And gallantly braving the billow's roar,
Steers boldly on for a neighbouring shore;
So I must away with all my train,
To meet the fair-eyed Queen of the Main.

"Speed—speed my car—for her vessel's prow
Is even cleaving the waters now!
I must be there with my bonny bride,
To be her guard, and her course to guide:
To make my subjects obey her will,
And bid the billows sleep deep and still.

"Speed—speed my car—there's a loud acclaim
Bears on the breeze Victoria's name;
From Albion's cliffs the sounds arise,
Swelling aloft in the azure skies;
Mingling with shouts from the Frenchman's strand,
Of thousands, in welcome to their land.

"Speed—speed my car—the bark is in sight,
With streaming banners, all dazzling bright;
The standard of England flaunts in the breeze,
Claiming dominion over the seas;
And on the deck, with a royal mien,
By Albert's side is the Ocean Queen.

"Speed—speed my car—for Amity's gage
Shall leave it's impress on History's page;
'Tis affection's work, and shall increase:
Fast binding in one strong bond of peace
Two thrones, whose united flags, unfurl'd,
May secure wise laws to all the world.

"Speed—speed my car," &c.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

"Conscience, conscience,
O, 'tis a tender place."
KING HENRY VIII.

THE open windows of an elegant house in the city of O——— emitted the sounds of a piano, as a female voice with much sweetness warbled forth—

Arise from thy couch, love—'tis time to be waking;
The thrush and the blackbird their nests are forsaking,
And the dew from the flow'rs the fresh breeze is shaking.
Arise love, and wander with me,
O'er scenes in which Nature, her beauty revealing,
Charms the eye and the soul with the richest of feeling;
And whilst sweet delights o'er our senses are stealing,
Up, maiden—our steps shall be free.

Arise from thy couch, love—the mists are all flying;
The dew from the meadows the warm sun is drying;
The cottager forth to his labour is hieing;
Arise, love, to pleasure and me.
And as over hills and through vallies we're straying,
Our hearts, fond affection's soft dictates obeying,
Around us the health-giving breeze will be playing.
Up, maiden—our steps shall be free.

The cadences of the voice were dying away, the notes of the instrument still vibrated on the ear, as a dapper little man, about two-and-twenty years of age, features not handsome, but with a mild expression; sharp, quick eyes, evincing the varied changes of gratification, penetration, and cunning—suddenly uttered to himself in an under tone,

"Vera good dat—must be pretty vomans to sing so charmingly and play so vell—Carl, Carl, you are von made man;" and mounting the steps in front of the mansion, the words "knock and ring" met his admiring gaze. "An very goot dat too; I sall knock at de bell and ring de door, and ask for — no matter for de name;" and a sonorous appeal to both modes of announcement resounded through the building. In a few seconds a servant answered the summons.

"Pardonnez," said the little man, "Shall mynheer Vebster be at home?"

"Webster, Sir," responded the footman; "there is no Mr. Webster living here."

"Vebster—nein—nein—I do not mean Vebster," remarked the other; "it is de gentilhomme, Mister—Mister"—

"Mr. Lambert resides in this house, Sir," said the footman; as if desirous of helping his memory.

"Brave garcon—dat is it—Lambeart—vot make me tink of Vebster—it is droll," exclaimed the little foreigner. "Vell, ma friend, is Mister Vebster—diable—I mean Mister Lambeart—is he at home?"

"No, Sir; he and his lady have not long gone out in the carriage for a morning drive," replied the servant.

"And Miss Lambeart—am I so fortunate, ma friend," inquired the visitor; "is Miss Lambeart within?"

"She is in the drawing-room, Sir," answered the bowing footman; "what name shall I"—

"Oh, tish no conseqvence for de name," said the little personage, entering the door, and waving his hand for the servant to precede him: who, however, did not stir. "Vell, den, annoncez to Miss Lambeart dat Monsieur Carl Von —— vould be too much proud for kiss her hand."

"Monsieur Carl Von —— I think you said, Sir," repeated the footman.

"Yaw, yaw—oui, oui dat sal be it," returned the foreigner; and the servant, opening the door of a side room, ushered the stranger into it; but to his surprise, on announcing his name to the young lady, he found that Monsieur Carl had closely followed him, and was even then at his elbow. The lady arose from the piano, and curtsied—the foreigner gave one of his best bows as he smilingly advanced.

"I sal ask de pardon of you, Miss," said he, "but de grande passhiong I have for de music must plead my excuse. I am de proffesseur, and de harmony of your voice vos attract me. 'You have no one for present you, Carl,' said I to myself, 'so you must make de introduce for yourself.' Madame, I am delighted."

This was delivered in a tone and manner peculiar to the little man; there was ease, drollery, and an approach to elegance. The young lady, an enthusiast in the concord of sweet sounds, though somewhat surprised at Monsieur Carl's intrusion, yet made allowance for the feelings of a foreigner, unacquainted, probably, with English etiquette; and as he walked up to the instrument, and instantaneously struck off some brilliant passages, she became aware that he was a perfect master. A few complimentary words passed between

them—he sat down to play—and the delicacy of his fingering, the rapidity of his execution, and the strong feeling he occasionally threw in, operated very powerfully in his favour; so that Miss Lambert, no mean proficient herself, was highly gratified; and when Carl took his leave, he received a pressing invitation to call again and be introduced to the master and mistress of the house, which he did not fail to do, and was so well received that he obtained admittance into the best society O——— could afford.

But who was Carl Von ——? He was the son of a travelling Jew, who carried his "boxsh" of jewellery from town to town, selling "parginsh" to the Christians. The father played on the piano extremely well himself, and had composed several little German songs in his own country; but hoping to do more "bishness" with the English, amongst whom he had lived for years, he came over, and with him he brought Carl, whose natural talent very soon developed itself. It was by the means above described that the young man, now starting forth in the world on his own account, gained access to persons of the first respectability; for wherever he heard the notes of a piano, he promptly put his *ruse* into execution; and though he frequently met with repulses, yet they did not deter him from continuing his scheme, and he ultimately became the great favourite of a numerous class of young ladies who had attained the middle of their teens.

Amongst others with whom Carl became acquainted was a young student at the University, who was educating for mother Church, and paying his addresses to the daughter of a Clergyman at one and the same time. The lady was possessed of a handsome property, besides expectations from her father, and the match was considered eligible on both sides.

"Ah my tear friend, you are von happy mans," said Carl one day to this young student. "You too mosh love de lady for you—an I am told she is pretty—vera pretty."

"You shall see her," returned the student gaily. "I will introduce you; but mark me," and he laughed, "none of your attractive smoothness to win her regard; let's have all in rectitude."

"Saar—Saar—de honor of Carl Von —— never yet vos doubted," uttered his companion, laying his hand above his heart, and bending down his head. "I vill not see de lady."

"Oh nonsense, man, I was only in joke," said the student, laughing. "I have too much confidence in Miss —— to suppose she would, for one moment, act discreditably. Come—come—we will go at once."

And go they did—the foreigner displaying all his allurements to the best advantage, and subsequently making repeated visits unaccompanied by his friend, till in the course of a few weeks the lady forgot her promise to her lover, and transferred her affections to the young German. When the student discovered this, he was at first highly incensed, but his indignant feelings aroused his better judgement, and except a castigation to the male offender, he treated the matter with contempt.

The wedding-day was fixed, and all went on blithely between the parties, when one morning Carl received a summons to wait upon his papa, who had just arrived at the Hotel.

In compliance with the promptings of filial respect, he immediately repaired to the place of appointment, and beheld his venerable parent, very shabbily dressed, sitting at a table with his "boxsh" before him, and apparently labouring under deep mental distress.

"Carl, Carl," exclaimed the old man, in mingled tones of grief and bitterness, "Oh Carl, you have broke my heart. Go—go," he commanded, as he waved his hand for his son to depart; "go, Carl—go."

"Vot is it, farder?" inquired the young man with commisseration. "Vot is de matter? You have send for me, and I come directly. Vot have I done?"

"Vot you have done, you ask," returned the parent, manifesting intense grief. "Vot you have done? Oh, Carl, you vill break de old man's heart!"

"I do not know vot you mean, farder," urged the son; "I have alvays been dutiful sons to you."

"Dutiful sons, Carl! Are you not going to turn Christian? Are you not going to marry Christian's lady?" asked the venerable man. "Carl, Carl, vot vill become of you? You forsake de faith of your farders—you abandon your brethren—you throw avay all hopes of future bliss—you"——

"But, my dear farder," urged the young man imploringly, "de lady has de monies—there is a good fortune."

"And vot is de monies—vot is de fortune, Carl, if you lose your precious soul?" feelingly remonstrated the parent. "I am old Jew; you are my son, and you are young Jew. It must not be, Carl; I vill go to de lady of de farder—I mean de farder of de lady—and tell him Carl —— is von Jew; he must not abandon his peoples—he must not marry Christian's voman"—and he arose from his seat to depart.

"Farder, farder, vot vill you do? You vill ruin me; you vill indeed," exclaimed the young man, seizing his parent's arm and

forcibly detaining him. "Vot does it matter vether Jew or Christian, so as dere is de monies?"

"I must go, Carl; I must; my conscience vill not let me shtay," said the old man, struggling to get free. "Think of de ancient leaders of your peoples. Oh, blessed Abrahams, dat my son should so disgrace me! Yes, Carl, I must go—my conscience urges me to do so. I must see de farder of de lady—I vill tell him you are my son, and dat you are Jew—and I vill shtop de marriage"—he turned sharp round, gazed earnestly in the young man's face, as he added "yes, Carl, I must shtop de vedding; unless"—and he paused for a moment, "UNLESS YOU SHETTLE FORTY POUNDS A YEAR UPON ME FOR LIFE!"

The young man's eyes brightened up—a smile played upon his countenance—his hold relaxed as he answered, "Vy, farder, did you tink I could forget you? No, no; I vill make it fifty pounds a year. You may rely upon me, so take your boxsh and go back to London; it shall be done, as soon as I am married."

"You have alvays been dutiful son, Carl," responded the parent, "alvays—alvays—but de bishness is de bishness, and should be done at vonce. So send for your lawyer directly; and as it ish besht to be correct, I vill send for mine, and let de document be drawn up vidout delay."

"Vot! cannot you trust me, farder?" said the son imploringly. "It vill not do to draw up de deed now; it vill make de matter known."

"Yes, Carl, I can trust you; but de bishness is de bishness all de vorld over," replied the parent; and observing his offspring hesitate, he observed, "Vell, vell, I must see de lady's farder; my conscience vill not"—

What more he would have said was cut short by Carl promptly agreeing to the demand. The lawyers were sent for, and whilst the messenger was gone, the dutiful son observed,

"Den ven you get de deed, farder, you vill go back to London again—is it not so?"

"Carl, Carl," remonstrated the other, "vould you send your old farder avay at a time like dis, ven every ting vill be so happy? No, Carl, you vill not do dat; but it ish not proper for me to appear in dese old cloesh; you must send for de tailor, and order de new vons. You vould not introduce your farder to your vife, and de gentlemen of de family, in shabby cloesh, vould you?"

The young man, seeing how useless either remonstrances or resistance would be, shrugged his shoulders and complied at once, hoping that encroachments were at an end; but he was mistaken.

"And now, Carl," said the parent, "you know I am very poor mans—and you vould like your farder to live genteely for your own sake—so I must have von hundred pounds for my expenses—and"—

"Oh farder, dat is too mosh," urged the son, with an angry shake of the head; "I cannot do dat."

"Think of de faith of your farders, Carl," exclaimed the parent. "I am Jew—you are Jew. I must vait upon de lady at vonce—my conscience"—

Carl again stopped him by yielding to the request—the lawyers and tailor performed their parts—the old man got the money—was introduced—and a few days afterwards the young couple were married.

NAVAL GRADATIONS.

ADMIRALS.

THE etymology of the term Admiral appears to be of ancient date, and some writers have endeavoured to show that it is both of Arabian and Greek extraction, united in one word; Amir signifying "Lord," or one in power, and αλος "of the sea." The Venetians, or Genoese, were probably the first to bring it into use in Europe—the Spaniards and Portuguese writing it Almirante, most likely from El Amir-ante; the Italians, Ammiraglio; the French, Amiral; and the English, Admiral. At first the title in this country was indiscriminately used; any chief man at sea, though only a private adventurer, and bearing no commission from the Crown, adopting it to maintain his authority. And even down to the time of Charles the Second, there was but very little clear arrangement of the rank in the Royal Navy, senior officers taking it when holding a chief command. It is true that the distinguishing flags of the three squadrons, Red, White, and Blue, were very early used, and proved extremely serviceable in keeping the ships together under their respective Admirals; but the latter were frequently created on the emergency of the moment, and when that emergency ceased, again retired to their previous station. Sometimes the office of Admiral was filled by a General, or other officer, from the army; and even as late as 1747, promotion to the rank was not by seniority, as the Admiralty selected the Admirals from any part of the list of Captains which they thought proper; and thus junior Captains who were in favour, or possessed sufficient patronage, were placed over the heads of veteran warriors, who

meritted far better treatment. This, however, was not always practised—I mean as far as desert goes; for in a very scarce tract, containing a report of the state of the Navy, by order of the Government, in 1699, made by a person named Gibson, I find, amongst much lucid matter on the subject, the following paragraph:—

"That gentlemen captaines have been in a great part, if not the sole cause of the destruction of our seamen, I further prove, viz.:—A gentleman is put in command of (suppose) a 4th-rate shipp, complement 200 men: he shall bring neere 20 landmen into the shipp, as his footmen, taylor, barber, fidlers, decayed kindred, voluntier gentlemen or acquaintance, as companions, &c. These shall have the accommodation (rating) of a master's mate, midshipman, quarter-master, master trumpeter, coxswaine, &c., and too oft their pay, while others do the duty for that (pay) of an able seaman, or such as deserve it not. Next he covetts to have all the rest of his complement able seamen, to the denying an officer the privilidg of a servant, which custom has given him with a seaman captaine. If he presses masters, master boatswaines, gunners or carpenters of bigg merchant shipps, they shall fare noe better in their accommodation and wages than others before the mast, and be sure he will always have more than his complement. Now all that gentlemen captaines bring aboard with them are of Bishop William's opinion, that 'Providence made man to live ashore, and it is necessity that drives him to sea.' When, on the contrary, a seaman, as soon as hee has the command of a 4th-rate shipp of 200 men, has none belonging to him but such as devout themselves to the sea as to a trade, and by it only, expect to raise their fortunes.

ADMIRALLS.	VICE ADMIRALLS.	REAR ADMIRALLS.
Sir Francis Drake.	Sir William Batten.	Sir Richard Stainer.
Sir John Hawkins.	Sir John Lawson.	Captaine Houlding.
General Deane.	Captaine Badilow.	Captaine Deacons.
Col. Raineborough.	Sir Thos. Tiddeman.	Captaine Sansum.
Sir John Narborough.	Captaine Peacock.	
Sir William Penn.	Captaine Goodson.	
	Sir Christopher Mings.	
	Sir John Harman.	
	Sir John Berry.	

All these came to deserved honour from having been cabbin boys. Sir Cloudesley Shovel had the same beginning."

Here we find Admirals, Generals, Colonels, and Captains, mingled promiscuously together, under various distinctive grades, but certainly not all living at the same time: and it is a further proof

that talent and merit did make their way, whatever obstructions intervened. Another anomaly in the service was the alterations which were frequently made in rank; a Vice Admiral of one day being a Rear Admiral the next, provided an officer older than himself joined the fleet. About the year 1748 promotion to flags became more regularly arranged, in consequence of old officers complaining of gentlemen juniors being placed over their heads.

The gradations under the Lord High Admiral were—Admiral of England; Vice Admiral of England; Rear Admiral of England; and these were privileged to carry the Union Jack—the first at the main; the second at the fore; and the third at the mizon. The next were Admirals of the Red; but in 1707, when the legislative union with Scotland took place, the red flag at the main was discontinued, as well as the list of Admirals attached to it, but from what cause has never been clearly ascertained. A ridiculous story was spread abroad, that it had been taken possession of or stolen by the Dutch Admiral, Van Tromp, whilst in the English Channel, during the reign of Charles, but there is not the slightest foundation for this, as Sir G. Rooke carried it in 1703; and the probability is, that the Union Jack was intended to supersede it; but why the covetted distinction of Full Admiral of the Red should be laid aside, is as yet unexplained. This rank was reinstated by an order which appeared in the Gazette, dated

"Admiralty Office, Nov. 9, 1805.

"His Majesty having been pleased to order the rank of Admirals of the Red to be restored to his Majesty's Navy, the following flag Officers were this day promoted, in pursuance of the King's pleasure, viz.:—

"*Admirals of the White, to be Admirals of the Red.*

"Robert Roddam, Esq.; Nicholas Vincent, Esq.; Robert Digby, Esq.; Right Honourable Alexander Viscount Bridport, K.B.; Sir Chaloner Ogle, Knight; Right Hon. Samuel Viscount Hood; Sir Richard Hughes, Bart.; John Elliott, Esq.; Right Hon. William Lord Hotham; Right Hon. Charles Lord Barham; Sir Richard King, Bart.; The Right Hon. Earl St. Vincent, K.B.; Phillips Cosby, Esq.; Samuel Cornish, Esq.; John Brisbane, Esq.; Charles Wolseley, Esq.; His Royal Highness William Henry, Duke of Clarence; Sir Richard Onslow, Bart; Sir Robert Kingsmill, Bart.; Sir Hyde Parker, Bart.; Benjamin Caldwell, Esq.; Hon. William Cornwallis."

Next in rank to Admirals of the Red are Admirals of the White, and next to these Admirals of the Blue; then come, in succession, Vice Admirals of the Red, Vice Admirals of the White, and Vice Admirals of the Blue; and junior to these, in progressive descent, are Rear Admirals of the Red, Rear Admirals of the White, and

Rear Admirals of the Blue. So that in the ordinary rules of promotion from Post Captain, an Officer has to ascend through the various flags of Rear Admiral; first blue, then white, and lastly red. His next grade is to Vice Admiral of the Blue; and he again ascends to the same rank through the white and red, till from Vice Admiral of the latter he becomes a full Admiral of the Blue, then the White, and at last attains the full honours of the Red. It is not absolutely necessary for an Officer to serve in every one of the above grades, as sometimes in large promotions an intermediate rank is passed over; for instance, Officers have frequently been advanced from Rear Admirals of the White to be Vice Admirals of the Blue, and the same has occurred with respect to other flags.

A full Admiral carries his flag at the main; a Vice Admiral at the fore, and a Rear Admiral at the mizon; and when in boats, it is hoisted on a staff in the bows—the Admiral such as he always displays; the Vice Admiral with one ball in the upper canton; a Rear Admiral with two balls in the upper canton.

Assimilated uniforms in accordance with rank were not worn till about the period of the war with revolutionary France; every Officer dressing himself as suited his own taste or ability. Smollett's description of Lieutenant Bowling may be taken as a sample of the rough school of Officers; and portraits of the Admirals of past times represent them variously clad, and their dresses differently embroidered, as may be seen at any time in the Greenwich gallery, from the proof-steel breastplate to the beautifully wrought gold decorations. It is related of Sir William Burnaby (who died a Vice Admiral of the White in 1776), that in August, 1741, he was promoted to the command of the Thunder bomb-ketch, and soon afterwards sailed for the West Indies, to put himself under the orders of Admiral Vernon. Nature had never formed two greater opposites in manners and habits than the veteran Chief and the young Commander; for whilst the former was extremely negligent in his dress, even to a degree of slovenliness that was indecorous in any one, particularly a Commander-in-Chief, the latter prided himself greatly on his exterior appearance, and generally endeavoured to be the best-dressed man, in whatever company he visited. On his arrival in Jamaica, Captain Burnaby equipped himself in a gorgeous suit of silk and velvet, richly embroidered with gold lace, for the purpose of waiting on the Admiral. In due course he was announced, and entered the Audience-room, where Vernon was sitting, very coarsely attired. The Admiral arose from his escrutoire, gave the visitor a look of strange meaning, and seemed to be much embarrassed; he then

hurried into an inner apartment, and having awkwardly put on a wig, of no small dimensions, which he used on ceremonious occasions, he returned, and advanced towards Burnaby, with great gravity requesting to know "his commands."

The young Captain, with great politeness, though with too much of the air of a *petit matre,* replied, "I have the honour to command his Britannic Majesty's Ketch that has just arrived from England."

"Oh, is that all!" returned the Admiral, whose countenance immediately assumed a ludicrous expression—"Gad so, Sir! I really took you for a dancing-master."

This anecdote serves to show, that at the date mentioned, a settled uniform was unknown in the service. When the Admirals first assumed a dress of fixed character I have not been able to ascertain with correctness; in fact, they appear to have had no distinguishing uniform whatever till just previous to the peace of Aix la Chapelle, in 1748, and tradition gives the following origin:—

A club of sea veterans were accustomed to hold annual meetings, for mutual advantage, and at one of these gatherings they passed a resolution, "That a uniform dress is useful and necessary to distinguish Commissioned Officers, agreeably to the practice of other nations."

Admiral Forbes was directed to wait upon the Duke of Bedford, then First Lord of the Admiralty, to make the proper representations and requests. The Duke granted him an interview, and not only listened with great complacency, but also inquired "what the Admiral would consider the most appropriate dress?" The gallant Forbes replied, that "he thought blue, with scarlet facings, and the anchor button, would be most suitable," and his Grace promised to take his Majesty's pleasure on the subject. A few days afterwards Admiral Forbes received a summons from the First Lord, and on waiting on him was informed that "the King himself had determined that the uniform should be blue, with white facings; for," said the Duke, "his Majesty saw my Duchess riding through the Park this morning, in a habit of blue, faced with white, which so took his fancy that he has ordered it to be established as the uniform of the Navy."

How far this story is fabulous or true I am unable to determine, but certainly the dress, from that period, came to be worn by the senior Officers, though still not clearly defined, as the broad gold lace does not appear to have come into use till many years subsequent. The white facings, however, were generally worn by Commissioned Officers till the reign of William the Fourth: who, contrary to the feelings of every naval man, changed them to scarlet.

Our gracious Queen, by order from the Admiralty, dated June 30th, 1843, has once more restored the white, according to the regulations subjoined.

Epaulettes, though adopted by other countries, I believe were not worn in the English Navy till after 1794. In the beautiful historical painting by H. P. Briggs, R.A., which adorns the Greenwich Gallery, representing the presentation, by George the Third, of a sword to Earl Howe, after the 1st of June, Lord Bridport, Lord Gardner, and other Admirals are present, but not one of them have epaulettes on their shoulders. Lord Hugh Seymour is stated to be the first who mounted these decorations. A veteran Commander has told me that he never saw an epaulette in the service till 1795, and then it was on the right shoulder of Captain Harvey, of the Prince of Wales; the son of the brave Captain John Harvey, who fell on the 1st of June.

The following is the dress of Admirals, as now regulated by the order above mentioned. After directing the white facings to be substituted for the scarlet, it proceeds—

"*Admiral of the Fleet.*—Coats. To have, in addition to the present lace, four rows of five-eighths inch lace round the sleeve, above the cuff, at such distance from each other as to place them within the length of the slash; and one and a quarter inch lace along the bottom of the lapel, and down the front and back edges of the skirt."

It then gives the dimensions of the cocked-hat, which reminds us of a story told of the eccentric Sir John P——. At one time in the Navy the cocked-hat was of a monstrous size, and it then dwindled down to one ridiculously small. This gave rise to an order regulating the shape and quantity of beaver to be worn by all, without distinction; an order both silly and vexatious, as a stout-made tall man would require something more than a mere pigmy, who would find himself nearly extinguished by the regulation. Captain P—— was fitting out a frigate at Plymouth, and though he laughed at the order, yet still he complied with its injunctions, and waited upon the Port Admiral in his new uniform, all arranged scrupulously exact. The Admiral gazed at him with mixed admiration and surprise, and observing that the dress was perfect in every part, inquired whether Sir John had read the order relative to the cocked-hat?

"Oh, most certainly, Admiral," answered the humorist, "I constantly carry it in my pocket; so important a document is not to be trifled with. I believe, Sir, you cannot detect any fault in my costume."

"Except your hat, Sir John," uttered the Admiral.

"My hat, Admiral," returned the other. "Upon that point, Sir, I am most certainly faultless; it is correct in every part, as I will immediately show you;" and pulling out a little ivory rule, he identified the measurement to be in accordance with the Board order.

"But the colour, Sir John; the colour," exclaimed the Admiral. "Surely"—

"Oh pardon me there, Admiral," answered the Captain, putting on his fore-and-after. "The regulations say not one word about the colour; and as I expect to be ordered to the West Indies, I prefer wearing a white to a black cocked-hat."

But to proceed. The dress of an Admiral, a Vice Admiral, and a Rear Admiral, is to be exactly like that of the Admiral of the Fleet, except that the first is to have but three rows of gold lace round the sleeve; the second two rows; and the third only one row.

SWEET KATE OF ARNO VALE.

Let Courtiers sigh for beauties high,
Who flaunt in rich brocade!
No borrowed charms my bosom warms,
I love a country maid.
The bloom that glows upon her cheeks
Might make the Rose look pale,
But richer charms adorn the mind
Of Kate of Arno Vale.

Her modest smile, and gentle mien,
Serenest joys impart;
And every look, and word, display
Her pure and loving heart.
Her mother's eyes with rapture beam
Where Love and Hope prevail,
Because she knows that Truth adorns
Sweet Kate of Arno Vale.

The Cot in which my fathers dwelt,
With rural plenty stored,
Will soon possess whate'er I wish,
When Kate adorns my board.
Her gentle voice to me will sound
Like music on the gale;
And oh! what bliss, her lips to kiss—
Sweet Kate of Arno Vale.

S. M.

THE OLD SAILOR'S

NOVEMBER.

Now dark, and dull, and damp, and drear,
November rules the changeful year.
Huge murky clouds roll round his head,
And mists along his visage spread;
With drizzly locks, and features blue,
The churl his dismal task goes through,
As if he felt a grim delight
To clip the day and lengthen night.

Poor Nature shrinks beneath his power,
And folds in fear each fragile flower,
Shuts up each bud within her breast,
And hushes all her babes to rest:
For well she knows his surly tones
When 'neath his roar the forest groans,
And sullen winds in anguish howl,
Or like tormenting furies growl.

Lo! at his damp, unhealthy tread,
The latest charm of earth is fled;
O'er field or meadow should he pass,
His cold foot withers all the grass;
The peaceful streams and gentle brooks
Now foam and swell with threatening looks,
And sea and land, and earth and sky,
Are blurred beneath his blighting eye.

But though November's dreary reign
Destroys the beauties of the plain,
Shuts in his cell the gloomy bee,
And tears the last leaf from the tree;

Gives scarcely light to form a day,
And clogs the traveller's miry way:—
Yet still within our hearts may rise
A light to gild the murky skies.

For let affection warm the breast,
Or friendship set the soul at rest;
Let Wit diffuse his sparkling ray,
And Humour clothe the soul with May;
Or Love its genial warmth impart,
And shed a sunshine o'er the heart;
Then, if our outward sky be drear,
The light within our breasts is clear.

But not alone, in social joy,
Should man his short-lived hours employ:
While trembling sad before his gate,
The shivering, homeless beggars wait,
Like Heaven in bounty let him give,
And smile to bid the dying live,
That thus November's murky day
May shine on dreary hearts like May.

S. M.

HARRY PAULET.

CHAPTER III.

"Nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones."

* * * * * * *

"How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death."

SHAKSPEARE.

YEARS progressed, and young Harry progressed with them; whilst old Jack, his father, continued to enjoy his accustomed station at the hatch, where listeners would gather round of an evening to hear him tell his tales of perils on the ocean and wonders on the land. He would talk of old Benbow and his deeds of renown, till the audience learned to venerate the name of the brave veteran who had so nobly shed his life's-blood for his country, and to execrate the characters of those cowards who had so basely deserted him when engaging the enemy. But his favourite subject was the one already mentioned—the defeat and destruction of the French fleet off Cape la Hogue.

It must be admitted, however, that old Jack was by no means deficient in his dealings with the marvellous—in fact, he had (according to his own statements) witnessed the most strange and out-of-the-way spectacles and occurrences; which, in relating, he took good care should be in relative accordance with the capacities he had to address—for instance, he declared that he had seen mountains of sugar, whose bases were laved by rivers of rum, and adjacent were volcanoes that poured boiling water into the spirituous stream, so as to afford a constant supply of ready-made grog—he had seen fishes fly like birds, that perched upon the rattlins—he had beheld beasts swimming in the briny deep; and, to add weight to his assertion, he would insist upon it they were covered with scales. But the prettiest sight of all, and which he described in true poetical language, was that in which he had for hours watched the mermen and mermaids, under the bright light of the moon, dancing upon the surface of the waves to the music of the winds; and he would tell of their misty evolutions through a four-handed reel, as rising erect above the swell of the billow their piscatory tails gracefully swept the bosom of the dark blue waters—he once or twice went so far as to narrate the manner in which, on a particular cruise, far distant from the land, they fell in with a parish church that had drifted out to sea, the congregation knowing nothing of the matter till the ship's jib-boom ran foul of the steeple. These, and numerous other strange adventures, were veritably believed by his hearers, whether they assembled at the Halfpenny Hatch, or at the public-house on the banks of the river, or at the sign of the Crown, in Pedlar's Acre, which was more adjacent to his own domicile.

Under such a sire it can be no matter of surprise that young Harry imbibed much of the ardent and enthusiastic spirit of his father; and as his years increased, the stronger grew his desire to visit foreign climes, and to fight the enemies of his country. His mother endeavoured, as well as she was able, to instruct him in the rudiments of learning; and honest John, though but a poor scholar, lent his best assistance to advance the views of his wife, who, however, was not insensible to the over-indulgence the veteran lavished upon the boy, and the delight which the latter took in perpetrating many a piece of petty mischief of his father's planning. But it was chiefly to the casual visits of James Trueman that Harry was indebted for any thing like real knowledge, for he would teach his young mind to cherish a veneration for truth, whilst he imparted to him that information which is so engaging to youth in their eager search after novelty. Sometimes he would take the lad with him to

the Abbey of Westminster, where he would descant, in eloquent and impressive language, on the merits and demerits of those whose remains were mouldering into dust beneath the gorgeous monuments which affection or a nation's gratitude had reared. At the tombs, and in the chapels of the Kings, he would open an interesting detail of English history during the period in which they reigned. This was, in a great measure, practical instruction, and did not fail to leave an indelible impression on the mind of his ready and attentive pupil. More than once or twice he took the boy to the Law Courts, and explained their nature and jurisdiction; and occasionally the lad accompanied his kind mentor to the lobbies of the Houses of Parliament, where Trueman pointed out to him the great statesmen of their day, both Peers and Commoners, for he seemed to know them all both in character and person.

Grateful as old John was for these good offices, yet he would occasionally shake his head, and express a belief that "in regard of edecation, he thought it warn't altogether ship-shape to stow a cargo in the boy's fore hold that he'd hardly be able to carry with his light heels; and he'd no notion of bringing a craft so much down by the head."

Still, whatever views James Trueman had with regard to young Harry, he seldom interfered in his manual avocations; and as the lad was now of an age to start on his career for life, a council was held as to the most eligible mode of promoting his future welfare. The wealthy pack-man argued in favour of the sea, and this suited the wishes of the boy himself; his father, too, inclining to old feelings and old remembrances, earnestly desired to see his son a seaman in the Royal Service; but Mrs. Paulet could not endure the thoughts of parting with her only child, and as Will Buntline had offered to take the lad as an apprentice, it was finally settled that he should be indentured to the sturdy waterman, who for straightforward dealing and unblemished character was not to be surpassed. Harry consented to the arrangement, and the trim-built wherry was soon skilfully propelled by his youthful exertions.

Old John continued to enjoy himself very comfortably, but he was not the man to save up money, so as to be enabled to bequeath something to those he should leave behind when death removed him from this sublunary world; in fact, his inveterate thirst (from having, as he said, been so many years pickled in salt water) progressively increased, and as advancing age dried up the current of his blood, he insisted upon there being a greater necessity for applying constant moisture to his clay, for the purpose of keeping it sticking

together. It was in vain Mrs. Paulet scolded, remonstrated, or used entreaties—Will Buntline's earnest persuasions failed in effecting an alteration—nor could James Trueman's advice produce any better consequences—old Jack adhered to his practice on philosophical principles, and went on drinking till he had soaked himself into a dropsy—became a waste butt, and was so frequently tapped that it was evident nothing could save him from his bier—in fact, after riding it out during several heavy swells, his anchors would no longer hold, and he began to drive for another world. As his end approached he was fully sensible of the change that was coming over him, but he felt he had unflinchingly done his duty, as a seaman, to his King and country, and acted honestly and uprightly in all his dealings with his fellow-creatures, so he concluded that all other considerations were but of a minor nature, and his offences would meet with pardon from that benign, yet eternal power, whose voice he had heard in the raging tempest, and whose foot-steps he had watched upon the dark waters.

His friends were gathered round his hammock, awaiting the moment when the fine old seaman should be numbered amongst the clods of the valley—the wife mingling together endearing recollections of his past kindnesses, and reproaches to her own heart for ever having caused him pain—the boy, fully sensible that he was about to be bereaved of his father, but in the elasticity of his mind incapable of forming any just or correct idea as to what death really was—Will Buntline stood like a brave seaman at his gun when his messmate falls by his side; he was fully prepared, should the next shot strike himself—James Trueman held the hand of the departing mariner within his own; it was a pledge, a solemn pledge to the dying man, that protection would be afforded to his wife and child.

"Molly," said he, turning his filmy eyes towards his weeping partner, "Molly, I am outward bound, my precious—I feel I am—but don't go for to take in a cargo of grief in bulk in that manner, Molly—we must all come at last to—to the end of our mortal cruise; and here lie I, John Paulet, though now hove down for a full due, yet, Molly, in the dark nights, when the stars of Heaven couldn't pierce through the gloom—and the howling gales have blowed their fiercest fury in my face—when the red forked lightning has almost blinded me, and the pealing thunder has roared close to my ears, have I been swinging to and fro upon the topsail yard—death grinning in my teeth, and a yawning grave opening beneath me. Molly, I feared nothing then, for I had always done and was still doing my duty. And shall I shrink now that I feel that the enemy has grap-

pled me, and know full well that I must strike to him? No, Mrs. Paulet—no—you have seen me weathering upon the breezes of life—you shall see how calmly I will surrender to my conqueror. And who can justly throw reproach upon my name—except in regard of the small matter of a drop of grog, which I take to be as nat'ral to a seaman as the current of blood which ebbs and flows in his heart. Molly, your husband has been true to his colours—true to his King"—he cast a sidelong glance at Trueman; who, however, was too feelingly alive to the occasion to manifest any outward signs of assent or dissent—"true to his country—true to his friend, and true to his wife and child—for the rest I trust to the mercy of that GREAT BEING whose sarching eye has overhauled every thing as was ever logged down in my heart—he made me a man—kept me honest and upright in my proper rating—and as the man he made me, so will I stand before him when I'm mustered"—the veteran closed his eyes, and for a few minutes seemed absorbed in reflections on the past or anticipations of the future. He laid so still and motionless, that Mrs. Paulet thought his spirit had departed; and catching his hand, she sobbed forth,

"John—John—my husband—my best and dearest friend—kind and indulgent have you been to me, and now I must lose you for ever!"

"No, my precious; not for ever," uttered the seaman as he slowly unclosed his eyes—"wheresomever I may be ordered to bring up in another world, there I hopes that some day you and the boy will be moored alongside of me"—he turned his look to Buntline—"Bill, you, I know, will act all fair and square by Harry, whom I have edecated to behave his-self and larn obedience to command. Friend Trueman, be kind to 'em both, for the sake of an old friend who will soon be stowed away under hatches. As for you, Harry, the thoughts of leaving you is like clapping luff upon luff to bowse my heart out of me. But be a good lad; hould fast by your mother, and do your duty to your King and country. What little property I have, Molly, is yourn, as in good right it ought to be. I got it honestly—I give it freely—saving and excepting the articles in the glass case as stands again the wall—fetch it here, Harry."

The lad promptly complied with the request, and during his short absence the dying veteran remained tranquil and said nothing. When the case was put into his hands, and he saw the call he had so proudly worn upon state occasions, it appeared to arouse old and pleasing reminiscences that revived the decaying vigour of his frame; and as the winds of heaven sweep over expiring embers, producing a

vivid brightness and a lucid flame, so were the eyes of the veteran lighted up with unusual brilliancy as the breath of thought refreshed his memory with scenes of past achievements in gaining triumphant glory.

"This call, Harry," said he, removing it from the case, "was the gift of Admiral Sir George Rooke, when we captured Gibraltar, in seventeen hundred and four—the chain I received from friend Trueman, who I hope you will look up to as a father when I am dead and gone. It was in the height of summer, Harry—bright and beautiful summer, as we stood into the Bay—every man at his gun, and the dark rock frowning above us like a thunder-cloud lifting from the horizon. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when, being coxswain of the Admiral's barge, I landed about two mile from the town, and we marched on and took a battery of eight guns—there warn't much of fighting done—nothing like Cape la Hogue, or at Malaga, for the town surrendered, and I took Sir George ashore at the Mole, where a carriage was to be waiting for him, in regard of the gout not allowing his honour to walk; but as we got to the place before the appointed time, there was no carriage to be seen, so the Admiral remained upon the cushions in the barge. It was drawing on for twilight, and there was a good many Spaniards lurking about, with devilry in their eyes and mischief in their hearts; and it so happened, Harry, that my love for the Admiral made me more quick-sighted than ordinary, for I saw a fellow at some considerable distance pointing his musket at Sir George. It would have been impossible to have got near him to prevent his firing, the danger was so momentary, and in consequence I made but one jump out of the box and covered the Admiral with my body, just as the wagabon of a Spaniard pulled the trigger; the ball whistled, and came with a thud right in a midships, and I felt a strange tingling in my arm, which made me think he'd put in a double charge of shot; at all events I supposed myself mortally wounded, though I never said nothing."

"'My brave fellow,' says the Admiral, who was up to the move in an instant, 'you have saved my life; for that ball must have been fatal'—

"'In all due deference to your honour,' says I, 'it strikes me there's a brace of 'em—one in my body—though I can't say as I feel much of it—and another in my arm—but that's neither here nor there, seeing as your honour mustn't be backing and filling like a hog in a squall, after this no man's sort of a fashion. Them fellows means mischief, and they'll be poking the shooting-stick at you

again. So if I may be so bould as to advise your honour, it will be to get ashore as quick as possible; for though I knows your honour would be the last to shrug your shoulders in fair fight, where you can get a slap at the enemy again, yet I sees no fun in being knocked off the perch in'—

"'You are right, Paulet,' says he, for he knowed me well enough. 'Assist me to land—they shall pay dearly for this treachery.'

"'He's got it, your honour,' says I, as I saw the Spaniard who fired roll down from the rock into the water, and heard the report of a musket on the shore. 'He's lost the number of his mess, any how; the lads are keeping a sharp look-out, and that genelman has got his evening bath for nothing.'

"Just then the carriage was hailed, and so the Admiral landed and took me with him, expecting every minute to be my last, but proud that I had saved my Commander. The first surgeon he could catch had me hove down for examination; and after stripping ship, and overhauling me from stem to starn, the doctor swore the only wound I'd got was in my arm, where he outs knife and cuts away, and drags down with his forceups this here bullet, flattened ezactly as you now see it; and then I found that the ball had struck again the pummel of my pistol, so as to drive it with great force again my back, but glanced off into my arm—it was for this, Harry, that Sir George, in the presence of the ship's company, gave me that call, which I now entrust to you. The gowld cross"—an ashy paleness overspread his haggard features, and he sunk back for a minute or two utterly exhausted.

"You are wearing yourself out, friend Paulet," said James Trueman. "Rest—rest awhile—a little brandy, my good dame—here, John, it will revive you."

John took the stimulant, moistened his lips, and with great difficulty succeeded in swallowing a little; he then feebly continued, "The gowld cross—but avast, avast, I haven't time to tell you—they're yours, Harry—yours, my boy—never abandon your mother—re-member that—sew me up in my hammock—this—this hammock—I cannot have an ocean grave—oh! that I could behold the sea once more, and the sun dancing its bright rays on the white comb of the blue wave. Your hand, Harry"—the weeping lad did as he was requested. "Love and cherish your mother."

"Indeed—indeed, father, I will never leave her," uttered the boy, and kissed the clammy hand he held; "I will be a good and dutiful son to her."

"I know—I know it, my child," said the dying man. "I take

your pledge, Harry, and may the God of the widow and the orphan bless you. Strap on my wooden pin when I am gone; I—I wouldn't like to enter the presence of the Deity with ownly one leg. My call, Harry—the call—hand it here—here, my son. Molly, you—you have been a good wife to—to me; so don't grieve."

"Oh John, John, what shall I do without you—you, who were the solace of my days?" said the truly afflicted woman.

"Take—take care of the—of the boy, my precious;" uttered the departing veteran, as his fading sight rested on the bright silver call which Harry had given to him—he pressed it to his lips—a faint smile lighted up his face as he tried to wind it—he seemed to be mustering all his latent energy—a shrill sound rang through the apartment—an hysterical, but low laugh, followed it—again the chirp was heard—it was his last breath that raised it—the glittering instrument fell heavily in his hand, and John Paulet was a corpse. It was thus that the veteran resigned existence and the Halfpenny Hatch together. His wishes and requests were strictly complied with, and

"In his white hammock shrouded,"

his mortal remains were enclosed in an oaken coffin, and consigned to the dark home to which all are hastening. The funeral was attended by every one in the locality who knew him—wharfingers, coal-heavers, watermen, and many a pensioner from Greenwich, followed in procession—not a soul of the neighbourhood but was ready to pay a last tribute to his worth.

After the decease of her husband, the widow still continued to keep the hatch; her cottage was always beautifully neat and clean, and with Harry's earnings, and what she could pick up herself, contrived to make out a decent maintenance, so that the youth enjoyed a pleasant and comfortable home; and though his longings grew more and more intense to

"Launch upon the ocean wave,
And battle with the foe,"

yet having promised to remain and be a protector to his mother, he strove to subdue them, and appear contented. But this was a very difficult task, for there was a spirit of enterprise in the lad that was constantly prompting him to push out into the busy world, so as to gain an enlarged knowledge of mankind; and this was mingled with ambitious aspirings to elevate himself from the humble condition of a waterman, to fame, and rank, and opulence. How this was to be effected seldom entered into his consideration; the end, but

not the means of attaining it, was ever present to his imagination; it made him impatient of restraint, but he nevertheless determined to fulfil the engagement he had entered into with his dying father, in which he was the more fixed by the mild remonstrances and unremitting kindness of his widowed mother. At the age of eighteen Harry was a neat, dapper little waterman, singularly handsome in features, and though rather diminutive in stature, yet his limbs were well set, and his muscular development manifested a strength that was capable of enduring great fatigue. Pleasant, affable, and good-humoured, he was not only highly esteemed by his compeers, but his cheerful manners, ready attention, and light-hearted smile, rendered him a great favourite with the citizens' wives and daughters, who frequently hired his boat for an excursion on the Thames, in order to while away an hour with the handsome young waterman.

ANNE OF MUNSTER.

CHAPTER V.

(With an Illustration.)

It was not until after the sun had risen, and was throwing his sickly beams across the water, that the host of the Pontoon permitted his door to be opened. For several hours the silence of the night had been quite undisturbed, and no trace remained of the desperadoes, yet the cautious host refused to incur the slightest hazard, not knowing but an ambuscade might be ready to surprise him. When the broad daylight, however, gave assurance of safety, he flung open the door, and taking his gun in his hand, he proceeded to examine the scene of the night's encounter. The door was found sadly hacked and shaken; the walls were broken in several places, and the roof was pulled up and torn, where a half-burnt torch yet lay upon it. Our fears had by no means magnified the violence of the attack, for in every part the most convincing proofs remained of their excessive desperation, and it appeared half miraculous that we had escaped the dangers of this deadly assault.

But the most remarkable circumstance connected with this strange transaction, was the total absence of the bodies that must have been either slain outright or very desperately wounded. Here and there were several pools of blood, but with this exception there was no trace of the mischief that had been done. The nature of the situation

might partly account for this, as the solid rock which formed the road led directly from the door of the Pontoon to the very border of the lake, and of course precluded the possibility of tracing the footsteps of the assailants. A natural suggestion arose in our minds, that the wounded had been cast into the lake, and their bodies hidden from view, but on examining the edge of the rock we could discover nothing that would lead to such a conclusion. On the contrary, so far as we could judge, the bodies appeared to be all carefully carried away, as there were spots of blood leading off in several directions, more or less faint as the condition of the wounded might vary. We followed these ominous landmarks for many yards, but they all ended in obscurity, growing fainter and fainter until they were altogether lost. One only presented a different appearance, and this, after becoming faint like the others, led to a spot where a large mass of gore was clotting in the sun; beyond which, however, not a single drop had fallen, and there was nothing to indicate the path they had taken.

"By dad, yer honour," exclaimed the host, as we stood looking on the unsightly mass, "but this fellow was alive, any how."

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"Faith, then," he replied readily, "the deaduns don't bleed in this way. All the rest have got their gruel, divil burn them, but this cock may crow again, if the gallows don't tache him manners."

This distinction of my sharp-witted host struck me as extremely probable, and in all likelihood the villains had rested here to bandage the wounds of their companion, and thus prevent the possibility of discovering their route to some place of concealment. The dead bodies could be secreted more easily than a living man, and to guard against detection must now be an object of paramount importance, and we therefore concluded that all the others had been killed, and one only of those who were shot had been carried away with life yet lingering in his veins.

"If we could find the wounded man," I said, as we came to this conclusion, "perhaps he might tell us the meaning of this strange story."

"We *can* find him," replied the landlord, "but in a place where it would not be safe to meet him."

"Why so?" I asked; "he cannot be very dangerous just now."

"Himself is a little tamed, may be," replied the host, "but the divil has many imps."

"Then you think there is a numerous gang of these robbers," I asked; anxious to obtain more information than the host seemed willing to give.

"Myself cannot tell," he replied; "but the dead and the wounded could not carry themselves, and yer honour sees they are gone."

"That is very true," I answered; "but can we not get assistance sufficient to root out this nest of villains?"

"If you catch them asleep," said mine host, "but that won't be to-day, any how."

By this time we had returned half way back to the Pontoon, and I was busily ruminating over the events of the last night, when my eyes were attracted to an object on the water, which I at once recognised as the female in the boat, who had caused such terror in the mind of my host. Fearful of exciting any unpleasant feelings, and at the same time extremely anxious to learn something concerning this strange appearance, I avoided saying any thing that could excite suspicion, and kept my eye steadily fixed on the distant object. The boat appeared of the slightest and most delicate texture, and scarcely large enough to bear the burden with which it was freighted; though this, to judge from appearance, was light enough, as the figure was exceedingly small, and as delicate as the morning mist. She wore a white veil of transparent gauze over her head, and whether any illusion was produced by this I could not tell, but her whole figure seemed to be transparent, and I could observe no shadow on the water either from her or the boat. The thing that struck me with most surprise was, how to account for the movements she made, as there was neither sail nor oar, and yet the little vessel glided over the water as if impelled solely by the will of its mysterious inmate.

"This is strange—passing strange"—I said involuntary, after gazing some time; "what, in the name of wonder, can it be?"

"Oh, musha thin! the saints be merciful," cried the host, dropping on his knees with great symptoms of terror, and repeating his prayers with extreme devotion.

"Who or what is she," I asked earnestly, "that can so frighten a brave man like you?"

"Och hone, och hone, and what'll I do? what'll I do?" he replied dolefully; and no entreaties of mine would induce him to look in the direction of the water.

Finding there was no obtaining any information from this quarter, I turned again to watch this wonderful vision, but there was nothing to be seen—the lake had not a speck on its broad bosom—there was no trace of living thing in sight. "Can it be possible?" I cried. "She was there but this minute, and there is nothing to shelter her; where is she gone?"

"Ax no questions," said the landlord, solemnly, "if it's after living

you'd be. Come," he continued, laying hold of my arm, "Nora will be wondering where we are, and the praties are ready."

With these words he hurried me along at a great rate, his mind evidently labouring under some heavy impression; the more heavy, perhaps, because he felt a necessity for being silent on the very subject about which it was most natural to talk. For my own part, the singular appearance, and the more singular disappearance of this strange being, fully occupied my thoughts, and made me the more disposed to follow his injunctions of silence, and we therefore walked on together, each busied with his own thoughts, until we came to the battered door of the Pontoon Hotel.

On entering this rude, yet friendly dwelling, we found the good wife busied in active preparations for the morning meal. These were of a most simple character, as the only article she had to cook was the universal and everlasting potatoe; accompanied, however, on this occasion, by some small fish, which had evidently been recently caught, and probably out of the lake, which lay within thirty or forty yards of the door.

"Your honour's in luck this mornin," said the landlord, snuffing up the scent of the broiling fish, which was hissing and sputtering on the red-hot turf; "but where is Shamus?" he asked, looking round and not observing that individual, who was lying down beyond his dead horse and bemoaning his unlucky loss. "Is it there you are," he cried as he discovered him. "Up man, and don't be making a baste o' yerself. Sure the horse is dead, and all the water in the say won't revive him, let alone the small drhop of brine ye can pump up with moaning."

"Och, thin," said Shamus, lifting himself up and resting his chin on the dead animal, "it's my own self that knows the loss of him. Have I not known him by night and by day for years? and did we ever spake cross to each other? Sure it's himself 'ud tell ye, if he could open his mouth, how kindly I've traited him; and didn't the cratur desarve it? for he did what I axed him, and niver murmured. Och, hone! och, hone! what 'll I do? what 'll I do? I'm ruined and murthered intirely—and Cathleen herself was so fond of him."

"You forget," I said, coming closer to him, "that I promised you two in his place."

"Divil a bit," he cried, jumping up hastily; "it's myself remimbers it very well, and it's mighty obliged I am to your honour's goodness; but sure you would n't forbid a single tear for an ould friend, and just as ye part wid him for ever?"

"By no means," I replied; "it does honour to yourself as well as

the beast; and if you could part with an old servant without regret, I should think you did not deserve another."

"Och, lave Shamus alone for that," interposed the host; "it's many a day I've known him, and a kinder lad niver came to the Pontoon."

"Whist, Feargus," replied Shamus; "would you be after bothering me intirely?"

"Did I not understand you in the night," I asked, "that the loss of your horse was likely to defer your wedding?"

"It's thrue, yer honour, I said so," replied Shamus, "and it's thrue it will be so."

"Then you have a sweetheart, Shamus," I said.

"It's myself is proud of the same," he answered.

"And yet she won't have you without your horse," I continued.

"God forgive yer honour for slandering her," he answered; "it's herself would take me wid nothing."

"Then how is the loss of your horse," I asked, "likely to put off your marriage?"

"Oh then, it's not herself would put it off at all; but an ould uncle of hers, that has brought her up from a child, won't let me have her till I've two pigs, a cow, and a horse of my own. And sure it's myself has got the pigs, and the horse was earning the money to get the cow, and we'd fixed on the spot for a bit cabin; and the Missthress, heaven bless her, had promised the land, and Miss Ann herself said she'd furnish the cabin; and sure yer honour won't take offince when I ax you to remimber yer promise."

"So far from that, Shamus," I replied, "I shall be very glad to buy you a cow in addition, and thus make a man of you at once."

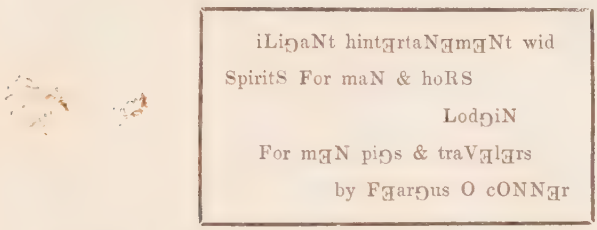
"Heaven bless yer honour's worship's goodness," said the poor fellow, greatly affected; "it's myself wants words to thank you."

"Never mind the thanks, Shamus," I replied; "you know I owe my life to you, so I shall still be in your debt."

"Bear a hand with the baste, Shamus," cried the landlord, "and let us take away the dead to make room for the living." So saying, he seized the head of the horse, and Shamus and myself each taking a leg, we dragged the unfortunate animal outside the house, and left him stretched on the borders of the lake.

On returning again to the house, I was struck with the odd appearance of a rude board at the corner, which was designed to intimate the calling of its owner. I had missed it before, from the greater excitement of my feelings on just having seen the mysterious female in the boat; but now, having caught my eye, it was impos-

sible to pass without reading it. The board itself had no pretensions to regularity of form, nor had any care been exercised to place it straight. The letters were an odd mixture of large and small, and some of them had, as it were, turned themselves quite round; so that, with the curious mode of spelling adopted by the artist, it became rather difficult at first to make out the meaning. It ran somehow as follows:—



Scarcely attempting to suppress the smile which was naturally excited by the odd mixture of ideas in the latter passage, and wondering what was meant by the third description of those invited to lodge in the Pontoon, I entered the house, and despite the anxieties of the night and the surprise of the morning, proceeded to make a hearty meal of what the hostess had provided. The chair with three legs was again in requisition, and the rusty iron did good service with the fish and potatoes.

"Won't the good wife join us?" I asked; observing that she was taking nothing.

"Botheration," cried Feargus, jumping up, "it's the childer she's thinkin of; and myself, like a baste, was feeding without them."

So saying, he ran to the bed, pulled up the trap-door, shot down the steps, and returned in half a minute with the two children in his arms, chuckling with delight, and stretching their arms eagerly towards their mother. With the most beautiful expression of maternal affection the wife flew to her children, and a scene of kissing and fondness ensued that would be wholly lost in description.

"The like o' that, now," said the landlord, while a big tear was gathering in his eye. "Ownly to think o' the craturs—it's better than a dram any day." He added something in Irish, which the wife returned with smiles and additional caresses on the children.

It may naturally be supposed that the excellent qualities exhibited in the characters of my host and his wife made a powerful impression on my mind, and associated as they were with the striking services they had both rendered on the previous night, all my feelings were

of a favourable character. To great shrewdness of intellect, Feargus united the most ready wit; and what is not very common, possessed a coolness of calculation and determination of purpose, that qualified him for a decided part in any case of pressing danger or sudden emergency. Big-boned, and very muscular, in contests of personal strength there were few that could match him, and yet the kindliness of his nature rarely permitted any exhibition of his great strength. It was most delightful to me, to witness the fondness he evinced towards the children. To see a large powerful man caressing an infant, especially if his occupation be of a laborious kind, has always possessed a charm for me particularly striking; and many a time I have stood in the streets of London watching some huge brewers' drayman, of a Sunday morning, nursing his young child, until the tear has come into my eye, and I have blessed the Being who has thrown these strong and precious ties into our nature to bind our humanity together. It may therefore be readily imagined with what interest I watched my preserver, as he took first one and then the other of his half-naked little ones, and with tones of mingled affection and playfulness helped them to pieces of the food he was eating.

"The babes had a safe berth," I remarked; anxious to know more about the man and his house than I yet did, and hoping to lead him into some conversation that might throw light on the attack of the robbers.

"It's convanient," he replied, "to have a bit of a shelter when the storm comes on."

"But you do not often have such storms as we had last night?" I asked inquiringly.

"A bit of a breeze now and thin," he answered; "but last night was a rigular nor-wester."

"Was it wholly for the sake of plunder," I continued, "that the house was attacked so desperately?"

"I'm after thinking so," he answered, "and yet myself doesn't know. May be the strange tale yer honour tould about the lady had something to do wid it, and may be the boys are angry becase I won't join them; and they know'd o'th guns, and 'ud like to have hould on 'em."

"What boys?" I asked; "not the rascals who wanted to plunder your house? Surely no one expects you to join a gang of thieves."

"Och, be aisy, yer honour," he cried, laughing; "the boys are not thieves at all, at all."

"Not thieves!" I exclaimed, "and yet they would have killed us all to get the property we had"—

"Oh, but these are the scum," he responded, "and not the raal boys at all. It's themselves 'ud scorn to touch another man's gould although the guineas were lying exposed on the highway. But the dirty blackguards, like Tim, ownly join 'em for a pretence, while it's their own interest that leads 'em intirely."

"Really I cannot understand you," I replied; "you speak of persons who would scorn to do a dishonest act, and yet associated with the desperate villains who attacked your house with such fury, that it is wonderful any of us are alive. What am I to think of it?"

"I see your honour's flabbergasted intirely," he answered; "and it's well you may be, for myself hardly knows what to make of it. But if ye'll jist promise not to be spaking of it after ye lave the Pontoon, yer own eyes shall inform you. Shamus," he continued, addressing that individual, who was solacing himself outside the door with a short black pipe, which made the tobacco additionally rank, "jist be after taking care of the misthress and childer, while I show his honour the nate little still that makes the poteen."

"Niver fear," replied Shamus, still standing at the door, and continuing to smoke his pipe with great satisfaction.

With this assurance the landlord and I descended the steps which led into the rocky apartment below, the door being closed over us and the bed again forced into its place, as I could perceive by the grating sounds above us. When we had groped our way from the bottom of the steps, I stood in the middle of this rude apartment while Feargus unbarred a door which I had not observed in my visit to this place on the preceding night.

"Let me have hould of yer hand," said he, coming back again to the place where I stood. "Yer honour doesn't know the way so well as myself." So saying, I felt him grasping my arm pretty tightly, and we began to move, as I thought, in a somewhat circular direction, as if to round a corner of the rock, or to avoid some projecting pillar. "Step firm," said Feargus, "the floor 'ull not give way for the next thousand years at any rate;" at the same time he stamped on the ground, which I could perceive was formed of the solid rock, and as it was tolerably even, I felt a greater confidence to plant my feet and walk on with my host.

After moving this way for some yards, we suddenly stopped, and I could hear Feargus return and bar and bolt the door through which we had passed. For a moment all was still as death—and the deep silence which followed the harsh sounds of the heavy bolts, seemed to fall chilly on the nerves like the last extinction of hope—all of a sudden I heard the snap of a pistol trigger, and in a moment

afterwards perceived a spark of lighted tinder, and the faint outline of O'Connor's face, as he proceeded to blow the ignited stuff for the purpose of lighting a match.

"It's a pleasant thing to see the light, any how," said he, as the torch burst out into a ruddy flame, and threw a strong glare on the rocky passage where we stood; "we'll thravel now wid some comfort, though myself doesn't need it at all."

"Do you often come this way?" I asked, as we continued to thread this subterranean labyrinth, which I could perceive was now taking an upward direction.

"Jist as often as bisness calls me," replied Feargus, striding on before.

"Business," I asked; "what business can you have by such a road as this?"

"Bide here for a moment," he replied, "and yer honour shall see." Saying which, he disappeared with the torch, and left me wondering what mysterious circumstance could bring him to such a place as this. Totally unacquainted with the habits and localities of this wild country, I had no suspicion of his business, and was beginning to feel rather uncomfortable at his prolonged absence, when suddenly a strong ruddy light was displayed through a narrow arched passage in the rock, and my host came forward laughing, and saying,

"Yer honour shall taste the cratur as it springs into life; and if yer don't confess it's the natest liquor yez iver drhunk, may I niver make fwhiskey agin."

As I came forward into the small apartment, I perceived that the ruddy light proceeded from charred turf, where a still was at work in the production of the whiskey my host praised so highly. A slight fissure in the rock seemed to give free access to the fresh air, and egress to the vapour which rose from the fire; and as a couple of blocks of wood might serve for seats, I was not loath to sit down with my host and taste the whiskey as it dropped warm from the still. The taste for this strong spirit is, I believe, artificial; and as I had not yet acquired it in perfection, a very little satisfied me of its strength, and enabled me to praise it sufficiently to please Feargus. He took a small quantity himself, and then filled a moderate-sized bottle, which he put in his pocket, saying,

"We'll need another drhop before we finish our walk, and may be yer honour will like it better by-and-bye."

Although I was aware that the laws had prohibited the existence of these secret stills, and visited with severe penalties those who used them, yet it was no part of my present business to find fault with my

conductor, even if I had been satisfied that those laws were wise and just, and therefore following Feargus as he led the way, I only expressed a hope that the exciseman might never find him out.

"Divil a bit," cried he "I could aisily baffle 'em all; if they sat on the stool with yer honour, I could keep it from their grip."

"But if they found the passage, what could prevent the discovery?" I asked.

"Jist because the still 'ud be at the bottom of the lake before they could lay hands on it," he replied; "but hould still for a moment, yer honour, while I take this bit of a rock out of the way."

As he said this, he put the torch in a hole in the rock, and applied his shoulder to an enormous block that seemed far too ponderous to be moved by the strength of man; for a moment or two he seemed to make no impression, and the huge mass remained motionless. In a short time, however, I perceived a slight vibration, and this was nursed so effectually by the exertions and skill of Feargus, until it soon began to swing to and fro, and by-and-bye was brought to its utmost motion, when he suddenly stepped back and forced a large loose fragment near to its fulcrum underneath, and thus fixed it hanging on one side. When this was done, an opening was left over the top through which we could pass, and clambering up the ragged sides of the passage, we squeezed through and came into a fissure of the rock, along which we had to scramble on our hands and knees. After proceeding in this way for eight or ten yards, we came to a spacious and lofty cavern, into which the daylight came freely from a large and ragged opening at the summit.

"We can breathe here more freely," said Feargus, cheerfully; "and may be yer honour 'ud like a drhop of the stuff, in regard that the cave is moist."

"And so have whiskey and water," said I, making a poor attempt at a joke, as I felt the cold drops falling on me from the roof of the cave.

"Put the fwhiskey in, and keep the water out, and sorra a could ye'll have," replied Feargus laughing, and at the same time taking a pull at the bottle, an example I was at the time not loath to follow, as the chilly atmosphere of the cavern seemed to wrap rather uncomfortably about me.

"But when shall I see the boys you spoke of?" I asked. "Have we much further to go?"

"Jist a nate little walk, and then we'll examine the larder up there," he replied, pointing to an opening at one end of the cave, which appeared to me to rise nearly perpendicular, at the same time rising and turning round, as he said,

"Step aisy, yer honour, for the road is not quite so convanient."

The caution enjoined in this latter direction I found very necessary, for the path lay over broken and loose fragments of rock, which were wet and slippery, and in several places small pools of water had gathered in the holes, while in others a considerable stream ran beside and sometimes over the path. Here and there we had to leap from one piece of rock to another, and in several places I should have found it impossible to get along, had it not been for the effective assistance of my companion. It is true the difficulties of the way were in a great degree compensated by the grandeur and beauty of the scenery; but as my object was of a totally different nature, and my curiosity and anxiety stretched to the highest pitch, I was not disposed to avail myself of what would, at any other time, have afforded me considerable pleasure.

"Shall we ever get to the end of this dreary cave?" I asked rather impatiently.

"If we hould on the way," coolly replied Feargus, as he continued to stride along; "and yer honour may see it to the fore," he continued, pointing towards a dim, merky-like sort of light, which appeared struggling to enter the further end of the cave.

In a few minutes we had proceeded so near to the outlet that the torch was extinguished, as being no longer necessary, and the path being free from obstructions we proceeded the remainder of the journey without danger or difficulty.

My first impulse was to rush at once to the mouth of the cave; partly to escape what I had long felt painful, and partly to gratify my curiosity, by seeing what was beyond it.

"Whisht! would ye like a bullet through yer head?" said Feargus, holding me back; "better see than be seen. Jist keep close behind, or the boys 'ull persave ye."

With these ominous words he stepped cautiously to the cave's mouth, and stooping behind a large piece of broken rock, he beckoned me to follow. Imitating his cautious conduct, I also stooped, and keeping sufficiently within the cavern, I sat down on another fragment of rock, and looked with astonishment on the scene before me.

The place where we were appeared an opening in the side of a huge rock, a considerable distance from the bottom, which formed the border of an immense valley, far below us. The valley itself appeared like a vast amphitheatre, surrounded by rocks as steep and inaccessible as the one wherein we stood, having no outlet that I could perceive, except it was through a sort of narrow rent at some distance, where a rapid stream of water seemed darting down its

Robert Cruikshank

surface below. On one of the highest rocks were the ruins of an old Castle, completely desolate, and near to it was a building partly dilapidated, which had, as I thought, something of a Monastic character.

But the rugged grandeur of this singular scene did not strike me with half the surprise as the sight I beheld in the midst of the valley, where a number of men, amounting to fifteen hundred or two thousand, were spread about, and evidently practising some military evolutions. One or two companies were being drilled to walk; others were learning to charge, or to handle their weapons; and the whole group appeared earnestly engaged in learning the art of war. Tents, of an irregular form, were pitched here and there, much in the way I had seen them at fairs, and a few flags were visible, having the harp painted darkly on a white ground.

After looking at this singular scene for some time, and in vain endeavouring to guess what it meant, I turned to Feargus, who was watching them very earnestly, and asked, "Who are they?"

"These," he answered seriously, "are the raal boys."

(To be continued.)

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

BY JOHN WESTBY GIBSON.

O how pleasant to the spirit, in this wearying world of ours,
Are the dear, the lingering memories, of our childhood's vanish'd hours!
Back, to that sweet time returning, from these darker years, we seem
Once more guileless, happy creatures, bright and blithe as a mountain stream,
Some wild frolic now enjoying—dreaming o'er some childish dream:
Thoughts and feelings sweet and gentle, all the sparkling hopes of yore
Thronging their old resting-places, make the heart thrill to the core,
As a flower in Spring-time trembles, bursting into life once more.

O there is no time like childhood, with such gushing gladness rife,
Long ere we could aught interpret of the wondrous lore of life;
Heeding not the signs and warnings on its broad red-written leaves,
Pleasure flying, hopes soon fading, Love, that with a smile deceives,
Friends, the dearest, truest, dying, seldom heart of childhood grieves;
Some light troubles would assail us, but one kind, maternal word,
Winning back our truer nature, made us merry as a bird—
All the life of life within us into playful action stirred.

Far o'er hill and valley rambling (Winter's cold or Summer's heat),
When we dared to play the truant, proving stolen pleasures sweet,
How the wood-owl's nest we plunder'd, and the wild bee's honey took,
Chas'd the coney and the squirrel, fish'd for minnows in the brook,
Gather'd berries, or went nutting into many a dark wood nook:
So the flying hours we wasted, for the world seem'd in its prime—
Day for sport, and night for dreaming, all the heed we took of Time;
Life was like a song—its music set by Mirth to Love's sweet rhyme.

And 'tis pleasant, too, recalling how the ardent brain of Youth
Brimm'd with fancies brighter, bolder, dearer than the lore of Truth;
Hill and valley, wood and water, peopled we with spirits all,
Such as sing in time of blossoms,—sigh when leaves begin to fall,
And in lonely woods, at moonlight, heard we fairies shrilly call.
How the clouds seem'd angels' shadows—stars their bright eternal eyes—
And our simple hearts in worship watch'd for hours the fair blue skies,
Dreaming all the night-winds murmurs their affectionate replies.

Freshening as a fountain's waters to the plants that by it grow,
Are the never-dying memories of the years long, long ago;
Largess from the heart of heaven—balm to soothe a life of pain—
How the stricken spirit, yearning, dreams them o'er and o'er again,
As the fading flower pineth for the merciful sweet rain;
Life grows long, and cares are many, yet unto our hearts they cling,
As in passing through a forest, to our far-off homes we bring
Sweetest odours, breath'd upon us by the opening buds of Spring.

Sometimes there may come a shadow, changing all our smiles to tears,
Sadder, darker thoughts awaking, memories of our later years,
When in pain and sickness tossing, night and day have heard our cry,
Or by some great sorrow stricken, vainly have we long'd to die;
Some dear, gentle face, may haunt us, smiling as in days gone by,
Till the heart throbs nigh to bursting, sighs awake, and tears fall fast,
And we cry out in our anguish, would this day might be our last!
Oh! with all its cares and troubles, that this wearying life were past.

But as shadows quickly vanish when the clouds have wept their rain,
Brighter thoughts again recurring make us light of heart again,
Living o'er the time of childhood—sunshine all, and full of flowers,
And the brain runs riot, mingling all its days, and years, and hours:
Peals of laughter, Christmas frolics, cowslip-hunts in April showers,
Starlight evenings, violet odours, soft low voices, loving eyes—
All delights, all senses pleasing, in a sweet confusion rise.
O the glorious dreams of childhood, what bright magic in them lies.

A PIECE OF CHINA.

THE CUTTING UP OF THE SHARK, AND THE OPENING OF ITS CHEST—THE APPROACH TO CANTON, AND A VISIT TO THE CITY—JACK MOBERLY'S METHOD OF CONVERTING A CHINESE THIEF INTO HOOKY WALKER.

(With an Illustration.)

THE capture of a shark is an event of no small magnitude on board a ship. Nature seems to have implanted in the breast of a seaman an instinctive animosity against this voracious creature, something similar to that which the terrier displays to the rat, but the worthy tar carries his hatred and vengeance no farther than the death; for whilst the canine animal, after shaking the life out of him, leaves his victim untouched, honest Jack indulges in gastronomic desires, and like the cannibals of the South Sea islands, actually eats his conquered enemy—for a piece of shark, though rather dry when cooked by itself, may nevertheless be nicely fried in oil, and served up as a fish steak—if it is amalgamated with savoury things, such as a delicate piece of briny-junk, with a due proportion of salt pork (the yankee is the best), both having been previously towed overboard for several hours, it makes a delicious sea-pie, with as many decks as the cook pleases. Reader, did you ever taste a glorious—full of gravy—voluptuous sea-pie?—(I am smacking my lips at this moment.)—One of five tiers, magnificently piled up in a camp-kettle? The crusts rich with the juice of the melting viands, and emitting odours that might draw an angel from the spheres? You never have!—Well then, before long I will give you full directions how to manufacture this exquisite dainty—but to enjoy it to perfection you must first put yourself upon short allowance for three months; hard, mouldy biscuit, replete with animation, and strongly inclined to run away from you; beef, that can be compared to nothing more applicable than pickled mahogany; and occasionally the choice indulgence of cheese, perfectly innocent of cream, but concocted of rancid fat, kitchen stuff, bees-wax and glue, with a mixture of yellow and red ochre to give it a colour*—as for the fragrance which it emitted

* Whatever may be thought of this description, such was actually the composition supplied by a certain contractor to the Navy, and served out to the seamen at an interval during the war. Another contractor made his biscuits of a small portion of flour mixed with the clay of which some earthenware is made. They manage these things better now.—THE O. S.

after a long perspiration in the purser's store-room—faugh! I had better say nothing about it; but I have actually known purser's stewards so powerfully impregnated by the effluvia, that they never got rid of it through the remainder of their existence.

But to return to the shark. Another pleasant meal may be gathered from its tail, converted into what the sailors call chowder; in fact, after a four months' cruise upon ship's provisions, a sixteen-feet-in-length shark is by no means a despicable prize for those who relish a fresh meal.

In our last chapter we left the overpowered foe dead upon the deck, and no sooner had his last sigh escaped than Jack Moberly out with an immense clasp knife, which he waved above his head as a signal for others to follow the example, and big with anticipations as to what the creature's capacious maw might contain, all set to work to reveal the hidden secret by opening his chest.

This is always a moment of great excitement; for let whoever will have lost any thing during the monster's visitation, however light or heavy, large or small it may be, the shark get's the credit of having swallowed it, so that a number of interested persons, as well as speculators and spectators, gather round to witness the cutting up. And there stood the Commander, Lieutenant Bulfit, earnestly gazing upon the triumphs of his crew, whilst foremost amongst the hackers and hewers, giving instructive hints to the operators, was Mr. Wildgust and the midshipman. Jack Moberly, however, was so well practised in the anatomical process, that he required no information on the subject; besides, the worthy boatswain's mate enjoyed proud exultation of heart, and he vowed to "dewote the first thing of vally in the shark's distestines to his governor, Mr. Pearson, whose recovery was pretty sartin now they had caught the fellow as wanted to dismolish him."

"Stand clear there, Jolly," said Moberly to a marine who was pressing rather too close upon him; "I'd lay my life as you've been rated a 'long-shore lawyer's clerk, and fancies this is your owld master transmogrificated."

"No, indeed I do not," responded the marine testily; "but I wish, Jack, when you overhaul his kit, you'd just see if there's a pair of breeches of mine. Pray don't cut too deep, or you may injure them."

"Aye, aye, I'll keep a good look out, never fear" exclaimed the boatswain's mate—"Has any more on you missed your duds?"

"Och, then!" shouted an Irishman of the after-guard, "it's my baccy box I've lost, argus, besides a pair of shoes, which may-be he's dacently walked off with."

"My bellows are no where to be found," said the commander's cook; "be gentle with the point of your knife, Jack, for fear you should rip a hole in the leather and let out the wind."

"He's not never got your bellows, cook, depend upon it," remarked a dissector; "for if so be as he had, he might have used 'em to blow breath in his body, and so kept his-self alive—but I feels something hard"—

"No doubt on it, Jem," uttered another; "for my part I shouldn't wonder if it's the kedge anchor as we cut from; he must have taken it out of the mouth of the river, and swallowed it down his own throat."

"Don't forget to look for one of my buckets when you're overhauling his lockers," requested the cooper. "I'm bless'd if he arn't big enough to take in a scuttle butt."

"Avast there, lads," shouted one of the cutters-up, as he bent his head down close to the fish. "Silence fore-and-aft—I'd thank you, Mr. Wildgust, to order a stopper to be clapped on some of their muzzle lashings"—and he inclined his ear so as nearly to touch the shark.

The operators suspended their labours, and whilst silence was proclaiming, Jack Moberly inquired, "Why, what is it, Dick? Surely it arn't never"—

"But I'm bless'd if I don't think it is, Jack," answered the other, interrupting his shipmate, and giving him a look of comical expression, which, however, had a peculiar meaning in it. "Listen yourself, my hearty; you may hear it as plain as possible. Then I'm blow'd if the creatur has n't bolted a Chinamun, for that ere langridge as I hears inside of him is Chinese, and nothing else."

Dick's face assumed great gravity whilst making this positive assertion, and his manner seemed to effect considerable impression on the minds of those who heard him—in a few minutes the utmost silence prevailed, and it was evident to the ears of all who were adjacent to the fish, that sounds resembling the human voice, when an individual is in pain, were issuing from some part of the creature—a thrilling sensation ran through almost every one present; even the officers were not free from it; the feeling communicated itself to the whole of the ship's company, and each, with the exception of Jack Moberly, wore a countenance of surprise, not unmingled with gloom.

"It must be a babby," said the boatswain's mate with a grin, as he looked up to his officer. "Not a wooden one this time, Mr. Wildgust; but mayhap, as Dick says, it's a China babby as he's puckalowed. Good luck to him, as long as it isn't my governor; and if

it should be a live thingemhee—I means a babby—I'll take it as my share of the consarn, in regard of giving it to Muster Pearson. Now gently to work, lads, and don't let's be parpetrating murder on an ingocent child."

Thus advised, the men went on cautiously in their operations, though more than one declined having any thing further to do with it, and shutting their knives, became lookers-on. The shark's maw was opened—what it contained I shall not here record, lest the very fact should throw the shadow of a doubt upon the veracity of my narrative—but this the reader may rest assured of, there was no Chinaman. Every article produced roars of laughter from the people on whom the reaction of joyous mirth had superseded the momentary impulse of superstitious awe. The sounds, however, though fainter, had not entirely ceased, and further investigation brought into light five lively young sharks, from whom, no doubt, the noise proceeded; they were put into a tub of water, and swam about as brisk and frisky as they well could be. Matters being thus satisfactorily accounted for, and the fish cut up into shares, the decks were washed, and order and discipline resumed their accustomed sway. It was somewhat curious, however, to witness the alacrity with which the Chinese boats assembled near the ship, and picked up the offal of the dead fish as it was thrown overboard; but whether they ate it with their rice, or used it as bait for their hooks, I am not able to determine; perhaps, as they are wretchedly poor, they enjoyed it in both ways.

The men-of-war were anchored at the entrance of the Bocca Tigris, or Tiger's Mouth, but the intelligence brought by the Mercury very speedily put them in motion. The Admiral made the signal to unmoor, which was promptly answered, and Jack Moberly hastened down to his "Governor" with the information that they were about to return, without delay, to Chusan, where he might again have the happiness to behold Miss Ring Ching Fou. The boatswain received the intelligence with satisfaction, but nature was much exhausted in him, and though his heart was still warmly alive to the object of his devoted regard, yet corporeal weakness had reduced his frame to the feebleness of childhood, and the mind had yielded its strength as the body gradually wasted away. Nevertheless, the pleasing prospect that was opened to him, served to cast a bright light upon his future path, and with a seaman's promptitude of feeling he began building ærial castles which were destined to speedy destruction; for the Mercury, instead of sailing with the Admiral, was ordered up to the famous city of Canton, in order to assist in keeping the place under

subjection, and in a short time after the departure of the squadron the pilot came on board to conduct her to her destination.

The change, though unexpected, and naturally calculated to create disappointment, did not seem to cause so much distress to poor Pearson as it did to Jack Moberly—a worthy fellow, whose highest gratification was to see every one around him happy. His attachment to the boatswain was of a perfectly disinterested character—in fact, it militated against his own interests; for had the "Governor" quitted this life, honest Jack would have succeeded to his post—the appointment would, no doubt, have been confirmed, and the gallant seaman would at once have been converted into a warrant officer.

Beautiful is the passage up to Canton, especially through Whampoa Reach, with its numerous plantations of rice on either hand—and Whampoa island, spreading its lovely foliage, intermingled with fruits and flowers—the bright green sugar cane, and the fragrant groves of orange trees, whilst in the far-off distance appear, in their intense blue, the mountains to the northward of Canton. Nor are the waters less picturesque to the eye of a stranger. Ships, of almost all maritime nations, may be seen at anchor here, discharging their cargoes into curiously-constructed boats, called "chops," or receiving their lading of teas, rice, silks, &c., in a similar way. Vessels of various descriptions crowd the stream—some of large dimensions, gorgeously painted, and their yellow sails of split bamboo glistening in the sun—from the Sanpan, containing a whole family, to the Mandarin war-junk, for the prevention of smuggling: but when they can do it without much fear of detection, the greatest smugglers of all. These, of their various classes, form a series of interesting features in the landscape peculiar to this nation; but the most marked characteristic is a lofty pagoda that crowns an eminence on Whampoa island, and which tells you at once that you are really in the empire of China, for in no other part of the world are similar buildings to be seen.

The Mercury remained one tide at Whampoa, and then proceeded onwards to Canton, passing, in her way, the island on which stands (or did stand) the ruins of an European fort, which was in the progress of erection many years ago by the Dutch, who, desirous of taking advantage of the pacific nature of John Chinaman, wanted to gain a stable and permanent footing in China; and the better to effect this purpose, they deemed it absolutely requisite, in the first instance, to have a place of refuge to resort to, and from which they might overawe, by means of heavy artillery, the inhabitants of

Canton. But this was no easy matter, for the Chinese were extremely jealous of the "barbarians," and would not, for one moment, have listened to any propositions relative to the erection of a fort or the landing of a single cannon. The Dutch, however, after much difficulty, obtained permission to build an *hospital* for their sick, and a part of this island was granted for the purpose; the outer walls were gradually run up, but not as an asylum for disease, as they merely served to mask the more substantial work that was going on under cover, so as to be concealed from the prying observations of the Chinese. As fast as the walls ascended from the outer extremes, so did the fort progress within them, till the undertaking promised to be crowned with success: which most probably would have been fully realised, but for an unlucky accident that betrayed and ruined their scheme. Of course an hospital was perfectly useless without ample provisions for the convalescent, and lots of medicine for the sick; this was an axiom no Chinaman was prepared to deny, and consequently immense casks were unshipped from Dutch Indiamen to supply both. It happened, however, that in hoisting out one of these casks of *provisions*, it unfortunately slipped out of the slings, and down it came with a tremendous crash, bursting the staves and forcing out the heads, to the great alarm of the Hoppo, or Custom-house Officer. But what was his astonishment when, instead of condiments for human consumption, he saw rolling from its recent confinement, a handsome brass cannon? "Ayah!" said he, "what can be? Sick man nyam gun?—how can do?" This brought the affair to a crisis—an investigation was instituted—the true intent of the *hospital* was discovered—the authorities were upon the high stilts—the peacocks' feathers and the yellow buttons issued their edicts, and the Dutch were not only compelled to forego their designs, but also the history of the event will be recorded as long as the memory of succeeding generations shall endure.

One of the most wonderful scenes that the human mind can possibly conceive, is that of the floating streets before the city of Canton; literally boats of every kind, moored in lines, and containing a population of more than two hundred thousand persons, many of whom never visit the shore, and all are compelled to be in their floating houses by sunset. Nor are the narrow, but densely crowded lanes (for they cannot be called streets) of the city, objects of less interest —the houses of but one story high, painted in bright colours, and ornamented with monsters of every shape that imagination can devise —the windows on the opposite sides being, in many instances, so

Albert Cruikshank

near together, that when going to bed the inmates may easily cross hands and exchange nightcaps.

Honest Jack Moberly, with some of his shipmates, was sent up in the boat to the factory, to assist the merchants in securing valuable property, and as soon as the business was concluded the men were indulged in their favourite beverage till several of them were delightfully in *nubibus*, and fancied their faculties were equal to the most important affairs. The boatswain's mate having partaken freely of the elixir vitæ, felt an earnest desire to study practical geography, by paying a visit or two to the grog-shops; and being well supplied with dollars, he strolled away from his companions, and wandered into Shoe-lane, which, however, he had scarcely entered, when he became aware that a thief (and this part of the city abounds with them) had lightened his jacket pocket of the cash it had contained Highly exasperated, but determined, if possible, to punish the offender, Jack said nothing—he returned to the ship, fixed some stout fish-hooks inside the pocket that had been plundered—secured it to his side, and then returned to the vicinity of the place where he had been robbed. Here he reeled along, staggering from side to side, and jostling among the thousands that were moving to and fro in the confined thoroughfare, at the same time occasionally jingling his dollars. The bait took; a fellow who had long parted with honesty put his hand in the most delicate manner imaginable into the pouch of the seaman, and grasped the money, but in doing so he also clutched the barbed instruments, and Jack, giving his pocket a smart blow with his hand, the rogue was firmly caught. At first he tried to withdraw his flipper, but escape was all *hookey* with him; whilst Jack, seemingly, took no further notice of the affair, folded his arms and walked carelessly on, smoking his pipe, and keeping in tow the Chinaman, who, feeling the lacerating barbs, did not dare to flinch, but followed his leader, making terrible contortions of countenance, and writhing with the pain under which he was suffering, to the great astonishment of the spectators, who could not account for the fellow keeping his hand in the pocket on any other score than that of necromancy. Thus circumstanced, Jack paraded his prisoner in front of the factory two or three times, and then passed into Shoe-lane, a dirty, narrow thoroughfare, with shops of all descriptions on each side. Opposite to a cook's shop, whose front was decorated with dried geese, squeezed as flat as a pancake, and having a huge dragon over all, a mandarin, with his everlasting umbrella, made his appearance on one side, and a lieutenant of one of the English ships-of-war on the other side, whilst a vendor of cats, for the making of

soup, and numbers of other retailers of strange articles, watched the proceedings. Jack smoked away, and rolled onwards, never giving his tortured prize one look of recognition, or appearing at all sensible of his close approximation. The mandarin was struck comical with astonishment that the fellow did not run away, and every one expressed a firm belief that Satan had a principal hand in the detention of his fist; but none could help laughing at the scoundrel's ludicrous antics, which my friend Robert Cruikshank has so cleverly portrayed in his illustration.

At length, wearied of the exhibition, Jack made a short tack into the factory, where his mode of catching a pick-pocket was explained, and the hooks being cut from their fastenings were drawn through the Chinaman's hand. The punishment the poor wretch had undergone being deemed pretty well sufficient, he was merely indulged with a sound and salutary bambooing and set at liberty, amidst the shouts of the English seamen and the derision of his countrymen; the persecution of the latter arising, not from any abhorrence of stealing, but that the thief should be so inexpert in his profession as to allow himself to be caught by a "*barb*-arian."

WOMAN.

BY L. M. S.

INDEED I love thee, beauteous woman kind,
And own that I am never happy, when
Amid a social band I do not find
Thy sweetly radiating smiles, for then
The circle has no halo—wit is dull,
Time drags on heavily, and murmurs rise:—
But in thy lovely presence, which is full
Of inspiration, like the star-lit skies,
The freshen'd mind invigorates her pow'rs,
While converse mingles with a chaste delight;
And when I've been aloof from pleasure's bow'rs,
Enwrapt in gloomy sorrow's darkest night,
Like him* who Afric's wilds explor'd, I've prov'd
Thy loving sympathy, most worthy to be lov'd.

* Mungo Park, the celebrated traveller in Africa, who when faint and weary, was relieved by the sable daughters of the country, and cheered by their songs.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SERVICE.

BY A MARINE OFFICER.

On the 26th of September, 1806, having stood out to sea somewhat further than usual, we perceived, when returning towards the land, at day-break, several strange sail, and made the signal for the nearest ship to them (The Monarch) to give chase; as the light increased we thought they bore the appearance of men-of-war, and flattered ourselves we had at length gained the object of some months of tedious watching and blockade, for we scarcely doubted that it was the Rochefort squadron, which we had been long and anxiously endeavouring to decoy out of their stronghold. Our squadron now made all sail in chase, with a spanking breeze, studding sails below and aloft, the Monarch some miles in advance—we made the signal to clear for action (a rather serious sort of operation, you must know, on board a line-of-battle-ship, as most of the officers' cabins, &c., are on the fighting deck, and their contents are necessarily bundled below somewhat rudely; indeed, it is something like emptying your house out of the windows, and then pulling it about your ears); and about nine o'clock the Monarch made the signal that the objects of our chase were enemy's frigates, which, though not what we had hitherto anticipated, yet that they were enemies was still encouraging, and as we were evidently gaining upon them, afforded us the hopes of a bit of a brush and a little prize-money. We were steering to the southward, and the enemy appeared inclined to stick together. We now made out four fine-looking frigates and two brigs—the Monarch, the Mars, and the old Centaur outsailed the rest of the squadron considerably, and the Monarch having a considerable start, was first enabled to bring them to action, which she did about noon, and got very roughly handled before we came up, when one of the frigates and the two brigs hauled off to the westward; we made the Mars signal to follow them, ourselves pressing forward to join the Monarch, which ship was very much cut up about the rigging—from a "strong wind, and a chopping sea," she was unable to bear her lower deck ports open, which disadvantage almost rendered a large frigate her equal.

One of the frigates, L' Armide, struck as we were coming up, but the other two kept up the game manfully, and served us about as bad as they had served the Monarch; indeed, they almost unrigged

us; and one of them (La Minerve), after passing close across our stern, and raking us, took a position on our starboard quarter—at which time a musket-shot from her, wounded the Commodore (Sir Samuel Hood), shattering his right arm at the elbow, which obliged him soon afterwards to go below. La Minerve presently struck her colours, and we made what sail we could after the other frigate (L' Indefatigable), which yielded without resistance. The two brigs escaped us, but one of them (Le Lynx) was afterwards captured by the boats of the Galatæ frigate, in the West Indies, after a most determined resistance; so that a tolerable good account was rendered of the little squadron. In the action, the Monarch had twenty-six killed and wounded; the Centaur four killed, and the Commodore and five or six others wounded. Sir Samuel's arm was amputated immediately after the action. The loss on the part of the enemy's frigates was near one hundred and fifty killed and wounded; their crowded state (having each three hundred and fifty troops on board, besides their crews, amounting to about the same number), sufficiently accounts for this great loss on their part.

Lieutenant H. C. Thompson and myself were sent to take possession of La Gloire, which you may suppose we found in terrible disorder—she had six feet water in her hold, and it was increasing fast, and before we could get her to rights she took fire forwards, and was in great danger of blowing up, as her magazines were not yet secured—and so great was the consternation on the part of the prisoners, particularly the French troops, that numbers jumped overboard, but by the strenuous exertion of the boats of the squadron, which had now come up, they were all saved; and with our men and such of the French as we could get to assist, we after some time got the fire under, having first drowned the magazines. In consequence of the number of prisoners and others on board the Centaur, the Commodore sent my brother Sub (Rorie) on board the prize, and ordered me back to the Centaur; when, in consequence of Sir Samuel's wound, we left the squadron in command of the next senior officer, and proceeded to Spithead with our prize La Gloire.

The morning after our arrival (which had been communicated to the Admiralty by telegraph) Lady Hood came alongside, at three o'clock in the morning, in a wherry; being too anxious to wait for the accommodation due to her rank, she would not even wait to be hoisted on board, as is usual for ladies, and in attempting to mount the side of the ship she slipped overboard, but escaped with only a partial ducking.

YARNS FOR ALL HANDS.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

THE ELECTIONEERING LIEUTENANT.

Rush to the poll, and come to the scratch.

"HURRAH for Bradby," shouted a Radical elector of a borough upon the sea coast in the West of England. "Bradby and univeral suff-'ring for ever—hurrah!"

"No Bradby—no Bradby—Hammer and Nailer—Church and State, and no surrender," vociferated a Tory, with a voice that evidenced most powerful lungs. "Every man reform hisself, and Heaven reform us all—that's my ticket—Hurrah for Hammer and Nailer."

Reader, it was the period of a general election, when the *independent* voters of the united kingdom sold their franchise to the highest bidders. The beautiful little town of ————, usually quiet and peaceable at other times, was always stirred out of its calm propriety when these events took place; for then Mr. Mayor became a real gentleman of self-satisfied importance, and forsaking his candle, grocery, and treacle warehouse, donned his best robes and associated with men of high degree; heading the *free* table at dinner-time and at public (house) meetings as Chairman, and acting as fugleman to regulate the cheers of the company after his own toasts, or at the proper moment when any thing peculiarly laudable or smart had been uttered by the speakers.

The official on the present occasion was a grocer and tallow-chandler, remarkably sweet upon himself, and constantly striving to throw a light upon numerous dark subjects that puzzled wiser heads than ever he possessed. On assuming the Mayoralty, he was considered to belong to the only party that had ever been recognized in the borough—the Tory; and through his hands or his agency the noble-minded electors received each a guinea in real gold for returning the two *disinterested* Candidates to a Ministerial Parliament. The name of the little great man was Richard Sitt, but more commonly known amongst his fellow townsmen as Dick Sitt; whilst the wags from the Metropolis, who came down to solicit the suffrages of the constituency, alluding to his giving the "hip hip hip" after the toasts, and coupling with it his propensity to talk very largely of himself, nicknamed him "Ipse Dixit"—certainly a monstrous liberty to take with a functionary of his exalted station; especially as the lower orders, who had frequently, on such occasions, seen his beloved Worship occupy more room in the street than ought to have sufficed for three ordinary men, made a slight addition to the appellation, by

clapping a T before all, which teased him amazingly, as he heard himself called "Tipsy Dick Sitt;" proving that there were other T (ea) Dealers in opposition to his wishes. Still Ipse Dixit (as I shall call him) was much esteemed by his cotemporaries, and though always studying the main-chance, he seldom was harsh to the poor debtor who owed him money; in fact, this was part of his boast, when lauding his own good deeds—sometimes, too, he was generous to the unfortunate, and this raised him in the estimation of the working classes, who were not aware that the sitting Members reimbursed the cash which he so humanely expended.

Now it came to pass that, several months previous to the election, a professional gentleman, one Mr. Seemibref—half solicitor, half musician, and whole *practitioner*, took up his abode in a dwelling that was considered to be about the best in the town—where he came from was but little known, and after the first nine days' wonder was less cared for—he contrived to ingratiate himself with the principal families—gave handsome dinner parties to the men, and feted the ladies with tea-drinkings—private concerts—petit saupers—select dancings—and four-handed whist. Ipse Dixit, however, came in for the greatest share of his attentions, whilst Mrs. Seemibref equally devoted herself to the Mayoress and her fine progeny—and the orders—ready-money orders too—for goods, poured in thicker and faster, till it became a matter of astonishment to Ipse where and how all the articles supplied could be consumed.

Matters had thus progressed when it was observed that Mr. Mayor and the lawyer were frequently in close consultation together, and by-and-by four or five other influential inhabitants were admitted to the conferences. A hundred conjectures were started relative to the nature and object of these meetings—all equally devoid of foundation, in fact, and each diametrically opposed to the other; but so discreet did the coterie manage their affairs, that not a word indicative of the real cause transpired.

The romantic and picturesque harbour, that ranged its waters close to the very streets of the town, was often visited by a royal cruiser in the shape of a large man-of-war cutter, named on the Navy List "The Sprightly," and standing 1273 in the Signal Book of ships' numbers. She was well manned, and successful in her captures from the enemy, so that the officers and crew had generally plenty of money to dispose of, causing no contemptible speculation and rivalry amongst the landlords and tradesmen of the port. The Commander of the cutter, Lieutenant Backslap (that is not exactly the way his name was spelt in his commission), though upwards of fifty years of age, had all the mirth, liveliness and mischief, of an over-

grown boy tired of school—he was rather deformed and bent in the body, which he declared was occasioned by getting warped, through intense heat, in the West Indies—a wound in the hip joint had lamed him, so that he bobbed up and down, and went bump, jump, like a barrow with a broken wheel—besides, he was hard-featured in countenance, and one of his eyes had a regular bantam-cock. Lieutenant Backslap, though diminutive in stature, was nevertheless every inch a seaman—uniting kindness of heart to a rigid sense of duty, as many of the unfortunate smugglers on the coast who fell into his hands could amply testify—and if the truth must be spoken, the free constituency, as well as the never-possessed-of-a-vote men, of the borough town of ———, were extensively addicted to the illegal practice of endeavouring on all occasions to defraud the revenue; so that numerous opportunities had occurred in which the Commander of the cutter, whilst fulfilling his obligations as an officer, also called to remembrance the weaknesses and frailties of human nature, and never forgot the humanity which should at all times characterize the man. As a rule of consequence, the contraband dealers wished him further at the very moment that he was invited to their tables; and it must be remarked, that Ipse Dixit being largely engaged in this species of traffic, took especial good care to keep on the most friendly terms with Lieutenant Backslap, who mostly honoured him with a long visit whenever his Majesty's cutter, 1273, was re-fitting in the harbour. Mr. Seemibref, very soon after domiciling himself in his handsome mansion, sent his especial greetings to the lieutenant, requesting the honour of his company, whenever it suited his convenience to favour him with a call. Backslap was fond of good living and pleasant society—he paid repeated visits—an intimacy grew up between the two—the lawyer's courtesy was returned by the lieutenant on board his cutter, and a mutual desire to gratify, strengthened the bond of friendship.

A few weeks previous to the expected general election, Mr. Seemibref invited the gallant seaman to an entertainment that was more than ordinarily sumptuous—the viands were delicious, the wines superb, and Captain (as he was styled by courtesy) Backslap enjoyed himself apparently to his heart's content—he not only plied his host with repeated challenges to exchange salutations in the drinking way, which, in order to conciliate esteem, were as often accepted, till Mr. Seemibref could scarcely see any thing; but so well, also, did he animate the tongue of Ipse Dixit (who was of the party) with choice particular old port, that the "Worshipful" could not keep it still; and in a paroxysm of extreme mental exaltation, he revealed the closely-treasured secrets of the conspirators, among whom he

looked at himself in the glass as chief. In the early stage of this confidential communication, Backslap was thrown slap-aback with surprise; but Mr. Mayor being somewhat oblivious to things in general, did not perceive that the cock in the lieutenant's eye plainly showed that he had a crow to pull with him for the announcement.

"My wor-worthy and ex-lent frie-friend," stammered the egregious Tipsy Dixit, shaking his well-figged head, and speaking thick, with an occasional hickup that electrified his frame, "You—yes—you—shall—kno—know all"—he laid his hand on the officer's arm. "I res—hacko—respect you; indeed I—hacko—tell you true; and I—I will—hickup—inform you of our—our plans."

The lieutenant's tongue answered not a word, but the cock in his eye expressed, as well as cock could possibly express, "Doodle do;" and the Right Worshipful would have gone on with his exposé, but for his colleague, Seemibref, coming to the rescue, and stopping the tete-a-tete disclosures; enough, however, had been heard by the cutter's commander to put him on the *qui vive*, and induce him on the following day to seek a private interview with the lawyer. Seemibref, when sober, was not Seemibref when intoxicated—in the latter case he resembled his violin well screwed up, so that any beau in company might play upon him—the former produced a state of relaxation that mingled the flats among the sharps, and he was as down as a door nail. He saw, however, it was not only in vain, but also might prove hazardous were he to attempt to deceive Backslap, whose eye rolled round as nimbly as a cork-screw with a patent spring, as if resolutely determined to tap the demi-john containing the unrectified spirit of Seemibref's thoughts. The lawyer would gladly have escaped from the ordeal of the lieutenant's visual organ, which seemed to be turned by an unseen handle, but it was utterly impossible, and he was therefore compelled, much against his inclination, to unfold a tale that was attached to the head of his supposed offence, and as he hoped to obtain tie for tie, Backslap was soon made acquainted with every particular.

Seemibref was, in fact, a solicitor, of sharp practice, engaged by a certain party to get up an opposition in favour of Radical principles, so as to take the Tory candidates by surprise at the next general election, and if practicable, to bring in a Radical Member, to neutralise the votes of his colleague in Parliament, as well also to strengthen the cause which was then gaining ground; he had been plentifully supplied with money, and so well had his schemes been arranged, that not only had Ipse Dixit, but also several others, become converts to his counsel, and pledged themselves to use their best exertions to promote the interests of the Honourable Mr. Bradby, son

of Lord Viscount Tintacks [the owner and proprietor of one or two rich mines in the neighbourhood] the moment he announced himself as a Candidate; and without further postponement, "posted the pony," or in other words "forked out the blunt,' which means "dropping the tin," or better explained as "tipping the reg'lars."

Nothing was concealed from the lieutenant, as the lawyer thought by the exercise of candour, now the thing was known, to gain a friend on his side; and if failing in that, at all events to secure an honourable and fair-dealing opponent. Backslap was an old and brave officer, who had served his King and country from childhood; and though in his present command he had amassed ample means to have retired into comfort ashore, yet at intervals he keenly felt the injustice he had endured by being deprived of promotion, whilst witnessing many a youngster raised to the rank of Post Captain who were not born when he received his first appointment as Lieutenant, after nine or ten years of active employ. Seemibref was aware of this feeling, which had been undisguised by the veteran officer, and he now sought to turn it to his own advantage, by promising that, should the Whigs obtain power, no exertions should be spared to obtain for him the covetted distinction.

The Sprightly's commander at first appeared to be insulted by the proposition that was made to him, but after some special pleading from the limb of the law, doubts, apprehensions, and angry emotions crowded upon him; he spoke warmly and sharply of the neglect he had suffered, and eventually promised to visit Seemibref at the earliest convenient opportunity after he had got his vessel to sea, which he meant to do that very afternoon, and run over to the coast of France to deliberate on the course he should pursue, and so he took his leave. Further concealment was now considered not only impossible, but also impolitic; the lawyer despatched an express to the Honourable Mr. Bradby, in London, briefly stating what had transpired, and requesting his immediate presence to canvass the electors. Mr. Bradby lost not an instant in answering the summons; his travelling chariot was ordered, and away he drove, as fast as four hack horses could whirl him along, eager to be the foremost in the field, and thus gain an advantageous start a-head of his opponents. In the meantime, whilst the Radical Candidate was posting him down, Seemibref was posting him up in large bills and placards in every part of the town, and the secret conclave now openly avowing themselves, Mr. Bradby's Committee, with little Ipse Dixit as their Chairman, were strenuously endeavouring to arrange a grand entré for their man—public-houses were opened—drinking commenced, and was carried briskly on—preparations made for canvassing—little

Ipse was glorious till the evening came that was to introduce the new Candidate to their notice—a numerous cavalcade, preceded by the Committee and five or six musicians, with clarionets and fiddles, were waiting at the turnpike gate to give the hearty welcome, for the lawyer and his friends had industriously circulated a report that Mr. Bradby would bring with him a thousand pounds, to be disposed of amongst his supporters.

Twilight was growing into darker shade, when a handsome carriage, with four greys, drove up to the gate, and was received with loud cheers from the assembled throng—not an instant was lost in removing the horses—ropes were promptly attached to the vehicle, and without the delay of a minute the multitude tailed on, and with sturdy lungs vociferating "Hurrah! Bradby for ever!" they dragged the carriage to the principal Inn.

The Mayor had considered it most consistent with the dignity of his official capacity not to join the procession, and Mr. Seemibref, the legal adviser, had also remained away, as he wished to make the demonstration appear to be perfectly voluntary on the part of the electors, although he was well aware that few possessing the franchise were present, and even they, with the rest, were induced by treating and payment to make a display. Little Ipse and the lawyer waited at the Inn in anxious expectation, and highly delighted were they when the shouts came swelling upon the breeze; and as they approached, first of all the *Brad*—and then the *by*—were distinctly heard. Both the gentlemen stood on the summit of the steps as the carriage was dragged rapidly along the street, but when it pleased the populace to stop at the principal entrance to the Inn, they descended the steps, hurried to the door of the vehicle, which was promptly thrown open, and out came—not the eagerly-looked-for Honourable Mr. Bradby—but the then two sitting Tory Members, Colonel Hammer and Sir James Nailer, who were both well known to the musical lawyer, whose mortification, consternation, and dismay, may be more easily conjectured than described—he was dumb with sudden surprise and anger; whilst poor little Ipse, feeling the awkwardness of his position, slunk off like a detected fox, with his tail between his legs.

The populace, however, were some time before they were aware of the exact state of the case, for they still shouted "Bradby for ever!" which in a few minutes died away as the truth was revealed to them, and "Hurrah for Hammer and Nailer" immediately succeeded. The Members bowed and bowed in acknowledgment of the salutation, and Seemibref having recovered the use of his tongue, stammered forth what he meant to be a polite reception, but which was disregarded

by the fresh arrivals, who at once entered the house, and taking time by the forelock, delivered short addresses from the up-stairs bay-window, whilst the circumvented lawyer hastened to the Committee-room, where he was soon joined by two or three who adhered to him, and entered into consultation as to what was best to be done in the emergency. A strong suspicion arose that some one had betrayed them, but they were undecided who to fix upon as the traitor, and all were cautious in mentioning names. Whilst thus deliberating, another carriage, unattended and ungreeted, drove up to the Inn, and Mr. Bradby alighted from it without hearing one exclamation of welcome. He joined his Committee, where the necessary information was imparted to him, and he resolved to commence his canvass on the ensuing morning—a resolution that had already been taken by the sitting Members.

Lieutenant Backslap redeemed his promise—he waited on the lawyer, and to the great surprise and delight of the latter, the officer joined hand and heart to advance the interest of the Honourable Mr. Bradby—an introduction took place—such an ally as the veteran seaman was a most valuable acquisition, and everything bade fair to favour the Radical Candidate. Of course Colonel Hammer and Sir James Nailer felt sore at what they conceived to be the lieutenant's indecorous conduct, and not only in their speeches did they express themselves warmly on the subject, but intimation was held out to the veteran that a report of his proceedings would be forwarded to the Admiralty. Nothing daunted, however, the bold tar persevered, and joined hand and glove with Ipse Dixit in behalf of Radicalism.

But we must now come to the period at which we set out in the opening of the narrative—viz., the day before going to the poll; when almost every heart in the town was intoxicated with either excitement or liquor, and shouting and rioting prevailed—the Committee-rooms were attacked for the purpose of stealing the books—party *spirits* ran down, and party strife got up to its most elevated pitch, which was not diminished by a portion of the cutter's crew being allowed liberty on shore. There was, in fact, no safety for Committee-men, and the lieutenant advised that, as his cutter was laying at anchor just at the entrance of the harbour, the Radical Committee should sit on board of her and finish the preparation of the lists. The advice was followed. Ipse Dixit and his compeers, glad to get clear of personal danger, readily embarked—Backslap's cabin was nearly filled with them—wine, and punch, and grog, were plentifully supplied—drinking and business became jumbled together—toast succeeded to toast, and all went on as merry as a mar-

riage festival till evening, when one of the party going on deck, rushed below again, consternation fixed upon his visage as he declared that "the cutter was many miles away from the land, and they could no longer see the harbour."

As a congregation rush out of church on an alarm of fire, so did Ipse Dixit and the Committee-men run to the companion ladder, which they completely blocked up in their efforts to ascend, each one pulling down the other to gain the start. At length, after some desperate struggling, in which pugnacity often displayed itself, the half-drunken Mayor and his colleagues reached the deck to behold their worst fears realised; for the cutter was now getting under canvas and standing out to sea, and the blackness of the Heavens proclaimed the approach of a gale of wind. A sudden squall from the horrified electioneerers was responded to by the song of the seamen sweating up the jib, but there was no annihilating time and space, and though Lieutenant Backslap expressed deep regret at the state of the weather compelling him to slip from his cable and drift from the shore, yet it was any thing but satisfactory to the poor entrapped voters; and though promises were made that, should the breeze permit, they would be landed early in the morning, still the chances (as the lieutenant well knew) were against them; and with sea-sickness coming on, what might they not endure in the interval.

In less than an hour the gale burst forth with much fury, and continued to blow with all its might for three successive days, to the dreadful distress and discomfiture of Ipse Dixit and his companions. On the fourth day the cutter's commander announced that they were off Dover, and in consequence of having discovered a large hole in the vessel's main-hatchway, he should be obliged, in order to save their lives, to run for the river Thames. Any spot on terra firma was desirable to the unfortunates, who, sick at heart, were stowed away in spare sails on the cabin deck; but at daylight on the morning of the sixth day they found the vessel perfectly quiescent, and hastening up the companion, beheld—the Tower of London.

Backslap waited on the First Lord of the Admiralty, and reported his arrival with the precious freight. Here he learned that the election had been decided in favour of Hammer and Nailer—Bradby having declined the contest as soon as he had lost his Committee, who returned home by land. Actions were brought against the lieutenant, who gained verdicts in his favour, it having been clearly proved that no seaman would have rode at anchor upon a lee shore in threatening weather. Who bore the expenses it is not for me to say; Backslap got his next step, and Ipse Dixit swore that he would never trust to man again.

THE OLD SAILOR'S

DECEMBER.

FORTH from his treasure-house of storms
  Now dark December stalks along,
Attended by the sullen forms
  Of hoary Frost and Winter strong.

O'er Lapland's wild and rugged hills
  He scuds beside the biting blast,
Congeals to ice the trickling rills,
  And binds the mighty rivers fast.

Along old Europe's town-clad plains
  He drives the sleet and blinding storm,
Shakes down the black and sullen rains,
  And shrouds in mist his wizard form.

Hark! how the ancient forest moans,
  As trembling round her monarch oak,
Whose giant strength the fury owns
  Of fell December's mortal stroke.

Ye sons of Want—ye houseless poor—
  Where hide ye now your shivering frames?
Can Misery find no open door,
  Till Death his starving victim claims?

Look here! ye men of wealth and pride,
  Your *brethren* die for lack of food!
For once, let pomp be set aside,
  And taste the bliss of doing good.

S. M.

HARRY PAULET.

CHAPTER IV.

"That which I shew, Heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself."

SHAKSPEARE.

IT was on a beautiful evening towards the close of April that Harry was seated on the steps of the landing-place near the Savoy Palace, and watching the descending sun as it gradually went down, encompassed by a flood of glory that crimsoned all the west, and danced in brilliancy and light upon the sparkling waters of the flowing river. Near to him, and leaning over the stone balustrade, was an elderly man, arrayed in the loose flounced jacket and petticoat trousers of a waterman, whose eager gaze was bent in the same direction as that of the youth; but whilst a smile of gratification played upon the features of the younger, a look of sorrow, mingled with anger, darkened the brow of the elder. The gorgeous luminary, encompassed with vermilion and purple and gold, gleamed with splendour through one of the arches of the new bridge then erecting at Westminster, but not yet thrown open to the public; and the massive stone, as it broke and intercepted the dazzling glare, shadowed its grey duskiness upon the waters, heightening the beautiful tints by the deepness of shade with which they were contrasted—the checkered variety was an apt emblem of human life.

"It is a grand sight," said Harry to his elder companion, "and promises a returning bright day for us and for our labours."

"To the eye of youth it may be grand," responded the other rather sadly, "but for my part I cannot see much promise that it gives of brighter days; on the contrary, to my thinking, it forebodes ruin to our craft."

"Well, now I cannot understand that," said Harry, warmly; "to me it is most glorious, and well calculated to excite the fervency of hope."

"Glorious?" repeated the elder of the two, in a tone of half sorrow

half anger. "This is no time to talk of glory, boy. The masonry of the thing I will say nothing to the disparagement of—I wish it were not so strong. The arches are, no doubt, correctly thrown—but a flaw in the curve of each would be more desirable to my sight! Glory, indeed!—such glory as will bring us all to beggary—though what does it matter to me, who must soon be in my grave? and why should I feel for them who have no feeling for theirselves?"

"What has angered you, good Master Buntline?" uttered the youth in the softened accents of conciliation. "I did not mean to say any thing offensive; especially to you, who have so often stood my friend—I merely spoke of the beauty of the evening, and"—

"Not of the bridge," said the veteran, interrupting him; "aye, aye, I see we have been at cross purposes, my lad. I was thinking of the many years I had enjoyed a *long* sight of the river, Harry; yes, a long sight, without those obstructions that now span the shores together, and render the stream like a destructive torrent. They will be sticking another below us before long, and then we may go and hang ourselves from the balustrade for any thing we shall get from the ferry. I tell you what it is, Harry—the world is working itself out of joint, through the new-fangled notions of the people; and what with their rebellion in the north for Prince Charles, or the Pretender, as they calls him—the launching of coaches, and the building of bridges, and such like, we shall soon have every thing capsized upside down, and there'll be an end to watermen."

"But the rebels have been defeated, Daddy," returned the youth, endeavouring to sooth the old man's feelings. "Some of the leaders in the rebellion are in the Tower, and in Newgate, and the other prisons are crowded with captives, who will no doubt suffer death for their treason."

"You will not talk so lightly about death when it comes near to yourself, Harry," uttered the veteran with solemnity; "many have engaged in the rebellion, conscientiously believing they were right—men of courage and integrity, possessing high and noble minds—some in the very prime of life, whose hearts are throbbing with warm affections for wives, and children, and kinsfolk. Yet they will all die upon the scaffold; not so much for their crime, as to obtain greater security for the victors. Yes, Harry, they will be tortured to feast the revenge of their enemies. Man pours forth unmitigated vengeance; God alone is merciful. Oh that I could save even one victim from the headsman's axe, or the hangman's noose!"

"It is in your power, old man, to do so," uttered a voice so close to his ear that it made him start; and turning suddenly round, he

beheld, in the gathering shades of twilight, two persons whose faces were concealed by hoods thrown over their heads—one was evidently a man, the other a female, beautiful in form and figure, which no studied or casual clumsiness of apparel could conceal. There was the silence of more than a minute; Harry, who had not heard the appeal, gazed with surprise when the man continued, "I have either said too little or too much—too little if I have failed to awaken your sympathy—too much if you mean to betray my confidence."

The veteran waterman gave a searching glance at the strangers during his hesitation, and then turning to his apprentice, said, "Shove in the wherry, Harry, here is a fare for us; bear a hand, my son, before it is quite dark"—he addressed the man in a confidential tone, "Come down the stairs, your honour, the boat will soon be in, and we will land you safely on t'other side without delay;" he added in a lower key, "Do not fear me—I will neither betray nor delude you."

The youth speedily brought the wherry to the stairs, and as he assisted the female to embark, her features became exposed to view; the faint crimson light of departing day tinged them with a glow of warmth which gave additional lustre to their loveliness—her age could not be more than seventeen, and as Harry gazed upon her beauty with unrepressed admiration, her confusion was so great that she would have fallen into the river, but that the young man's strong arm upheld and conducted her to the seat—in another minute the light bark was launched from the shore, and three more sufficed to gain the middle of the stream.

"Well, Master Buntline," exclaimed the male stranger, in a voice that both the waterman and his apprentice instantly recognized, "I have not, then, been deceived in you; and I find, as I expected, that your honest heart can feel for the distresses and difficulties of others. I like proof—good and substantial proof—eh, Harry? You must remember, in the Courts of Law, whither we have gone visiting together, the satisfaction which conclusive evidence brought to the Judge's mind. I have now tried it, Master Buntline, for I think you did not know me at the time I applied for your assistance."

"If this is nothing more than an experiment, your honour—that is, I mean Master Trueman," returned the veteran somewhat gravely, "then I think it might have been left alone. I do not like to be doubted; though mayhap, in times like these, every man has a right to suspect his fellow. Easy, Harry, easy. I suppose your—that is, Master Trueman, you wish to land at the ferry stairs."

"Not just directly, my friend," said the passenger; "row up-

wards, and let us enjoy the sweet tranquillity of a lovely spring-tide evening."

"This is not a spring tide, Sir," answered the veteran, "it is now the very dead of the neaps; and"—

"I know it, Master Buntline," gaily responded Trueman; "my allusion was not to the waters, but to this delightful season of the year, when the opening buds and bursting flowers resemble the revivals of hope in the human breast—and why should man ever despair?"

"There are some now in confinement, Master Trueman, on whom I'm thinking hope can never shed its light again," remarked the waterman. "However, though the trick you've played did anger me a bit at first, yet still I am rejoiced that you are not in reality so situated as to require my humble services."

"Stop—stop—or as you would say, avast! my worthy friend," said the other sharply—"do not jump so readily to conclusions—for myself, and free, if danger did assume a threatening aspect, I fear no single arm—nor even two of those who may be brought against me. And your brave old father, Harry, saved me from four of *their* myrmidons, who would have sacked much gold had they secured their prize"—he laughed. "Has all valour departed with the intrepid John Paulet?—No; he left a gallant son, who will follow in the steps of his bold sire—assist the helpless—protect the defenceless—be a friend to the friendless—succour the oppressed—respect and cherish innocence, and be true to his country. How say you, Master Buntline—think you it will not be so?"

The youth's heart glowed with rich gratification as, lightly plying his oar, he listened to Trueman's remarks: and they caused the greater delight, as he beheld two bright eyes looking towards him—for there was still light enough to see. Feelings such as he had never before experienced stole over his senses—they were new and strange to him—mournful, yet exquisitely pleasing.

"Aye, aye, your honour, he is a good lad enough," answered the veteran cheerfully, "and he does credit to our instruction; I have no fear of his doing well. He is an affectionate and dutiful son to his mother, and an attentive and obedient apprentice to me; the only fault I have to find is, that he is prone to pick up the new-fangled notions that are getting abroad; but mayhap it is merely the trick of youth, that maturer judgment will make all ship-shape again. Shall we shoot the arch?"

This latter inquiry had reference to the new bridge, which they had now approached. James Truman gazed earnestly up at the

massive structure, and promptly answered, "No, no, Master Buntline, we will shoot nothing to-night, not even a cat, if it can be prevented. But now return to the old landing-place at Pedlar's Acre; my young companion, here, requires secret shelter and matronly counsel, and who so well able to afford both as the kind-hearted Mrs. Paulet? I have not visited her for some time, it is true; in fact, I have been so much engaged in my country journies, and delayed so long by the loss of several of my best pack-horses, that I have not had opportunity to visit my friends."

Harry's joy increased in a tumultuous degree, but why or wherefore he could form not even the slightest conjecture; nor did he experience this sudden enlargement of his heart's best feelings, till Trueman spoke of placing his young companion under the guardianship of John Paulet's widow—for such she still was, though often solicited to change her name.

"My mother, I am certain, will be most happy to receive the young lady," said the apprentice; "and I—yes, Master Trueman, I will do all in my power to make her comfortable in her home."

Nothing further was at that moment uttered aloud. The packman, in an under tone, spoke earnestly to the female, whose reply in whispers was not audible, but it was no difficult matter to ascertain by her sobs that she was in tears, and that Trueman was endeavouring to console and sooth her. In a short time they reached the King's Arms stairs, and drawing their cloaks around them, and concealing their faces beneath their hoods, they landed, and ascended the steps. Harry felt an earnest desire to accompany them, but old Will having directed him to moor the boat, and then follow him up to the Hatch, the youth reluctantly complied; it was the first time he had found the orders of his senior irksome. Nevertheless, he speedily executed his task, and was soon at the appointed place, for he ran rather than walked to the home of his nativity. With ill-repressed eagerness he opened the door, earnestly hoping again to see that face which had produced such fascinating influences over his mental faculties; he looked rapidly around, but he saw no one except Trueman and the waterman, who were seated at a round table with a lighted lamp between them, and as the rays fell upon the faces of both, it was easily to be perceived that something of no ordinary nature formed the subject of their conversation; a tear was trickling down the cheek of old Will.

"Shall I disturb business by remaining?" inquired Harry with respect. "I hope the young lady has sustained no harm."

"None; none, my lad," answered Trueman. "Her nerves are a little shook, poor thing, and she has retired with your mother."

"As to disturbing business, Harry," observed the veteran waterman, "you are now arrived at an age to form something of a judgment for yourself, and save and except being a little too fond of new-fangled notions, you want nothing in cuteness to carry you through the world; thanks to your good mother, Master Trueman, and myself."

"Nay, nay, that is giving the lad no credit either for natural talent or good disposition," said the packman; "and without the possession of these essential qualities, neither you, nor I, nor any body else, could have made any thing of him. Sit down, Harry—sit down, my lad—the quick perceptions of youth are frequently more serviceable than the slow deliberations of maturer years; and the keen penetration of the one, combined with the cool discretion of the other, is the most like to effect good counsel. Draw your stool close, my boy." Harry did as he was requested. "We shall require your help in an important and perilous undertaking, and therefore upon that ground, if upon no other, you ought to be admitted to our consultations—eh, Master Buntline?"

"The youth is passing well," returned the waterman; "you may place reliance on his word. Harry, my boy, you must have the boat unmoored and at the stairs by midnight; we have work in hand that requires a clear head and a stout heart. That poor girl's father is a prisoner in the Tower"—

"Then I will try and rescue him," exclaimed the youth, rising up impetuously, so as nearly to overturn the table; "and I think I know the way to do it, too."

"Not quite so fast, young friend," advised Trueman calmly; "hot blood runs riot, and men's lives are seldom saved by over-haste, however zealous; yet I like to see your spirit, and commend you for its tendency, but beware of sudden irruptions, as they are apt to mar instead of mending matters. I must quit you now, as my presence is required elsewhere. Attend to Master Buntline's directions, and he will inform you of all that it is necessary to know;" he wished them "good night," opened the door, looked cautiously around, and then passing through the garden, followed by the waterman, they stopped for several minutes in low but earnest conversation at the Hatch, after which Trueman took his departure. On returning to the dwelling, Buntline addressed his young apprentice.

"Now, Harry, remember to be ready by midnight—I must away,

my son—in good time you shall learn every thing—cherish your mother, and take care of the young lady."

The veteran departed, and Harry sat alone, pondering upon what it all could mean; yet were his thoughts chiefly engrossed by recollections of that lovely female face which he had seen, and the pleasing conviction that she was under the same roof with him. But he saw her no more that evening, and though his mother was somewhat communicative when she joined him for a short time, yet the extent of her own knowledge was but contracted and imperfect; and though humanity prompted her to succour the innocent child of misfortune, yet anxiety for the safety and welfare of her son induced her to doubt the propriety of the consent she had given to take the beautiful girl under her charge; her father was an imprisoned traitor, and perhaps the shelter afforded to the outcast might bring Harry into trouble. The struggle, however, was not of long continuance; humanity prevailed, and she resolved to act the part of a parent by the fair motherless young creature who had been thrown upon her protection. Besides, she placed great reliance upon the counsel of Trueman, who had never advised unwisely, and was the sincere friend of her departed husband.

Exactly at midnight Harry was at the stairs with the boat, Buntline appeared and stept in on the instant, and without exchanging a word the apprentice shoved out into the stream. Five minutes occupied in rowing with the last of the flood, took them beneath the overhanging trees that spread from the garden terrace of Northumberland House. Here they laid quiet for nearly half an hour, when two claps of the hands and a low whistle apprised them of the approximation of a third person; the boat was pushed to the spot, and James Trueman mounting the parapet, swung himself by the branch of a tree into the wherry, which was again put in motion, and the rowers no longer remained inactive; their vigorous arms propelled the fairy shell along, proceeding down the river.

The sky was overcast, and a dense gloom spread itself upon the waters; not a star twinkled in the hemisphere, and no ray of light was visible, except here and there the faint gleams of a lamp, as it shed its dimness to direct the traveller to a house of entertainment.

"Every thing is in readiness, friend Buntline," said James Trueman; "the weather, too, is propitious; and now, Harry, you must understand that we are about to assist in the escape of a prisoner from the Tower. It is true, that we who bear such strict allegiance to the throne, and who are bound most rigidly to uphold the laws, might hesitate to adventure upon an undertaking that at first sight

appears to be so treasonable and illegal—but fear nothing, my boy—follow my counsel—the attempt is hazardous, I know, but who would not run a little risk to restore a parent to an only and motherless child?—to save an honourable man from an ignominious end? We can have no settled plan, but must be governed by circumstances. Harry, I am sure, whatever may be the danger, you will not shrink from grappling with it."

"Never, never," said the youth vehemently; and then added, in a lower tone, "Nor have I come wholly unprepared"—he raised his voice, "But may I ask who the person is that demands such peril in his service?"

"The name must for a while remain secret," returned Trueman; "but thus much I may say, it is the father of the fair girl now at your mother's dwelling."

"Enough—enough," said Harry with firmness; "that alone is sufficient, and you will find me ready to perform all you may bid."

Some further conversation ensued as the boat glided noiselessly along the "silent highway," without the slightest obstruction to impede her course (for there were then no intervening bridges between the new one at Westminster and that of London), until they arrived at the narrow and heavily-burthened arches of Peter of Colechurch, where the overhanging houses that crowned them looked frowningly down upon the dark rolling tide beneath. Improvements which could no longer be neglected had removed some of the buildings, but there yet remained a confined street upon the bridge, uncomfortable to the inhabitants, and dangerous to passengers; and as Pennant described it, standing between sky and water, with immense beams of timber crossing from house to house, at their roofs, &c., "to keep them together, and from falling into the river. Nothing but use could preserve the repose of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of falling waters, the clamours of watermen, and the shrieks of drowning wretches."

"We'll take one of the centre arches," whispered Buntline; "pull out at once, Harry, and let us get clear of the in-draught of those abominable mills." The prow of the wherry was propelled in the required direction, but more to the Southwark than the City side. Those ancient structures, the water-wheels, were not in full play, for the tide of ebb had only just made down, and they moved but lazily round—there was but little stir upon the bridge, and the accustomed roar was stilled into the usual silence of night—still the obstructed stream, gathering its weight and force, was beginning to rush through the apertures of escape, and the light boat flew rapidly beneath the

vaulted arch, and was then whirled round by the eddies caused by the heavy buttresses. Above the bridge the space upon the river was clear; no rising spars, no light tracery appeared against the face of the heavens, the barges were moored at the wharfs, and the wherries at the several stairs. But now amidst the gloom, as far as the eye could reach, arose a forest of masts, with here and there the rays of a solitary light dancing upon the wild ripple—narrowing or expanding in the bubbling swell.

"Hail to the memory of patriots, be they of whatsoever nation they may," said Trueman emphatically, as he looked up to the gate at the Southwark entrance of the bridge, bristling, as it was, with spiked heads and bleaching skulls. "Wallace,* Fisher, More—the hero, the prelate, the statesman—valour—piety—learning—the lamp of life extinguished by the breath of jealous monarchs. Hallowed be the remembrance of worth!"

The voice of the packman, sonorous at all times, had risen to a higher pitch, in accordance with his warmth of feeling, and drew forth the remonstrance of the veteran waterman.

"Not quite so loud, Master Trueman," said he; "the errand we are on requires silence as well as caution. Pull in smartly, Harry, before the tide can sweep us down much lower than we ought to be."

Both persons attended to the suggestions given, and the wherry keeping along the wharfs abutting from Tooley-street, shot swiftly down in her career. Across they could dimly perceive the lights in the casements of the Royal Tower, where many a sorrowing heart and aching head were passing the hours of the night in restless disquietude; among whose possessors there were more than one or two having the days, and even the hours of their future existence numbered. But the torches were quiescent—there was no flashing to and fro, to increase their brightness—and except the wash of waters against the bows of the vessels in the tide-way, all was comparatively still. When a short distance below Pickle Herring Stairs, old Bill uttered,

"Now launch her quick athwart the tide, Harry; our destination is the 'Iron Gate,' and we shall have to pull up a little way on the other shore."

The wherry turned her beak from the wharfs, and shot swiftly in

* The head of the Scottish hero, Sir William Wallace, is supposed to have been the first exposed to public gaze over the Southwark gate of London Bridge. There were sometimes not less than thirty heads stuck on spikes; and in 1535, Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More, had their heads elevated to the same place.

between two tiers of coasters, a voice from one of them solemnly uttering, as they passed beneath the projecting bowsprit,

"God speed ye all, my masters three;—may the aid of the blessed Trinity be yours."

"I repeat the prayer again for you, my friend," responded Trueman in a feigned tone, as the rowers ceased their labour for a minute. "Pray is the Lucky Endeavour laying out here in the stream?"

"The Lucky Endeavour must be nearer to the Tower, I'm thinking," returned the man with emphasis. "May it prove so in the end. This vessel is the Narrow Escape, and I'm on the night-watch, looking out for squalls; you will know where to find me."

It was evident that the stranger, either by foreknowledge or by shrewd guess, had some inkling of their design, but the wherry had run too far ahead for conversation to be renewed—and Buntline and his apprentice had to use considerable vigour to keep from getting athwart the cables by which the craft were moored. In a few minutes they were among the wherries off the Iron Gate Stairs, at the eastern precincts of the Tower of London. The gate itself, massive in its construction, but with a small wicket in the lower compartment, was closed. The boat was secured by its head-fast (all ready to slip at a moment's warning) at the stern of one of those that were attached to the landing.

"The signal will be similar to that which I gave," said the packman in a whisper. "The warders are upon the alert, but the guard make sure of their charge, as to-morrow the Lords Kilmarnock and Balmarino are to suffer death; yet our plan's well laid—and Harry, my boy, as Will Shakspeare says, 'Lend me your ears'—one victim shall be saved."

"Speak not so presumptuously, Master Trueman," uttered the waterman in the same low tone. "We are but humble instruments in the hands of an Almighty power, and therefore— But hush! the warders are challenging the rounds—the sentinels who come on duty will be more keen-sighted than the drowsy knaves whom they will relieve. Quick—lay yourselves at length in the bottom of the wherry, and utter no sound above your breath."

The veteran set the example, and coiled himself away between the thwarts; Harry did the same, and Trueman stretched himself abaft, drawing his cloak rather tightly round him. The challenges of the sentinels grew more loud and rapid—there was confusion on the Tower ramparts—the flambeau were dashing about in all directions—warder was heard to cry to warder, and the words "Guard the gates," came with thrilling interest to the anxious watchers in the

wherry. Suddenly the dark and massive walls were illuminated, and the glaring torches threw their fiercely renewed brightness upon the river, shadowing, in lengthened perspective, the heavy iron gratings of the openings that admitted light to the unfortunate prisoners; it was evident that some unusual commotion was going on within, and the sounds of confusion, as well as the challenges of the warders, were frequently responded to by loud laughs of derision from among the vessels that were out in the broad stream of the river.

"Doubtless we have friends at hand," whispered Trueman; "now would I give a purse of gold pieces to have yon giggler by my side. But hark, there are the sounds of oars—yon merry echo to a noisy rout will be for ever silenced if they find his whereabouts." He looked out—"The tumult is increasing; some prisoner is missing; pray Heaven it be my friend, though to save any one would be gratifying to my heart." Again he raised his head, and whispered rapidly, "Be on the alert, old man; I see them now, they are Royal barges. One of them is steering in this direction—another is heading to the tiers—there is a third, but that, I believe, is pulling up towards the bridge; though I cannot well distinguish which way she wends her course—stir not for your lives."

It was as Trueman conjectured—three Royal barges, redolent of flambeau, that shed a broad red light upon the rushing river, pushed out from the landing to Traitor's Gate—the waters, brightened by the glare of torches, reflected on their surface the sturdy figures of the yeomen of the guard, who each with bartizan and sword stood ready to immolate the fugitive: for it had not many minutes before been discovered by the gaolers that one of the State criminals had escaped from durance, and an immediate search and pursuit commenced; the barges ranging themselves to different stations, in order to examine every thing that was moving on the Thames, so as to prevent a safe retreat by water. One boat approached the wherries at the very moment that two slaps of the hand, and a low whistle, were heard at the wicket of the Iron Gate.

"It is the signal," whispered Trueman, as he disengaged himself from his cloak, and drew a brace of small pistols from his girdle. "Now, my brave fellows, is the time to act like men. Here, Harry, is the key of yon wicket, and take my pistols for self-defence. Master Buntline knows what to do, for I have scant time to tell you now; and Will, do not forget the place of rendezvous. I must entice the blood-hounds from their track. There is no alternative; and though it is not the most pleasant time of night to take a bath, yet it is the

only means of saving him." The signal was repeated. "Ha! there again—his foes must be on the trail—they cannot be far from his rear. Yet wait, Bill, till I have seduced these gentlemen to follow me; then, Harry, dash ashore, open the wicket without the delay of an instant—pass the person who you will see there through—close and lock the wicket again, and then let your quick mind be governed by circumstances. Be vigilant, and so—good night."

Whilst Trueman was uttering this, the guard-boat was slowly drawing near, and those within her held loud converse with their comrades on the land, and the sound of their voices mingled with the shrill laugh of mockery from the ships. Harry fixed his eager gaze upon the packman, who suddenly sprang upright in the wherry, and became a conspicuous object to the people in the barge. Although the glance was only momentary, the young apprentice perceived that his late father's friend was habited very differently to his usual costume; for he wore a soft leather dress, that fitted close to his body, without confining or cramping a single limb. He stood for a brief space exposing himself to view, then as the diver-bird plunges beneath the wave, he made one spring, and whilst the shouts of the pursuers (who had seen him) rung in the air, he dashed into the yielding element that opened to receive him.

SEA BALLADS.

No. II.

THE SEA CAPTAIN TO HIS VESSEL.

BY THE SON OF THE OLD SAILOR

"Once more upon the waters—but once more—and the waves bound beneath me as a steed who knows his rider."—OSSIAN.

ONCE more upon the ocean wave, my bark careering on—
With my well-tried crew of mariners, who oft have glory won—
The white waves roaring at the prow, the winds in tumult loud,
Singing with glee, their harmony, 'mid yard, and boom, and shroud;
Oh! who so light of heart as I, or who so gay or free
As those who earn the red red gold upon the treacherous sea?

I have tasted all the joys which the greedy landsmen prize—
The Court, the Mart, the fickle heart, which hid 'neath beauty lies;
I've seen the palace of the rich—joined in the revels gay—
Which, opening with the new-born morn, concluded not with day:
Yet have I felt them sadly pall when thou wert in my view,
And their hollow splendour fade away 'mid thy renown more true.

In all the Isles on which the sun doth shed its dazzling light—
'Mid the most favour'd Houri's, as angels fair and bright;
On fair Circassia's mountains, or in the Georgian vales,
I have heard the loveliest gems of earth recite their witching tales;
Yet have their beauties vanished, and their smiles all failed to please,
When thy pennant met my gaze once more, extended in the breeze.

Deceit may lurk in woman's eye, deep perfidy in man,
The friend so dearly trusted may betray your darling plan;
Can I upon the wide world find one friend so stanch or true,
That I might trust him with my life—my riches—honour too—
Save thou, fair dancer of the sea—sweet kisser of the clouds—
Whose music rings out merrily, shrill piping through the shrouds?

Is there a form would danger brave as thou hast done for me?
Would bear the brunt of ocean's rage—the crash of the *mêlee?*
Through trackless paths, where death's dread shriek was heard 'mid cannon's roar,
Thou still hast borne me on, as free and chainless as before;
As danger thickened round us, thou hast bravely met its rage,
Adding successive wreaths to thy already glorious age.

Show me the grace that can excel—the form can thine outvie—
Let it be radiant beauty's cheek, or valour's sparkling eye:
The one not deeper than the skin, which oft will hate enclose,
The other's hands imbued with blood of hosts of slaughtered foes.
Thy beauty is untarnished—thy constancy well tried—
In many a sharp engagement we have proved it side by side.

Speed on, my gallant vessel—spread thy wings and flee away—
We have many a mile to weather ere breaks the coming day—
Like a swan in graceful motion, o'ertop the swelling wave,
And laugh the vain pursuit to scorn, thou beautiful and brave;
My heart with pleasure bounding, ne'er feels so gay and free,
As when reposing on *thy* breast, rock'd by the rippling sea.

Visions of future days, when thou wilt feel decay's strong hand,
And scattered far and wide will be thy oft victorious band,
May dim these flaunting images—suffuse my eyes with tears—
And check the buoyant joy I've felt through many changing years;
Yet oft my heart will back revert to the happy days when we,
Linked in one bond for life or death, ruled masters of the sea.

THE PURSER'S CHEESE.

Who that has ever stood upon the quarter-deck of a man-of-war—her crew and officers on board—but must have been delighted to view the race of rising middies, who, sporting their little dirks and diminutive coat tails, tread the sacred planks with the command of a Nelson or a Jervis? Who can have mistaken the laughing devil in their eye—the quick sparkle, betokening mischief and daring—ever ready to embrace an opportunity of exercising their practical jokes upon the gruff tenants of the forecastle, or the penurious, scaly occupant of the victualling department? Like children in their search for hidden sweetmeats, few are the persons or things that escape their quick invention. Yet is it a proud sight to see them, destined as they are hereafter to become the descendants in the train of those great commanders who made the world ring with their renown; to know, that although childish in their mirth, yet that they will emulate each other in the advance upon the foe, and in the protection of their darling ensign; and to feel that it is through such scions of the parent stem that England has obtained that fame upon the ocean, which her enemies, however little inclined, have been compelled to award her.

His Majesty's ship Pompey, of 74 guns, had as fair a specimen of the virtues and devilry of these young scapegraces as any in the service. From the bronzed country youth, to the fair-haired pride of his doating mother; from the strong broad-shouldered youth of eighteen, to the delicate, high-spirited sprout of nobility. All could be found in her rating-books, and a merry, jovial set, they were; the terror of all on board, not even excluding the Captain himself. Bound together in one strong compact of secrecy and firmness, scarce any disclosure was pumped from them; while the tricks played upon all that came in their way, spread a kind of dread, and at the same time induced strict caution over the whole ship. The Captain doated on his lads—with pride did he view their handsome features and stripling forms execute the duty assigned to them with vigour and alacrity: they were his joy—his delight—and often as reports were made to him of hammocks let down by the run, or boatswain's shins broken by cords extended in his path, the good-natured Commander would smile inwardly as he heard the oft-repeated names of "Craft, Bowen, Grenfell, Fidler," and the others included in the catalogue of "Criminal Middies;" while he would endeavour to blink their

faults, and their punishment together, under cover of proof being wanting, which was invariably found to be the case.

The Purser, Mr. Mite, a thin, spare, long-eight kind of man, had, by dint of vigilance, escaped any great calamity at their hands, but it was not for want of watching that the young rascals had failed. Many were the prowls effected round his sacred and securely-locked pantry, but it defied their utmost skill to obtain entrance. One unlucky day, however, the purser was called away on duty, and forgot to take the key out of the lock; he unguardedly left it for a few minutes, and that short period was quite sufficient for a catastrophe which led to most important results.

Now be it known that Mr. Mite was very fond of cheese—as who of the family of Mites is not?—and he had supplied himself at Portsmouth with three of the choicest manufacture of Cheshire that that town could produce, to last him during the cruise; one he had demolished in darling security from the hands of depredators, the other two were snugly ensconced in his aforesaid pantry. It was not till another visit to the shrine sacred to the mysteries of Dr. Kitchener, after his being called away, that he discovered one of his beautiful Cheshires had vanished.

Now it would have been useless to have complained to the Captain, because all knowledge of it would have been denied by those who did not take it, and he who did would declare he had not got it, so that among the various difficulties of a midshipman's examination, the purser would be victimized out of his cheese. He determined to search for it, and thus have some chance of restoring it to the old snug corner. The inspection of the midshipmen's berths immediately commenced, but all to no avail; and the agonizing groans of the purser, whose *corpus* resembled that of a chimney-sweep more than any thing else, as he poked in the dirty crevices and corners, was a fund of amusement to the grinning middies. It is almost needless to add, his search was ineffectual, but still he did not give up in despair; he waited anxiously till night, and when all but the watch had turned in, he cautiously crept to the midshipmen's berth. A savoury scent saluted his nostrils; a delicious, inviting smell, such as exhales from well-cooked Welsh rabbits. He applied his eye to the keyhole, which showed a glimmering of light inside, and discovered the jolly crew of youngsters, at the same time that they whispered their jokes upon himself, and sipped their grog to his health and cheese; demolishing, by the light of one dip, hemmed round with paper, the last remains of his darling Cheshire.

The purser did not scream, he did not burst in among them, to

annihilate with a frown, but he slowly retired to his berth, big with revenge. Morning put the Captain in full information of the whole affair, and the pantry was visited by the latter to view the scene of plunder. There lay the fellow cheese, invitingly whole; its companion deposited in the rapacious maws of the mids. Standing in his berth, with the Captain by his side, he craved vengeance on the purloiners; the Captain declared he should have it, while his eye lighted with mirth at the trick which had been played.

That day was selected for a grand invitation to all the midshipmen to dine with the Captain. Dressed in their best, and in full fig, the youngsters took their seats round the table of the state cabin, and longed for the attack upon the savoury viands which they had been before accustomed to on such occasions. The dinner hour arrived—their longing appetites ruled every eye in the direction frequently towards the door—and when anxiously expecting the first course, a soup-plate, concealed by a dish cover, was placed before each. Grace was said, and the covers raised. Smite my trousers! if you had seen them all stare—each had got under his nose a pyramid of toasted cheese.

Each looked at the other—the Captain at all—and then the whole body glanced at the immense plates of toasted cheese. Not a word was spoken—the youngsters felt they were discovered—they hung their heads in shame and confusion, and were in the highest degree delighted when they were dismissed without any thing but a glass of wine at the conclusion, and with hopes that they had enjoyed themselves.

The Purser viewed the scene from the Captain's state-room—he jumped—he danced—he was transported with joy—and it was with difficulty he restrained himself from bursting in and expressing his mind in no measured terms. At last his pent-up feelings evaporated; forth he came at the conclusion, and rained his thanks upon the Captain.

"Much better," said the latter, "than mast-heading or reprimanding them. I hope you are satisfied, for I can assure you I am."

The Purser showered his acknowledgments for the disgrace inflicted on the *corps* which had just separated, and danced to his berth a happy, a revenged man.

That night, in his spirit of retribution, he determined that, as toasted cheese was the order of the day, he would regale his own lips, and the nostrils of the gorged mids, by a bit to himself. Slily unlocking his pantry, he held the candle down to where he had left the remaining Cheshire. Horror! it was gone.

The Purser never complained to Captain ——— again, and bore the jokes of the mids ever afterwards with cool patience and indifference. How the cheese went, or where, was a mystery, but all admitted who partook of the Captain's dinner, that they could detect a great similarity in taste and colour to that which had the night before so plentifully regaled the midshipmens' berth.

YARNS FOR ALL HANDS.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

ANOTHER ELECTIONEERER.

(With an Illustration.)

"Mine honour was not yielded, but conquered merely."
SHAKSPEARE.

THE story of the Electioneering Lieutenant, in the last number of the Jolly Boat, has recalled to my recollection a humorous circumstance that occurred some twenty years ago—having somewhat of a similar origin. It happened at Tunbridge Wells, when I was on a visit to an old friend at that place, who had gone down to drink from the celebrated mineral springs, that at one time gained great celebrity for their medicinal virtues. For my own part I never could fancy the liquid in its cold state—it tasted too much like Thames water that had been stowed away six years in a rum cask, down in a ship's hold, and that, too, in a hot climate. It might be compared with streams from other sources, but that which I have named is, in my opinion, the nearest to the truth. Many a withered, orange-coloured phiz, have I seen at the fountain, and many a blooming cheek, fresh as a May-day morning, the owners of which were young and beautiful, and whose Mammas were trying to blend the orange and the rose together, because the former possessed that which the latter could not boast of—a golden altar, on which youth and loveliness were to be offered up a sacrifice. What did the *anxious* parent care for the Nabob's attacks of bile, so that her daughter could rule the roast? What was the lassitude and decrepitude of the husband, when placed in juxta-position with a handsome, double-bodied carriage, borne upon strong patent springs, and a gallant cousin to act as squire? Tunbridge Wells was a famous place for squeezing the oranges.

But to the water. I have already said that I never could bear it in its primitive state—it was like swallowing cold iron—and perhaps that may account for many of the drinkers of it, who, when they went down, had but small hopes of being long livers, having walked off at the end of the season as stiff as pokers. We have all a little iron in our compositions; some more than others. There is bar iron, and cast iron, and wrought iron; whilst thieves, from their peculiar hardness, incline more to steel. This water was (and I suppose is now) strongly impregnated—no, that is not the term—amalgamated —will that do? Well, never mind, I know it was mated with iron; and there John Bull might frequently be found, swallowing ox-hide, or ox-eyed (I am not sure that either is the right way of spelling it), from the spring. I certainly drank it myself, but never alone, nor cold, for I took it warm, with the addition of good cogniac brandy, lump sugar, and the juice of a tender lemon—the iron then comes into full play, and it makes capital *strong* punch; and as I was advised to use the waters, I preferred them with the foregoing qualifications.

And now to my tale. My old messmate, Captain E—— (he was only a commander, but as a matter of course, Captain by courtesy, and I shall call him so), was a jovial soul, who drank more hollands and whiskey than water, and consequently enjoyed an admirable flow of spirits at all times; he followed the doctor's advice in mineralizing himself, but kept his own counsel touching the alcohol. His knowledge of the world, though he had been all over it, extended no farther, if so far, than that of a child, and the impositions practised upon him were enormous. He was a politician, too—at least he loved to be considered so—but he was wholly innocent of information relative to Reform Bills—Corn Laws—Catholic Questions—with their long string of etceteras—and could make out any thing in the newspapers except the Parliamentary debates. Still he was a politician, maintaining the inviolability of Church and State, and the invincibility of the Navy and Army. As a natural result from such patriotic sentiments, he was not idle at elections; and his personal exertions, his loose cash, and a tremendous pair of fists, were unsparingly devoted to the Ministerial candidate.

Captain E—— occupied the elegant first floor over the shop of a hatter, in a rather extensive way of business. The house was well situated, and projecting from the front hung suspended, as a sign, a hat that could not have failed to be much in fashion in those days when "there were giants in the land"—and there it swung to and fro in the breeze, creaking its iron crank in unison with the whistling of

the wind. The Captain was unmarried, and his sole attendant (with the exception of a lad) was an old woman, who in younger life had nursed E—— in his infancy, and still affectionately styled him her "child," although he had passed his five and fortieth year; certes she almost doated upon him, and he was much attached to her.

Whilst at the wells an election for the county came on, and E—, rigged out in new clothes (which he called his *canvas* suit), joined the Tories in soliciting votes—he worked like a horse—swore like a boatswain was the victor of several rings—and drank with the most fervent devotion—doing all for what he denominated "the good old cause." At the close of the first day of the election, the friends of each party dined at their separate head quarters, and it hardly need be said that healths "five fathoms deep" were drank with the utmost enthusiasm—the wine and grog abounded—and men swallowed sufficient to have liquidated the National Debt, had it not have been considered by that party as one of the greatest blessings the country ever enjoyed. The houses of entertainment were at no great distance from each other, and the unsteady emergers from number one could not fail to come in contact with the unsteady emergers from number three; and so by way of a wind up, as they reeled home, several regular twisters were exchanged, till after repeated skirmishes the whole bodies took up arms, though they could scarcely keep upon their legs, and sallied forth into the street to have a hostile meeting; and as they wanted a Commander-in-Chief, both parties placed themselves under the influences of one General Row. E——, as a bellygerunt, skinfull of grog, headed his friends and led to the attack—the Liberals, brim full of *pot*ency and the sovereignty of the people, repelled the assault—weapons offensive and defensive were collected, and at it they went, ding-dong; not from any feeling of wrong inflicted by either—not from any cherished personal animosity—not through envy, hatred, or malice—but solely because one party intended to vote for Potts and the other party for Kettles. What a droll thing an election is.

The fighting continued for some time; broken heads, bruised limbs, black eyes, and sanguinary noses, till the police officers, by belabouring on all sides, put a stop to the affray, and staves in hand vindicated and upheld the supremacy of the law by knocking his Majesty's liege subjects down. E—— was amongst the last to retreat, but after being rolled up in mud he bundled off home in no very enviable plight. The old woman let him in, and sorely did she grieve to see her "poor dear child" in such a condition, though she did not fail to rate him soundly for indulging his thirsty propensities

NOBLHATTER

to such excess. Accustomed from childhood to pay great deference to his nurse, the Captain received her remonstrances and rebukes without offering any very caustic replies, and in a short time he stripped ship and went to bed, the old woman locking his door to prevent his going out again, but like many other elderly ladies she did not perform her work with that accuracy which the case required. There were folding doors between the sitting-room and bed-room, and E——'s brain being somewhat in a whirl through laying down, fancied there was a noise in the street, and immediately concluded that the hostile parties were again in battle array. Nor in point of fact was he mistaken, as a straggling few had got up a bit of a fight amongst themselves, and the shouting and rattling of sticks could be distinctly heard. Captain E—— listened as well as he could, and the noise of the mob chimed in with the singing in his ears; he got out of bed in his shirt and drawers, contrived to draw on his stockings, and by the time this was effected the battle had rolled its tide more closely to his habitation. Impatient to head his friends, and lead them on to glorious victory, he hurried, exactly in the state he was, to the door, but finding it locked he gave vent to angry denunciations. Cunning, however, assisted him, and trying the folding portals they quickly yielded. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and every thing around was clearly visible; he ran to the window to ascertain the direction of the sounds just as several of the adverse party passed beneath to reinforce the Liberals. Without a moment's hesitation the sash was thrown up, out went the Captain, and sliding down from the leads above the shop-front he dropped upon the pavement, joined the Tories, instilled fresh vigour into them, and the contest grew warmer than ever, till once more put an end to by the watchmen and civil force. E——, who never used any other weapon than his hard horny fists, had engaged in several pugilistic encounters, in which he had given and taken punishment unflinchingly; his shirt was torn, his drawers loose, his stockings down, and his falls had been in not the cleanest portions of the highway.

It was in the strange plight just described that the gallant Captain once more sought his home, and knocked violently for admittance; rattle after rattle succeeded at the door, but no response was made, till the old housekeeper throwing up the first-floor sash, demanded "Who's there?"

"Who do you think it is but myself?" answered E—— in a voice hoarse with hallooing. "Bear a hand down and open the door."

"Indeed and I shall do no such thing," exclaimed the housekeeper in a rage. "Go along about your business, and don't come here to disturb and alarm peaceable people at this time of the night."

"Open the door, I say," vociferated E——, somewhat exasperated by her refusal. "Come down and let me in, old Jezabel, do!"

"Old Jezabel forsooth," answered the housekeeper in a passion; "it is well my poor dear child the captain does not hear you calling names, or you would find the street too hot to hold you. Get away, fellow, or I will assuredly call him up."

"Confound it," shouted the shivering Officer, "here am I, thoroughly soaked"—there was no untruth in that—"and that old catamaran refuses to admit me. D'ye hear there, Bet? open the door, I say. Zounds, don't you know me? I *am* the Captain."

"You the Captain!" answered the enraged woman. "You!—no, poor dear child, he's safe in his bed, and you are nothing but an imposthume as wants to rob the place. You'll get no doors opened by me, I promise you."

It was in vain that E—— expostulated, stormed, and entreated; the old woman was inexorable, declaring that her "poor dear child was fast asleep in his room," till E——'s patience became exhausted; and as a multitude of both parties were gathering round, he procured a piece of rope through the agency of a friendly hand, and flinging the end over the iron of the projecting sign, he doubled the parts, and ascended hand over hand, to the great amusement of the spectators, both sides suspending hostilities to shout and laugh. Up went the Captain, but when he got to the sign of the hat, his head popped into it and he could rise no higher. Useless were his efforts to soar above it; sometimes he descended a little way, and then again mounted, but his labours were in vain, his head would get into the enormous hat; and there he kicked, and swore, and raved, whilst the old woman screamed most lustily; and the mob, decorated with the favours of the adverse parties, fought and hallooed and danced below.

All at once it occurred to the housekeeper to see whether the Captain really was in bed or not. She therefore unlocked the door of his sleeping-room, rushed into the apartment, and loud were her wailings and lamentations when she discovered that her "poor dear child" was *non est inventus*, and that he must have departed without his clothes. The truth flashed upon her mind—half a dozen steps carried her down stairs—the street door was thrown open, and E—— at last finding a friendly port from the storm, took off the great hat and, *bowing* through the crowd, made good his entry to his lodgings. The old lady did all in her power to atone for the mistake; she got him some hot brandy and water, wrapped his feet in her best flannel petticoat, and then left her "poor dear child" to his repose.

ANNE OF MUNSTER.

CHAPTER VI.

(With an Illustration.)

The expression of Feargus concerning the singular assembly in the valley, threw no light on their character or on the object for which they were gathered together. That it was no collection of the regular military forces of the country was very evident, as well from the want of uniformity in their dress as the peculiar nature of their flags. It might be, I thought, a sort of Local Militia, such as I had seen in England; and making allowance for the difference in the two countries, the irregularity of dress could be accounted for, as a thing of less importance here than in the sister island. Yet this supposition immediately died away as unlikely, when I looked on the peculiarity of the situation and the evident secrecy of their movements, coupled with the caution observed by my conductor.

"Who are they," I asked, after these vain conjectures, "and what are they doing?"

"Whisht!" said Feargus in a whisper; "the boys are coming this way."

While he spoke I noticed a general move of the whole body; their faces were all turned in the direction where we lay, and by a simultaneous resolve they approached the foot of the rock beneath the mouth of the cave. Those who were in rank at the time came on with measured and regular tread, but many of the others ran singly or in groups, and all were apparently anxious to get as quick as possible to one particular spot; and from what I could judge, that spot was immediately under us.

"Whisht! and don't stir for the life of ye," whispered Feargus, "and we'll be after having a trate widout paying for it."

"What are they going to do?" I inquired in the same low tone, and becoming more and more anxious to understand the meaning of these strange proceedings.

"Listen," he replied, and holding up the finger of his right hand he stretched his head towards the mouth of the cave, and stood in an attitude of the deepest attention.

As a matter of course I was led to follow his example, and creeping somewhat nearer the extremity of the rock, I bent forward in

earnest expectation of what was to follow. My suspense was not of long duration, for scarce a minute had elapsed when we heard a somewhat pleasing and sonorous voice engaged in addressing the assembly below. From our elevated position we had little difficulty in catching the words, and from these I gathered immediately the nature of the object they had in view.

"My beloved countrymen," said the speaker, "I address you on the present occasion with emotions of the most opposite character. My breast heaves alternately with the most lively joy and with the most piercing sorrow; and like the waters of this wonderful lake, which ebbs and flows with the restless sea, and yet has no connexion with the vast expanse of waters, so do I feel that, although deprived of our most natural rights, yet my pulses throb with the wild beating of the heart of our common humanity. When I look at the beautiful country where Providence has placed us—our valleys teeming with verdure and our fields with plenty—our harbours open to every sea and our rivers the finest in the world. When I look on the men before me, and compare their sinewy forms and manly beauty with the puny sons of the Saxon—when I reflect on their generous devotion—their long-tried fidelity—their lofty spirit—their unflinching attachment to the faith of their fathers—and when I reflect on the lovely and chaste daughters of this glorious land—I feel all the exultation of unmingled pride that I belong to such a land, and spring from such a race of men. But when I look at the long series of heavy wrongs ye have endured; at the bitter oppression of a tyrannical foe, who delights his soul with the misery he inflicts upon you—when I see the produce of your teeming soil carried away to fatten the men that oppress you, and your cry for justice answered by insults and outrage, my very soul dies within me and my heart sickens with disgust.

"The gloom of these melancholy thoughts grows deeper, as I look at the long period that has elapsed since our necks were first bowed to a foreign yoke, and our native princes gave homage to the stranger. The ancient glory of our once free land was eclipsed, and the heroic deeds of a thousand years buried in oblivion. Our beautiful country, which had been the nurse of art, and the centre of learning, to which even Imperial Rome had sent her sons for instruction, became the prey of rude barbarians, and was divided as a spoil amongst the men of the iron hand; and the yoke was heavy, for our fathers became slaves, and were judged happy if allowed to till their own lands for the benefit of their masters. They were allowed to live because their labours were serviceable; but the life of a mere Irish-

man was nothing in the eye of his tyrant, since the heaviest fine imposed for its loss was but a few shillings, and an English sportsman could hunt and shoot the 'Wild Irish' at less expense than he could kill foxes in his own country. These were the deeds of a dark age—but has succeeding times discovered any improvement? Run back in your minds over the bloody periods in our history, and can you trace a single bright line amid all the dark masses which envelop our unhappy country?—Alas! no. England might be divided against herself—but she has always kept her iron gripe on the victim's throat. The White Rose and the Red might occasion bloody battles in every town. One line might flourish till supplanted by another. A fickle voluptuary might change the faith of a nation, to justify infidelity to his wife. Even their King himself might expire on the block, and their haughty Nobles submit to the rule of a brewer. Their ancient Princes be driven into exile, and the sons of the stranger promoted to sovereign sway—but never, amid these mighty and astounding changes, has England for one moment relaxed her grasp or softened her iron rule. He of the Strong-bow commenced in violence, and the strong hand alone has been employed to govern us.

"But, my beloved countrymen, there is an old saying, that 'when things get to the worst they are sure to mend.' I am not very fond of some of these old sayings, especially those that come over the water. I like those best that are of home-growth; and if I give you one of our real old Milesian proverbs, I am sure you will not like the lesson the less because it instructed your fathers a thousand years ago.

"'Dóchas liagh gach anró.' This was the old language in which they taught their sons wisdom, and though we but partially use the words of our fathers, yet I am sure we retain their spirit; and therefore when I use the tongue of our oppressors to express its meaning, and assure you that

'Hope is the physician of each misery,'

you will at once agree with me, that we may take to ourselves the consolation of both; and as the good physician Hope assures us, that the deep misery we have endured having brought us really to the worst, we are now, even according to the proverb of our foes, likely to mend.

"But why need I go to old proverbs to draw forth an augury of the good that awaits us? Do I not see before me, at this present

moment, men, who, alive to the sense of their country's degradation, are deeply determined to shake off the yoke of the oppressor; and if they cannot obtain justice by asking for it, are resolved to take it without leave? Men who are disposed to avoid bloodshed if they can, but would rather shed their own blood than live in slavery. Do I not speak the feelings of every heart? Answer, men of Ireland! and let the wild rocks which surround us be witness to your vows, as they echo back the loud signal of approaching freedom."

A loud shout was the appropriate response on the part of the hearers, to this last appeal of the speaker; and if it might be estimated by its strength and duration, they certainly justified the expectation he had formed, for a more wild and terrific uproar was never heard from the lungs of mortal men; and the old rocks seemed to catch life at the noise, and re-echoed it back in many a strange and dismal tone.

The curiosity natural to a situation and scene so peculiar, induced me, during the continuance of the speech, to creep gradually closer to the edge of the cave; and just as the vociferous shouts came thundering up the rock, I was partially leaning over the ledge, trying to catch a glimpse of the speaker, when my foot slipped from a loose fragment of rock, and in the struggle to regain my position my hat was partially removed from its place, and in a moment after, by a sudden gust of wind, was rolled down into the very midst of the men below.

"Lie flat on the face of ye, quick," said Feargus, grasping my shoulder and forcing me down along with himself the instant the hat left my head; and well it was for us, for scarcely had it touched the ground when a dozen balls flew whistling past us, and a loud and fierce shout arose for vengeance on the spy.

"What shall we do now?" I inquired, as soon as the momentary surprise and fear permitted; "are they able to climb the rock?"

"Divil a bit," replied Feargus, "but the bullets can enter the cave; and if they have the sinse to stand furder away, they may tache us to be off in a hurry."

"Had we not better move at once," I inquired, "for fear your guess should be true?"

"Bide aisy for a moment," he answered, "and we'll see how the wind sits."

We accordingly lay still, in the couchant position we had assumed, waiting for some indication from below; all was silent, and I imagined the whole assembly were anxiously looking for some mark, at which to fire, and experienced no little comfort on reflecting

that the strong rock was between us and the death which threatened from so many guns. In this supposition there was not any error, for we heard some one cry out, who had apparently been examining the article,

"It is the hat of a Saxon."

"Death to the spy—death to the spy"—shouted a hundred voices, and immediately was poured a whole volley of balls into the mouth of the cave, which shelled off many a piece from the roof, and partly covered us with the scattered fragments, while the spent bullets fell harmlessly on the floor of the cave.

"We'll be after moving now," said Feargus, "and let the boys amuse themselves till the powther be out. Blur and agurs," he cried, as I rose to go, "is it ball-proof ye are, to rear yerself up that away? By dad, and if myself was there, it's a peppering ye'd get."

Scarcely had the words escaped his lips when a bullet shot whizzing past us in a slanting direction, fully justified the shrewd caution he displayed, as it struck off the piece of rock close by the very place in which I was standing, and would, in all probability, have found its way through my head, but for the violent remonstrance of my companion.

"Let's be humble for onst in our lives," said Feargus, "and go on our knees now, if we niver did before. Come along," he continued, "or rather go along, for it's before me ye'll thravel, or I'll be having a berrin that's not bargin'd for."

I was not disposed to gainsay the recommendation of my thoughtful host, after the proofs I had had of his great sagacity, and therefore pursuing his directions I crept along on my hands and knees, with Feargus close behind me, and was not a little gratified to escape, as more than one random ball came whistling and bounding against the rocky sides of the cave, and in some instances dropped close beside us Long after we had regained our upright position the muskets continued to go off, and it was not till the distance carried us beyond earshot that the reports wholly died away.

We had travelled in silence along the dripping and dark part of the cavern, until we came to the place where it expanded into a lofty dome, lighted pleasantly from an opening near the top; and on reaching this more comfortable spot my companion turned round, and looking at me with an expression of irresistible drollery he burst into a fit of laughter, so loud that the old cavern was filled with the comic sounds, and repeated his successive peals till the entire place seemed full of laughing voices that knew no bounds to their mirth.

After this had continued some time, it appeared to strike Feargus

that he ought to explain to me the cause of this uproarious mirth. Not knowing what tickled his fancy so strangely, I stood in a doubtful attitude, amused certainly, but still wishful to know something about the cause of this obstreperous mirth. The effort apparently produced an opposite effect, for instead of satisfying my curiosity he only laughed the louder; and leaning on my shoulder to prevent his falling, he absolutely screeched with the inextinguishable cachination.

"I ax—I axes," he at length stammered at intervals; "I axes par—pardon—a thousand—thousand times—but—but—but it is so droll"—and away he went again with the same loud peal as before.

"What is it that amuses you?" I asked. "What is it that is so droll?"

"Ounly to think," he replied, becoming more calm, "ounly to think—yer honour's hat"—and again the fit of laughing overpowered his utterance, and he could do nothing but stare and point with his finger, every now and then interjecting with violent efforts,

"Yer honour's hat—yer honour's hat."

"And what of my hat?" I asked gravely, being rather piqued at the pertinacity of his laughter, although strongly inclined to follow the example he set me.

"Och! yer honour's hat," he replied with a violent effort—"yer honour's hat has knocked down a rebellion"—and again he exploded in an exhausting laugh

"Knocked down a rebellion!" I exclaimed. "What is it you mean?"

"Mane?" inquired Feargus, with the most comic look I ever beheld; "jist as I say. Yer honour's hat has knocked down the rebellion; and if ye'll come wid me we'll stifle it intirely."

Totally unable to comprehend the meaning of my host, I followed the path he chose, and turning round a large projection of rock we began to wind up higher and higher, until at last we emerged on the outside of the rock, and stood within thirty yards of its summit.

The view from this elevated position was commanding in the extreme. On one side beneath us the broad bosom of the lake reflected the full glory of November's brightest sun. Here and there huge masses of wild crags rose abruptly from the lake, which stood out conspicuously from the dark bogs beyond them. At some distance rose that celebrated hill called the Reek, whose conical summit is scarcely ever free from a coronet of clouds, and which is said to be the scene of one of St. Patrick's most useful and most famous exploits. The bard who has immortalized his hero, but not himself,

might have beheld the indented shores, broken up into many a dark outline of shaggy beauty, where the rocks breast the wild waves of the huge atlantic, but his eye being fixed on the important history of the Saint, forgot all other scenes, and only sung of things essential to his story.

"The Wicklow hills are very high,
So is the hill of Howth, Sir,
But there's a hill much higher still,
Much higher than them both, Sir;
Upon this hill St. Patrick stood
And preached the famous sarmant,
Which drove the frogs into the bogs,
And bothered all the varmint."

From the lofty ledge on which we stood, the valley we had lately seen was not visible; ample compensation for this loss was afforded in the wider range of scenery, but there was wanting the stir of human passions to give life to its interest, and this deficiency was the more forcibly felt, from the strong excitement so lately experienced.

While we stood for a few moments regarding this most beautiful but lifeless scenery, my host pulled the bottle of whiskey from his pocket, and handing it to me, he observed,

"A kiss o' the cratur ull be pleasant, so jist let yer lips meet, and we'll examine the Larder and crush the rebellion."

"I understand the salute," I replied, putting the bottle to my mouth and taking a small quantity of the spirits it contained; "but the 'Larder' and the 'rebellion' are mysteries."

"Mysteries!" he exclaimed; "faith they shall be mysteries no longer. Jist let me taste a drhop," he continued, putting the bottle to his mouth, "and now come along wid ye."

So saying, he wound along the craggy ledge, which seemed to rise in a circular direction, and brought us every moment nearer to its summit. When we were within twenty or thirty feet of its highest point, the path suddenly widened and expanded into a kind of natural alcove, where a jutting portion of the eminence formed a rude seat, that I found extremely agreeable after the fatigue of ascending so far. The extensive view from this commanding situation contributed greatly to my enjoyment, and it was not without a slight feeling of reluctance that I rose to prosecute the upward journey. This, however, I found impossible, as just beyond the spot where we stood, a large and deep fissure gaped and yawned fearfully across the path, and made me feel dizzy to look at the dreadful gorge. Beyond it a

mere shelving projection offered a precarious footing, by far too dangerous for my taste, even supposing it possible to spring over the hideous rent which opened below.

"It's a bad view yer honour ull have of the Larder," said Feargus, "if it's here ye's are after staying;" saying which, he bounded across the chasm, ran up the side of the shaggy rock, and in an instant was out of sight.

"Where is it possible he can be gone?" I asked aloud, with a feeling of mingled astonishment and fear; at the same time retreating further from the dangerous cleft, when a loud scream suddenly startled me back into the recess, where I stood for a moment not knowing what to do. Another scream succeeded, more fearful than the former, and a large eagle suddenly darted from the rock, and wheeled rapidly into the air. In a moment afterwards Feargus stood in sight, and to my utter astonishment, holding a child in one arm, and a dead lamb in his hand. He threw the lamb over the ravine to me, and kneeling down, crossed himself devoutly, and exclaimed,

"Mother of mercy I thank thee; thou hast saved my child."

The singularity of this timely deliverance struck me with great astonishment, and I was reflecting on the providential circumstance which had brought us there, when Feargus again sprang over the gulph, and coming hastily to me, he grasped my hand with the most passionate fervour as he exclaimed,

"The blessin of all the saints be about ye's. Sure, sure it's all alongst of yer honour that I came here the day; and if not, och hone, och hone, but my darlin would have been lost for ever."

The thought appeared too much for his manly breast, and kissing the child, which nestled and crowed in his bosom, he fairly burst into tears, and the big sobs heaved his frame with hysterical violence.

Tears from a man are always painful to see; and although I could not blame the heart of the father for thus powerfully working, yet judging its continuance could only be injurious, I said,

"The good wife will be in sad trouble."

The effect was as I had calculated. He suddenly ceased to weep, and not noticing the lamb he had taken from the eagle's nest, he began to descend the rock much faster than I could follow. Thinking it a pity he should lose the fruit of his labour, although more richly rewarded another way, I took up the dead carcass of the lamb and proceeded cautiously down the descending path, but was unable to overtake Feargus till I reached the domed cave in the centre of the rock. By this time I perceived his feelings were more calm, and as I drew near with the lamb on my back he smiled faintly, and said,

"We both bear the innocents; but mine is alive, praise be to God."

"Amen," I responded; "but had we not better advance?"

"And that's thrue, for poor Nora's sake," he replied hastily, and we proceeded together as fast as the nature of the road permitted. Every thing remained in the position we had left it. The huge rock that blocked up the passage—the secret still—the bolted door—all were exactly the same, and might have remained so till doomsday, had we not returned to restore them to the condition they were in when we first came.

As we came to the apartment where my trunks were stored, preparatory to rising the steps, I stopped and asked Feargus if it would not be better to allow me to proceed and inform his wife, lest the sudden sight of the child might occasion too great a shock to her nerves.

"Sorra a bit," replied Feargus. "Sure the sight of the child is the best cure for a mother's sorrow; and besides, Nora knows no language but her ownd tongue."

With these words he ascended the steps, and when near the door gave a low and peculiar whistle. In a moment afterwards the bed was withdrawn, the trap-door raised, and we once again stood in the public room of the Pontoon Hotel.

On coming into this apartment, the scene was touching to the last degree. Poor Nora had evidently been weeping, and full of distressing sorrow she had hastily sprung to hail her husband's return, with a view to communicate their loss, and to find consolation in his arms, when the sight of the child struck her with amazement. She held up her hands, and her eyes and mouth were opened in astonishment, then giving way to a delirious burst of joy, she laughed hysterically and sunk insensible on the breast of her husband. Feargus was so much taken with surprise that he knew not what to do; but holding the child in one hand, and supporting the fainting form of his wife with the other, seemed petrified with the overwhelming fear that all was lost. Greatly affected myself, I yet had sufficient presence of mind to take such measures as appeared necessary, and first shutting the trap-door and placing the bed over it, I took the child from the stupified father and laid it gently down, and then taking the broken teapot from the shelf ran to the lake, and filling it with water returned to the house, in the hope of restoring the fainting wife to her afflicted husband. Poor Feargus still remained in the same position—his eyes staring—his mouth slightly open, and gazing with lack-lustre looks, on the inanimate form of his wife. Her head was

hanging over his arm, her long hair, loosened in the struggle, floating behind her, and her pale beautiful face resembling the chiselled marble on a tomb. Approaching the afflicted pair, I flung some water on Nora's face, which made her faintly sigh; and repeating the application two or three times, she seemed to shudder and tremble, and then opening her eyes she cried faintly,

"Ma bouchal mavourneen"—and rushing hastily to the bed, she kneeled by its side, and kissed the child with a voracity of affection that seemed to know no bounds.

The extravagant joy of his wife seemed to restore Feargus to his senses; he stared wildly at her and the baby for half a minute, and then rushing to the bed he kneeled by her side, and first kissing the child he then buried his head in the bosom of his wife and sobbed with excessive and unrestrained emotion. Feelings like these should neither be seen nor checked, and knowing all danger was past, I walked out of the house and left them to recover their wonted equanimity at leisure.

In the course of ten minutes I found things had resumed something of their former condition, and Nora was sitting quietly by the fire, nursing the recovered child, and humming a low-toned air, that appeared soothing to their mutual feelings.

"What is become of Shamus?" I asked, not seeing that individual either inside or outside of the house.

"It's myself niver axed," replied Feargus, "but I will;" and addressing his wife in Irish, she looked up in reply, pointed to the child, and again strained it to her breast with an expression of the most passionate affection.

"He's after the babe," said he; "and my blessin be on him for that same, and the Saints purtect him."

Feargus was now busily employed in his usual avocation. The pigs and the fowls were driven out of the house—the fire was fresh heaped with turf—the few articles in the room were put in their accustomed places, and the morning's adventures and the night's dangers seemed in a manner forgotten, being banished by the more pressing necessity of boiling the potatoes for the mid-day meal.

"You seem to forget the lamb," I observed, seeing that it lay unnoticed in the corner where I first placed it; "but perhaps you would rather keep it till to-morrow, and as that is Sunday it will be better to do so."

"The Saints forbid," replied the good-natured host; "sure it's crazed I am intirely, to forgit the mait yer honour carried so far—but we'll be all right yet," he continued, laying hold of the lamb and

taking it outside the house; he returned in a few minutes with a portion of the meat, more neatly prepared than I could have expected, and tying a piece of worsted to one end he suspended it near the fire, and then resumed his accustomed occupation.

The exciting circumstances of the last half hour had so occupied my mind, that I had scarcely reflected on the unpleasant position in which I was placed by the loss of my hat, until it was painfully brought to my recollection by seeing ten or a dozen men passing the road at a short distance from the house, most of them armed with guns or other weapons such as I had seen a short time before in the valley beyond the rock.

"There goes a squad of the army of Liberators," said Feargus, "and by my sowl it's an awkward squad they are, sure enough. Did I not tell yer honour that yer hat had crushed the rebellion? and faith it's thrue enough, for the boys ull come there no more."

"But what am I to do without a hat?" I asked. "If any of these misguided men should meet me, they would make up for the loss of their rebellion by a little private bloodshed; and considering the savage character they displayed last night, I should have but small chance of escape, unless I had a protector like you."

"Yer honour spakes truth, and it's myself is bothered intirely," he replied, scratching his head and looking most ludicrously perplexed; then slapping his thigh with great force, he began to laugh, saying,

"By dad but we must make an Irishman of ye. I've a dress of a dead brother, rest his sowl, that ull fit ye's intirely, and it's nate and iligant ye'll look, and sorra a one o' them ull ax ye's a question at all."

The expedient of Mr. O'Connor appeared the only one likely to extricate me from the dilemma I was in, and the hope of safety overcame my reluctance to appear in this disguise. The dress was produced, and hastily donned, and as it seemed to fit quite as well as the generality of dresses in this part of the world, and although very strange to myself, yet was likely enough to escape observation from others. A coarse felt hat, slouched down over my face, and a long frieze coat enveloped the body, while a twisted hay-band, dexterously put on by Feargus, served to cover the legs from the feet to the knees.

"It's a dacent Connaught boy ye's are now," said Feargus; "but ye'll want a Connaught tongue, or no tongue at all."

"How then," I asked, "shall I find my way through this strange country of yours, unless I can ask the way? If Shamus was here"—

"It's myself is here," interrupted Shamus, coming in; "but—but," he stammered, staring with surprise at the strange companion of Feargus, and evidently at a loss to tell who was before him.

"Have you forgotten the dead horse, Shamus?" I asked.

"Och, by the powers it's yer honour's self, and so it is," he replied, jumping and capering with joy; "but sure enough I should niver have known it, ownly for the voice."

"Ye's may thravel safely," said Feargus, "for the boys ull not suspect yer looks, and Shamus can find tongue for both."

"Botheration," replied Shamus, laughing, "it's myself has hardly tongue enough for one, but sure we'll thry, at a pinch."

With this arrangement I was compelled to be satisfied; and as the day was already drawing to a close, I was anxious to commence a journey that must be continued far into the night before it came to a conclusion. The route I wanted to go lay the same way that Shamus wished to travel, and we agreed to walk to the next market town, where I could buy the horses I had promised the poor fellow the previous night, and at the same time procure a conveyance and purchase another dress. My trunks were to remain at the Pontoon till Shamus could fetch them, along with his cart: but not, as he said, before he had showed Cathleen the horses, and settled the day of his wedding.

After partaking in a very primitive fashion of the roasted lamb, we parted from my friendly host of the Pontoon, not without many a hearty shake of the hand, and many a promise on my part to visit him again. When I went to bid adieu to the wife, she was nursing the little fellow who had had such a wonderful escape, while the other was playfully pulling her hair behind, which hung gracefully in natural ringlets round her neck. I stooped to kiss the little chubby urchins, and was rather put to the blush when the woman rose and offered me, not her hand to shake, but her cheek to kiss. I met the eye of Feargus, who smiled, and said,

"Kiss her, yer honour; it's an honest cheek she has, and will shame no man."

Thus exhorted, as may be imagined, I gave the expected salute, and making a curtsey she resumed her maternal occupation.

"Jist a drhop to help ye's on the way," said Feargus, thrusting a bottle of whiskey into the pocket of Shamus; "it's plinty o' water ye'll git, but sorra a taste o' poteen like that for many a mile."

With this last act of kindness on the part of my warm-hearted landlord I left the Pontoon, and not without very strong emotions of gratitude for the extraordinary deliverance I had experienced.

The path which we pursued on leaving the house, led, in the first place, on the borders of the lake; and as the weather was fine for the season of the year, and the wind still, the calm expanse of water at once delighted the eye and shed a reflection of its own tranquillity over the mind. Here and there a sea-gull or other aquatic bird skimmed the surface of the lake or hovered gracefully on sweeping pinions above it, while in the far-off distance a solitary eagle sat perched on the craggy rock or darted swiftly in pursuit of his prey. When we quitted the side of the lake the road stretched over a dreary bog, intersected at irregular distances by roads similar to the one we traversed, and upon these roads we perceived several groups of men and women, all bearing in one direction, and which, so far as I could judge, seemed to be not far from the road we were going. For the first several miles I had travelled on in silence, or only now and then exchanging an odd word or two with my companion, but now the shades of evening began to fall around us, and the distant objects becoming less and less clear, the feeling of our situation brought home my thoughts, and induced a freer communication than I had hitherto used. In either case I found Shamus willing to fall in with my humour; while I continued silent he seldom spoke, and whenever I addressed him the response was always ready, and answered to the tone in which I had spoken to him.

As the darkness increased fast upon us, I was anxious to get over the bog before all day-light was gone, lest a false step should prove fatal to one or both of us.

"Had we not better move faster, Shamus," I said, "and get away from the bog before the light is all gone?"

"Fair and aisy goes far," replied Shamus, not mending his pace at all; "we'll not need to hurry to get out of the bog, becase we're jist laving it."

"What lights are those?" I asked; having got on a few paces first and ascended a small elevation in the road.

"Lights!" echoed Shamus, coming up beside me, "it's the good people—Grace be about us."

"Good people," I replied, "then we need not fear them. Come along."

"Hould, hould!" he cried in great perturbation, "they won't bear it."

"Bear it, indeed," I said; "what have they to bear?"

"Och, sure, yer honour," he replied in a whisper, "it's themselves can't bear to be seen."

"Then they can't be very good people," I exclaimed, "for good people do not mind who sees them."

"Spake aisy," whispered Shamus close to my ear, "these are the fairies."

"Indeed," I replied, "then some of them are a pretty good size, for they seem as tall as men."

"It's bothered I am," cried Shamus; "it's not the fairies at all, but a berrin at the Ould Abbey."

"Does it lie in our way?" I inquired.

"The road is jist convanient," he replied, "and touches the broken wall."

"Then do not ask me any questions till we are past them," I said, "or it may be attended with danger."

To this Shamus assented, and we walked on in silence. When we drew near to the old Abbey, the moon had risen, but was partially overcast, so that the strong glare, which I now perceived came from the lighted torches, gave us a fuller view of the people assembled, and at the same time left us in greater obscurity. By the time we came up, all the group appeared to have left the road, and had congregated inside the walls, from whence there issued at intervals low and dismal tones, as if many voices were united. Every now and then the noise increased, and although in itself very sad and mournful, yet the measured strains in which it rose and fell had in them something soothingly pleasing.

"They are keening the dead," said Shamus, listening; "and it's not in their beds they died."

"Where did they die?" I asked; my mind reverting to the night before, when some, I knew, had fallen in the attack on the Pontoon.

"Whisht," he cried, "the boys are fighting who shall be berrid first."

"Nonsense," I replied, "what does it signify?"

"Signify," he said, "sure the last ull have to fetch water for the rest till another comes."

It was no time for arguing against this superstition, and therefore leaving the assertion with Shamus, I stole gently forward, and had no difficulty in finding a rent in the wall, sufficient to afford a view of the singular scene within.

It was, as Shamus had called it, an old Abbey. The roof was off, and a great portion of the walls had fallen in. Three or four of the pointed arches still remained, but with this exception all else was ruinous to the last degree. Within the space formerly occupied by the altar, several scores of men and women were assembled, and at the time we came up they were occupied rather strangely. Near the centre were three coffins; on each of these were placed several

bottles and glasses, and beside them were seated various groups, in the act of drinking and smoking. On one side was a fierce fight going forward, where the females seemed as busy as the men, and all were mingled pell-mell together. One woman in particular was exceedingly active, having, as I thought, a stocking in her hand, the foot of which appeared to be loaded with a stone or other heavy substance, with which she had struck a man to the ground, and was in the act of repeating the blow. Along with the clatter of the sticks mingled the loud curses and angry tones of the fighters, but as the language was unknown to me I could only judge of its meaning by the acts which enforced it, and these were bitter and energetic in the extreme. All of a sudden the sounds ceased, and the fierce contention was ended; I turned to look what had produced this strange silence, and saw an aged Priest (accompanied by two boys dressed in white), who had made his way into the midst of the motley group, and holding up the cross, he cried,

"Forbear this unholy strife in the house of the dead."

A deep silence ensued, and all was still, when a strange sepulchral voice repeated in a hollow tone,

"Forbear!"

Every eye was turned in the direction from whence the sound came, and in the middle of the centre arch appeared the ghostly form of the "White Lady of the Cliff."

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF SERVICE.

BY A MARINE OFFICER.

No. II.

A Plenipotentiary (Mr. Jackson) had reached Copenhagen a few days before us, to endeavour to prevail upon the Court of Denmark to deliver up (in trust) the Danish Navy, to prevent its falling into the hands of the French: guaranteeing, of course, its return, when such danger should cease to exist. This proposition, with a becoming spirit, was refused to Mr. Jackson; but *he* dealt only in *words*. A far more potent negociation was at hand to back him.

Lord Cathcart, with seven or eight and twenty thousand men, were disembarked within a few miles of Copenhagen on the sixteenth of August—and by the eighteenth the city was invested, and preparations were made for bombarding it both by land and sea. The Danes were not idle, but did all that could be done against a force so overpowering; several skirmishes took place whilst advancing on the town, and many lives were lost. The gun-boats were very active, and found warm employment for boats and small craft; detachments of seamen were landed from the ships, to assist in transporting the heavy guns, mortars, ammunition and stores, from the landing-places to the batteries preparing for them, and all was activity and bustle. The Fleet was so distributed as to afford aid, whenever and wherever it was in their power to give it; Commodore Sir Richard Keats and a squadron occupied the Great Belt on the opposite side of the island of Zealand, Sir Samuel Hood with other detachments moved on towards the further end of the Sound, near the town of Drago, on the Isle of Amack, so that if the eye glances over the map of Denmark it will be seen that the Fleet as completely surrounded the island, as the Army did the city. Between the time of landing the Army and the preparations for bombarding the ill-fated place, many gallant exploits were performed, both on shore and afloat, though on no grand scale. The principal affair was the defeat of a body of Danish troops, near Kioge, by a British brigade, under Sir Arthur Wellesley—(The Duke of Wellington).

At length all being ready, and every effort to induce the Danes to comply with the demands having failed, the fearful scene commenced, and I cannot do better than use the brief, but terrible description, given by Admiral Gambier.—"The mortar batteries, which had been erected by the army in the several positions they had taken round Copenhagen, together with the bomb vessels, which were placed in convenient situations, began the bombardment on the morning of the 2nd of September, with such power and effect that in a short time the town was set on fire, and, by the repeated discharges of our artillery, was kept in flames in different places, till the evening of the 5th; when a considerable part of it being consumed, and the conflagration arrived at a great height, threatening the speedy destruction of the whole city; the General commanding the garrison sent out a flag of truce."

From this time hostilities ceased, and the Danes were enabled without molestation to take the best means in their power to arrest the fearful conflagration of their almost ruined capital, for dreadful indeed had been the wide spread of devastation perpetrated during

the last four days and three nights, the whole of which time the devoted city had been a prey to the devouring flames; although they had, I believe, one of the best organized corps of firemen of any city in Europe. The furious element soon reached a height which set all their best endeavours at defiance; it had been ascertained where the greatest stores of combustible materials were accumulated, and *there* were directed the shells, carcasses, red-hot shot, and Congreve rockets (the last a new invention of Sir William Congreve, then first used on actual service, and with most destructive effect); and wherever the conflagration was observed to rage with the greatest fury, there again did a portion of the batteries ply their missives with increased rapidity, for the purpose of defeating the exertions of the firemen and inhabitants to check its progress, and I was told that very few of the former escaped death or mutilation.

Our attention was directed late one night to the Cathedral Church, the body of which appeared on fire, its beautiful spire towering majestically above the flames; towards it we could distinctly trace, flying through the dark gloom of night, the burning fuses of numerous shells, whilst the rockets rushed through the air to the same destination with the roar of a distant hurricane. From time to time portions of ruins appeared to fall, and dense columns of smoke arose, soon again to be succeeded by fresh torrents of increasing flames. At length, between two and three o'clock in the morning, the body of the sacred edifice being a complete ruin, its magnificent spire, which as yet had appeared erect and uninjured, dropped perpendicularly to the ground. Hundreds of families which had a few days previous been living in peace and comfort, without the least anticipation of approaching danger, were thus ruined and rendered houseless; and hundreds of their members, including many women and children, killed or crippled, and rendered a burthen to themselves, their kindred, and their country, for the remainder of their existence.

From our detachment of ships we had observed a number of small vessels assembled at the town of Drago, and suspecting they were collecting for some hostile purpose, Sir Samuel Hood determined to send in the boats to ascertain; and if so, to attempt their destruction. Wolrige, then our First Lieutenant, was ordered to proceed with the boats of the squadron, and I was appointed to command the marines, though several superior, and doubtless much abler Officers than myself were in the squadron, and volunteered their services.—(Of this proof of Sir Samuel's good opinion and confidence in me I may be justly proud.)—Lieutenant H. C. Thompson was ordered to sup-

port us with the launches, armed with carronades, in case we should be attacked from the town whilst occupied in firing the vessels. On reaching the outside pier we found a boom across, which with some difficulty we displaced, and having pulled in we boarded several of the vessels there assembled, but they proved to be craft little calculated for warlike work of any kind, small heavy coasters, lighters, &c.; we then mounted a wooden pier and advanced towards the town, but soon found ourselves unable to proceed, as we could not discover any communication with the shore, but were involved in a labyrinth of pier within pier. The Danes, being alarmed, were beating to arms in the town, so we thought it best to ignite some of the largest vessels, which we did, and by the time we had done so the enemy had apparently mustered a considerable force, and commenced a fire from some field-pieces The launches under Thompson had opened their fire from the carronades upon the town, but as all we had contemplated was executed we re-embarked in the boats, and when so doing a party of Danish troops came down the pier which we were quitting, and a smartish brush took place between them and the last of our party embarking; we immediately pushed off, leaving several of the vessels burning. When we had cleared the harbour we hoisted a light, or rather, the coxswain of the barge held out a lantern as a signal for the other boats to form and follow, but we had not proceeded far when a shot from a field-piece dashed the lantern to atoms out of his hand, the fellow exclaiming "A d——d good shot, by Jove;" a marine immediately mounted another on his bayonet, and shouldered his musket. The whole of the boats soon joined us, and we returned to our ships.

The bombardment was always severest during the night, as it could then be best seen where the flames raged with the greatest fury, and the spectacle was undoubtedly one of awful grandeur; the burning carcasses, the ignited fuses of the shells from the besiegers and the besieged, crossing each other in their course, looked like so many meteors, whilst the Congreve rockets streamed blazing through the air like comets, hastening furiously onwards to accelerate the destruction of the flaming city.

When the conflagration was at its height, you may form some idea of its magnitude, when I say I could at midnight read without difficulty, by its light alone, any ordinary print (a newspaper, for instance), when distant from it at least four miles.

T. W. C.

THE OLD SAILOR'S

JANUARY.

The wheel whirls round—and lo! the New-born Year
  Bursts like a God Futurity's dark womb:
Thin shadowy forms walk doubtful in the rear,
  And in his hands a cradle and a tomb.

What message dost thou bring from lands unknown?
  Unfold thy tidings to each eager ear;
Art thou commissioned to affect the Throne,
  Or more important far, the Poor to cheer?

We know the tale thy Predecessor told,
  While flattering Hope her bland enchantments spread:
Yet public men have sold themselves for gold,
  And hearts have broke, and wretches died for bread.

Be Thou a Prophet of approaching joy—
  But oh! speak sooth, and let the bliss appear;
Raise not a hope thou meanest to destroy—
  Joy fill the Sails, and Truth the Vessel steer.

S. M.

HARRY PAULET.

CHAPTER V.

"Things, done well, and with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things, done without example, in their issue are to be fear'd."

* * * * * *

"Treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors."

* * * * * *

"Soft pity enters at an iron gate."

SHAKSPEARE.

WE left the Royal guard-boat in hasty pursuit of James Trueman, and well was it for him that the mists hung heavy on the waters, and the flambeau carried by the soldiers served rather to dazzle and bewilder their own sight than illumine the track of the fugitive—fire-arms were discharged by the pursuers, the smoke from which increased the obscurity, and the gallant packman striking out somewhat across the tide, but still yielding to its downward stream, swam on unscathed towards the vessels moored in the tiers, whilst loud shouts of derision from one place, and exclamations of encouragement from others, directed Trueman to the spot he most desired to gain.

"The varlet is here," roared out a sturdy yeoman, as the boat's nose struck against something in their passage. "By the blessed Saints I have him now!" and throwing half of his body over the bows, he firmly grasped a solid substance that was bobbing about in the current; the next instant he was jerked from his position into the river, for he had caught hold of a small anchor-buoy, and the impetus of the barge was too strong to be resisted. The unfortunate wight went under, but soon arose again, and roared out lustily for help, which his comrades, by backing their oars, promptly afforded him, but it was not till he had gone down and rose a second time that they succeeded in hauling him on board, more dead than alive, from the fright he had received and the ducking he had undergone. This mishap, by retarding the pursuit, not only proved of great service to James Trueman, but the confusion caused by it drew off the attention of those in the barge from what was passing ashore. Harry

watched his opportunity, and springing up with all the activity of youth, he stept lightly but nimbly from wherry to wherry, then leaping forward he descended nearly up to his middle in water: without a moment's delay he gained the shore, just as the person who was waiting for rescue, finding his signal unanswered, was about to depart. The youth slightly whistled—the stranger uttered a low exclamation of gladness—and Harry, bounding up the steps, applied the key to the lock of the wicket at the very instant that the glare of torches burst through the heavy arch of the Tower gates nearest to them, which had been thrown open to allow of egress to an armed band, who were ordered to scour along the banks of the river in that neighbourhood, in order to arrest the escaped prisoner.

For a few pulsations a tremour shook the hand of the waterman's apprentice and rendered it difficult for him to fix the key, but the voice of the imploring stranger re-assured him, and steadily turning the key in the lock, the bolt flew back, the wicket was opened, and the stranger darted through the space, but not till the party issuing from the unfolded portals had caught sight of them: and hurrying forward, with loud demands and denunciations, commanded them to surrender. But the wicket was again closed and locked, and Harry and his companion rushed down the steps, the former leading the way, and wading off to the wherries, had gained the first when the guard fired upon them through the Iron Gate; the stranger uttered a low murmur of pain, but held on his course till they reached the boat, in which the veteran Buntline still laid between the thwarts.

"Down—down"—said the old man in an under tone; "the other barges are pulling in this direction, and though the smoke from the shore has obscured you on that side—and ah me, I fear they have picked up his honour—that is, I mean James Trueman—by the skrimmaging afloat, yet they will be down upon us directly, and unless we are especially favoured nothing can save us from capture. Are you wounded, Harry?" he inquired, in a tone blending bitterness and commiserating anxiety, as the youth and his companion crouched to escape observation. "I thought I heard someut like a groan, and even now these old ears are not deaf to the thud of a musket ball."

"Safe—safe, father"—answered the lad quickly; "but I think the—the"—

"Ay, ay, I know what you would say," returned the waterman, "but his worship has run more risks in the battle-field." He murmured to himself as he raised his head, "would it had been in a

better cause! Yes, yes—they're coming on all tacks—the gates are thrown open—their torches gleam upon the river—it will not do to lay idly here and be grappled with like rats in a trap, and yet which way to move I cannot tell. Look out, Harry, to slip, or we shall have but a sorry account to send to your mother and the young lady."

The name of his only parent came with some degree of anguish to the young man's ear, but it was only momentary, for the allusion to the lovely girl whose father he conjectured to be then with them, aroused him to renewed vigour, as he responded, "Do not give me one thought, Master Buntline—I will save him or die for it—I am all ready for slipping whenever you give the word."

The scene on the Thames was at this moment particularly exciting—lights were vividly flashing on the shore, and throwing their ruddy hues deep into the mist—the flambeaus in the approaching row-boats glistened broadly on the stream, mingling their rays with those on land—the firing had aroused the inhabitants of the venerable bridge, and almost every window displayed a glimmering lamp—the vessels in the tiers exhibited their lanterns, moving to and fro, but still there was a dimness caused by the smoke from the firelocks that hung like a pall over all, except near the surface of the river, where, becoming in some measure attached to and reclining upon the current, was carried away with the downward tide. Yells and shouts of derision still continued to arise from the Southwark side, and were answered or echoed from the opposite shore. Stray shots were fired from various points at the pursuers, who seemed to be much distracted by such unexpected demonstrations of treason.

"Hold fast, Harry," whispered the veteran waterman, as he dragged his length over the gunwale of the boat, and with the same caution reached the bows of the wherry by which the rest were moored—his knife was in his hand, and with one powerful effort he separated the cable by which they were held, so as to set the whole adrift, as several men from the landing-place were wading through the water to approach them—the buoyant vessels, no longer restrained by the anchor, yielded to the force of the tide, and were soon beyond the reach of the advancing guard; but notwithstanding his care, old Bill had become a conspicuous object, and bullet after bullet whistled through the air, both from the barges and the enraged soldiers at the stairs. The apprentice saw instantly the design of his master, and jumped with alacrity to aid his efforts—their sharp instruments were promptly at work—the wherries were parted from each other, and nine or ten were launched athwart the stream. This accom-

plished, Buntline regained his own, trusting that Harry would follow him: but the youth had stumbled, and to his great vexation the old man discovered, on his wherry being clear of the rest, that he was alone with the stranger, who was stretched out motionless along the bottom. Not an instant but was most precious; the veteran threw out his sculls, and with a strength that could be but little anticipated from his years, propelled his sharp vessel onwards, leaving his apprentice he knew not where.

Loud shouts filled the air as the Royal barges detected this manœuvre, for now the persons who manned them made sure of securing their prize, and the sturdy boatmen bent to their oars with redoubled vigour. The cheers were reiterated by the disappointed soldiers at the stairs, who urged their comrades on. Old Will drew fast ahead, but he missed the aid he had been accustomed to receive, and his heart sickened at the absence of one whom he loved as his son; still he relaxed not a nerve, but put forth his best exertions, well knowing that life or death would be the issue. The Royal boats neared him fast, but the drifting wherries, freed from restraint, had got athwart the tide, and being spread where the channel became narrowed by the tiers in the stream, and the coal-barges on the strand, opposed a confused impediment to the pursuers, who not only got entangled with them but also with each other, whilst the hardy waterman, though repeatedly fired at, held on his way elated with hope, and pretty confident of success.

The boat, however, which had followed James Trueman, had kept outside of the tiers, on the northern shore, and was nearly in the middle of the river. Finding that further pursuit of their fugitive would be unavailing, they rowed briskly down the stream, in order to cut off the waterman's retreat; but happily for him, on trying to cross between the craft as they laid at their moorings, the tide carried them athwart the cables, and old Will once more gained the start, but on coming abreast of Horsely Down he turned his bows towards the southern side, and shot rapidly across, so as to entirely baffle those who had so hardly pressed him; here concealed in St. Saviour's dock, the veteran waterman laid in his sculls and rested from his unusual labour. He remained still and silent for a few minutes, and then addressed the individual whom he had rescued, but no answer was returned—he took hold of the hand that laid upon the stranger's breast: it was cold and clammy—and Buntline soon ascertained, that though life was not extinct, the man was wounded, and had fainted.

Sorely perplexed, the veteran seemed to have escaped from one

trouble only to fall into another; he raised the inanimate stranger, sprinkled water in his face, and whilst thus engaged his ears caught the sound of oars dipping in the tide at no great distance from him. At first it excited feelings of apprehension and alarm, but these partially subsided as the idea that it might be his apprentice presented itself. Nevertheless he resolved to act with caution, and laying down the wounded man he stretched himself by his side. Scarcely had this arrangement been accomplished when a small skiff, rowed by one habited as a seaman, rubbed against the wherry, and old Will heard a voice, as it uttered in a reckless off-hand way,

"So—so—my friends—a rough hammock have you chosen for your watch below, though I'm thinking it is but a nigger's sleep—one eye shut and the other open—after all—so rouse out, Master Buntline, and tell us the news."

"I have been hailed by that tongue before, to-night," said the waterman, as he rose up, "and should know it to belong to one who does not wish me evil; but years have blunted the keen edge of memory, and the night is too dim to make sure of your person. However, I am satisfied you are no enemy."

"What! no enemy to those who steal away the King's prisoners that are appointed to die?" laughingly responded the man in the skiff. "Do you think that I'm a traitor, like yourself?"

"Traitor is a hard word to throw at him who has fought and bled for his country," answered Will, as he essayed to raise his prostrate companion. "But traitor or no traitor, here is enough to excite the compassion even of a foe—which I believe you are not—the man mayhap is bleeding his life away."

"Eh?—what?—wounded?" exclaimed the other, as springing from his skiff he leaped into the wherry, and assisted Will to lift the stranger on to the thwart. "There—handsomely—handsomely," continued he; "get a better purchase, old man—and now just shore him up whilst I administer a cordial, which if he had swallowed a little more of in the field would have given him strength and spirit enough to have eluded his adversaries—but he was ever self-willed." He drew a flask from his jacket pocket and applied it to the stranger's lips. "There, there, lay back his head a little more, so that it may slip down easy. Ay, ay, I see you smell the stuff, Will; it shall be your turn next, my hearty. All right—he is gulping the brandy down—it will soon revive him. Well may the French call it *eau-de-vie*, for assuredly it is as the water of life to the faint and weary. But where is he wounded, Will?"

"I have not yet discovered the whereabouts," responded the

waterman, "but he has bled freely, as the bottom-boards of the wherry give sad evidence."

"He must not remain here, old man," said the last comer, with more feeling than he had at first evinced; "it will be but a poor satisfaction merely to bury him with his head upon his shoulders—and that fair girl, too, after all the risks we have run, to bear home to her a dead father. Oh no—no—Will Buntline—I say it will never do—we must save him—by Heaven we must." The wounded man gave indications of returning sensibility—a shuddering came over his frame—he gasped for breath, and smacked his lips. "To be sure, to be sure," continued the skiff's-man, his habitual demeanour returning, "another drop of the elixir, eh?"

Again the flask was applied to the stranger's mouth, but with greater caution was the fluid dispensed.

"It seems to do him good, shipmate," said Buntline. "But pray can you afford me any information as to the fate of James Trueman?"

"What the Staffordshire packman?" rejoined the other, after taking a pull at the brandy himself, and then handing it to Will—"Drink freely, my worthy—I have the sister to that flask in the other pocket of my jacket—a regular nor-wester—that's it. Why as for James, he is always thrusting his nose into every fire"—

"Not to-night he did n't," said Will, interrupting him; "he jumped overboard to draw them off the true chase, and the water arn't quite so hot as a furnace."

"But they fired at him from the boat," responded the skiff's-man. "My eyes how he cut along, like an albacore after a flying-fish; but I fear he turned the turtle, and went down."

"Now Heaven forbid," ejaculated old Will with solemn fervour; "he was a true and trusty friend, as well as a boon companion. I could ill afford to lose one whom I so manfully esteemed; though woe is me, I fear there is another remaining in jeopardy who is still more dear to this old heart. Harry, my poor boy, what has become of you? and how can I ever face your afflicted mother again?"

"There—there—don't grow maudlin, old man," said he of the skiff; "our messmate of the brandy, here, is reviving. Hurry ashore, and see if there is any conveyance at hand. Pass into the town street, at the head of the dock; there should be some one waiting with a vehicle, for this place was appointed as the first rendezvous; was it not so?"

"It was," returned Buntline.

"And well you have performed your duty, old boy," continued the other warmly; "I honour and respect you for it. Now bear a

hand to the wharf, and do as I bid you. Remember, three claps of the hand, to be answered by a whistle. You understand me, for you have heard them more than once already; and mind me, should there be any delay, utter the words 'The axe is sharp.' Haste—haste—we soon shall have the daylight breaking, and this would be a pretty spectacle for the public gaze. Saw ye not the flashing torches upon the Tower Hill, to light the workmen in erecting the scaffold for execution—and do you demur now?"

The waterman had at first hesitated to comply, but the voice of his companion, as he proceeded, assumed a tone of irresistible command, as if emanating from one who had been accustomed to be obeyed. Will had been informed by James Trueman that the plan of escape had numerous ramifications, and that several influential persons of the rebel party had at great risk engaged in it. The veteran had also recognized the voice to be that of the individual who had hailed them from a coaster, on their first crossing the Thames from the south shore towards the Iron Gate, with "God speed ye all, my masters three—may the aid of the blessed Trinity be yours" (as already recorded), and he had no doubt that the man was not only well acquainted with the whole plot, but most probably had watched his proceedings, and followed him to where he was. These things passed with the usual rapidity of thought through Buntline's mind, and he no longer delayed to execute the bidding of his companion.

"I rely upon you," said the old man, as he stood erect in the wherry; "for the sake of that dear child I have heard you mention, be tender of her father's life."

"You have seen her, then," demanded the other impetuously, "and possibly may know whither she has fled for refuge?"

"Both—both"—responded Buntline; "it was but yester afternoon she sat where you are seated now. I will tell you all when I return, but time is too precious to be wasted in mere words. I must bring the conveyance here?"

"To be sure, to be sure," assented the other quickly; "and there's a worthy soul, lose not an instant. I sacrifice much by not detaining you, that I may hear your narrative." He murmured with undisguised tenderness of manner, quite at variance with his usual mode, "Sweet Maude—may the holy angels be your guard!" A short pause, and he resumed in his rough speech, "Come, bear a hand, old man; but here, take another nip of the aqua mirabilis," tendering him the flask, "before you trip your anchor."

The waterman complied, and after swallowing a tolerably fair

dram he climbed the side of the vessel next the quay, and landing on the wharf, quickly acted in obedience to the instructions he had received. The morning was dark and gloomy, and the fog thickened as the day approached. Silence the most profound held dominion in every direction—there were no lamps to guide the footsteps aright. The muddy purlieus of Shad Thames were involved in the very blackness of a dungeon vault; but old Will was too intimate with the neighbourhood to mistake his way, although he frequently stumbled over obstructions that were carelessly left in the path, and more than once floundered in the deep ruts made by the wheels of heavy-laden waggons. No living thing was to be seen; a murky frown of dreariness and desolation seemed to have fallen on all around. But the veteran had been accustomed in the thickest of darkness fearlessly to traverse the pathless ocean, where treacherous planks might yield to the pressure of the raging seas and send them into eternity; where rocks and shoals abounded, and the roaring elements conspired to pour forth their wrath upon the heads of the devoted and doomed mariners. He experienced no dismay for himself, but he could not refrain from feelings of alarm relative to the fate of his apprentice Harry, and it was in this state of mind that Buntline emerged upon the highway—now called Dockhead—to the town of Rotherhithe. He looked upwards and downwards; no soul appeared in view, nor was there a sound to break the monotonous stillness—he clapped his hands loudly three times, but no whistle responded to the signal, and then he traversed to and fro for several minutes.

At length the noise of carriage wheels attracted his attention—the heavy tread of horses' hoofs were heard—and in a short time a small low sort of coach drove up towards the place where old Will was standing. In appearance, when seen through the gloom, it bore some resemblance to a burial-hearse, and the waterman was about to let it pass on, but fancying there could be no harm in giving the signal, he did so, and awaited the issue. The driver continued his course, apparently without noticing the waterman, but he commenced whistling

"Charley is my darling"—

and though it grated on the veteran's ears, still he hoped to find that this was the conveyance which he had been sent to seek. The notes of the song were not, however, those he had expected to hear as the reply to his communication, and he doubted whether he should

speak further; but the emergency of the case urging him, he walked forward and again clapped his hands.

"Good morrow to you, my master," said the driver, pulling up his steeds so as to decrease their pace. "It is well we have no audience, or you might get clapped in the stocks for applauding so traitorous a tune as"—— Again he whistled, though not so loud as before. "You know it, no doubt, and heads will be dancing to the music before many hours have winged their flight away"

"It is but too true," responded Buntline, travelling onwards slowly by the side of the animals. "The axe is sharp."

"Say you so, my master," exclaimed the driver in an under-tone, "but you are not he whom I expected to behold."

"You are right again," replied the waterman; "but haste—turn thy vehicle down Shad Thames—you will find him there, though sorely wounded."

"He is safe, then," returned the driver; "for that thank Heaven—and his wound"—

"Of that I cannot tell you," answered Bill. "And now I think of it, your craft would never be able to work a traverse in the place I've named; remain here, and as the tide will still allow us, I will shove the boat right up to the dock-head, where you shall receive him. Await, then, at the stairs, and remember that 'the axe is sharp.'"

The man gave a shrill whistle, and in accordance with his own proposal, the veteran waterman returned as speedily as possible the way he had come; he hurried over the wharf—descended the coaster's side into his wherry—but the skiff, and he who had rowed it, as well as the wounded stranger, were gone, and no traces of them could be discovered. He did not dare to shout, lest he might arouse enemies as well as announce himself to friends; he clapped his hands but there came no reply, and conjecture as to the cause of their disappearance was utterly at fault. Blaming his own blind confidence in one of whom he knew nothing, the old man, after a brief delay, once more sought the shore, and hastened, as fast as circumstances would allow, to re-join the driver of the carriage, to whom he purposed imparting the strange departure of the expected passenger. Several minutes elapsed before he reached the spot where he had left the vehicle, and when he did approach it he found a vacant space; the whole had vanished, and he stood alone.

"Can this be witchcraft?" murmured he to himself. "Are all the fiends abroad to-night to vex and torment poor old Bill? But I must not loiter here; the wherry must be cleaned out. I have be-

friended others, and now it is but right that I should look to my own safety; the blood upon the thwarts would tell a strange and unnatural story, and true it is 'the axe is sharp.'" Having thus said, he retraced his steps to his boat.

Return we to Harry, who was left in the drifting wherries as they dropped down with the tide.—The moment he had ascertained his position he laid himself at length, and in the hurry and confusion of pursuit, escaped the notice of the Royal barges. The wherry he was in was well in-shore, and when they became jammed in the narrow passage already described, he dexterously contrived to scramble unobserved into a coal-barge, where he remained till nearly day-break and quiet was restored; he then got upon the land, and hastened with hurried steps and distressed spirit towards Tower Hill.

Painful had been the lad's ruminations whilst laying in his place of concealment—uncertain as to the fate of his master, and the father of that fair girl who had taken such strong hold of his regards—he thought, too, of his mother's tender solicitude for his welfare, and the bringing of her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, should anything happen to him. But with these came also the elasticity which the enchantress Hope affords to the human mind, especially in youth. The picture, though gloomy in the foreground, brightened in the distance; the valley was in deep shade, but sun-light gilded the summit of the hills.

Although so early, hundreds were astir and hurrying to the place of execution, and Harry at length got so completely enveloped in the crowd as to be borne along in the same direction. By his side walked, or rather was carried by the pressure, an aged man, in humble attire, who requested permission to lean for support on the youth's arm. Ever attentive to persons in declining years, he promptly complied, and in a short time they were jammed in among so dense a mass of human beings that they were utterly incapable of locomotion. Nearly fronting them was the house into which the prisoners were to be taken previous to decapitation, and they were sufficiently close to perceive all that was passing in that locality.

As the morning advanced the multitude kept increasing—platforms, that had been erected from the windows of the houses, were densely thronged—every roof was literally covered by spectators—the yards and rigging of the vessels in the river, commanding a view of the scene, displayed a rising succession of human heads, all eager to witness the appalling spectacle.

"A fearful sight will this be," falteringly said the venerable man

who had thrown himself under the youth's protection. "What could have tempted you hither to behold it?"

"Mere accident, my good father," replied the apprentice. "I had no intention of being present."

"The shedding of blood cannot be a gratifying contemplation for any one," continued the other; "and yet, look at the many thousands who surround us. There is something terrible in this hum of human voices."

"May I with all due respect inquire why you, who have numbered so many years, and are feebly bending beneath the weight of infirmities, should thus expose yourself to difficulty and danger?" asked Harry.

"There's reason, much reason in the question," replied his companion; "I served with Lord Balmarino in my younger days—he was ever a brave man—and I wished to see the last of him. One of the rebels, I am told, gave his gaolers the slip in the darkness of the night. Say, my son, is it sooth?"

"We did our best. That is—I really have heard no more of the matter than yourself," stammered Harry, but his embarrassment seemed to pass unheeded.

"Report hath finished the career of one man, who is said to have lost his own life whilst endeavouring to rescue that of his friend," remarked the aged speaker, "Hath it been thus told to thee?"

"No, no," answered Harry, whose thoughts instantly reverted to his gallant friend the packman. "I trust it is not so; but of what death did he die?"

"Alas! alas! I hear that he was drowned," responded the other. "He was advanced in years; clad in a close-fitting suit of leather; at least, so say the dispensers of the news."

The youth listened with great attention, and could come to no other conclusion than that his kind friend, the honest packman, was no more. A heavy weight seemed to be pressing upon his heart—a weight of real grief—nor could he repress a convulsive sob that shook his whole frame. The old man appeared to be unconscious of the effect he had produced, though, from some cause or other, his pressure upon the young waterman's arm grew tighter and heavier.

"May he find rest in Heaven!" uttered the apprentice in an under-tone—"he is at least beyond the reach of enemies; and yet I shall sadly feel the loss, for he was a second father to me."

Notwithstanding the noise which surrounded them, and that Harry scarcely spoke aloud, the quick ear of his companion must have caught some of the words; for he promptly observed,

"You know him then, my son?"

"I fear it is even so," returned the youth, as he shook with emotion. "Can I not get away from here? this is no place for me."

"The thing is utterly impracticable," said his aged companion; "every portion of the ground is entirely blocked up, and you can behold nothing but a long flat of heads and greasy faces. Oh how the rogues luxuriate in the promised banquet of human sacrifice! and they would do the same were the neck of the Royal German to be fitted to the block. These are strange times, my son; may Heaven mend them, and keep us all safe from harm!"

"I wish you had not brought me here," exclaimed the youth somewhat angrily. "Desire to serve you has led me astray. I had other and more sacred obligations to perform"—

"A mother, may be—or perhaps a younger female, who holds a more powerful sway over your actions—one or both are probably expecting your return from some undertaking involving peril," remarked the old man with seriousness. "Theirs must be moments of keen anxiety; but remember, deeds of daring merit the approbation of the fair."

The words thus uttered were so exactly in unison with the young man's feelings, that he started as if echo was repeating his very thoughts.

"How—what is this?" he exclaimed. "Is it by mere accident, or by design, you thus speak to me? If the former, let it rest; if the latter, then avow yourself for friend or foe. I am no child, to suffer banter; and it scarcely comes within the character of friend, to use it." He tried to withdraw his arm from his companion's grasp, but it was held too firmly to be effected without violence. "Nay, nay," continued Harry, "I must, I will be satisfied, despite the thousands who now press upon us, so do not urge me to be desperate."

The apprentice struggled to get free, but his arm was clutched as by the fingers of a giant; a commotion arose in the crowd near them, and revilings and even blows were exchanged, whilst the eyes of all above were drawn towards the scene of strife. The young man still strove to free himself from the grasp that held him—but suddenly he became perfectly still and passive—a voice had reached his ear alone—it came from the aged companion who clung to him—it was the mere utterance of his name, but its effect was magical—for Harry in an instant knew that his seemingly venerable associate was none other than James Trueman himself.

ANNE OF MUNSTER.

CHAPTER VII.

(With an Illustration.)

The solemn and distinct voice of the Priest had the effect of tranquillising the turbulent passions of the assembled throng; glasses and bottles were removed, pipes were thrust hastily into the pocket, and the uplifted shillelaghs were arrested in mid-air. All the assembly were impressed with their accustomed reverence for the sacerdotal character, and stood reproved for their tumultuous conduct in a sacred place; many hung down their heads for shame, and the whole company were silent, when the slow sepulchral voice of the White Lady attracted every eye in that direction, and they beheld the pale, shadowy form, floating, as it seemed, down the middle of the centre aisle, and approaching within a few yards of the place where they stood. In an instant the greatest confusion prevailed—women and children shrieked—lights were extinguished—men swore, and strove, and struggled—the coffins were overthrown, and a most violent and tumultuous rush was made, to escape from the presence of this dreadful vision. Some sprung over the ruined walls—others clambered through broken arches—not a few were seen rolling on the ground—and one and all, impressed with the greatest terror, fled as fast as possible in all directions over the country, so that in the space of three minutes not a soul remained inside the walls with the exception of the aged Priest.

As the pale moon-beams streamed quietly in between the half-ruined aisles, so lately illuminated with the more glaring lights from the flaming torches, I could perceive the Reverend Gentleman still standing near the spot where the coffins were overturned; and, as I thought, impressed with astonishment at the sudden disappearance of the friends of the dead. From him my eyes reverted to the place where the apparition had appeared, but nothing could be seen in the deep and solemn gloom that seemed to stretch into infinity, and was lost in its own darkness. Every thing was still, and the silence of night had fallen over the place so lately noisy with indecorous mirth, or still more desecrated by the violent struggles of unholy men.

"Have mercy on the souls of the departed," said the Priest, looking

up towards Heaven; and folding his hands in an attitude of devotion, he stood for a few moments without uttering a word, and then stooped and took hold of one of the coffins, in a vain attempt to restore it to its former position.

"Permit me to help you," I said; coming forward and taking hold of the opposite end.

"You are a stranger," he exclaimed, rearing himself up and stepping backwards a few paces, as if uncertain of my purpose.

"I am," I replied, "but that can be no reason for refusing to join in an act of humanity, and this labour is beyond your strength."

"It is, indeed," he assented; "for the feebleness of old age is upon me, and it is but little I can do now."

"Then allow me," I said, "to call my companion, and we will lower the coffins into the graves while you perform the service for the dead."

"Who is your companion?" he inquired in an accent rather suspicious; then immediately changing his tone, he continued, "Call him, in the name of God, and let the work be done."

Thus sanctioned, I stepped towards the place where Shamus and I had been first stationed, and looking through the broken wall, I called

"Shamus, Shamus."

To this there was no reply; and lifting up my voice considerably louder, I called again,

"Shamus—Shamus—where are you? Come here."

Still the same death-like silence was observed; and fearing he had either run away with the others, or that something had befallen him, I stepped round an angle of the wall, and coming into the open moonlight was surprised by the view of a grotesque individual, whose appearance and actions were most remarkable.

From what I could first perceive, his stature was that of a dwarf, not exceeding three feet six inches, or at the very most four feet in height; while the breadth of his shoulders, and the brawniness of his limbs, gave indications of extraordinary strength. A sort of ragged dress terminated loosely at the knees, leaving his sturdy legs bare, till they were lost at the bottom, where a pair of heavy brogues covered his huge mis-shaped feet. His large shock head was bare—he had a short pipe in his mouth—one hand grasped a shillelagh in the middle, and the other held a sort of hat, which it appeared he had taken off to make obeisance to a bottle of whiskey which stood on the ground, and before which he was bowing with profound politeness.

"Is it there ye are, jewel?" I heard him say, as I stood still with astonishment; "all alone in your glory. Faith, it's my ownd self ull be afther having compassion upon ye.

'I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,'"

he continued pathetically,

"'To waste thy sweetness on the desert air;'

bad luck to me if I do, darlint, so come along wid ye."

Then filling a glass which lay on the ground beside the bottle, he said seriously, at the same time holding the vessel at arms length,

"I drhink to our better acquaintance, ould chap, and faix we'll be one before we part agin."

So saying, he emptied the glass, and stood for a minute as if pausing on the taste. This evidently pleased him; for, filling his glass again, he continued,

"It's a sweet cratur ye are, any way, and my compliments to the man that made ye, and we'll thank him for the next bottle."

The contents of the glass vanished, and putting that into one pocket and the bottle into the other, he clapped the hat on the side of his head, flung his shillelagh in the air, caught it in falling, and then cutting an extravagant caper, he sung out lustily,

"'Oh! brave King Brian he knew the way
To keep the peace, and to make the hay;
For those who were bad he knocked off their head,
And those who were worse he killed them dead;'

and a purty polite ould soul he was, sure enough," he continued; "but it's myself ud bother him entirely;" and he laughed out loudly till the old walls re-echoed his voice, and formed a strange contrast between the rude mirth without and the deep melancholy and silence that reigned within.

"Is that you, Thady?" said the clear voice of the old Priest, as he came forward.

"The same, and no one else," replied Thady, dropping at once all expression of mirth and the extravagant gestures in which he had been indulging; and approaching the Priest, he made a low bow, and then stood quietly before him.

"This is not the companion you sought," said the Priest to me.

"No, it is not," I replied; "but he is coming, I perceive, and we can now assist you to inter the dead."

By this time Shamus had approached us from the other side of

A new Acquaintance.

the Abbey; and after one or two questions from the Priest, we returned together to the place where the coffins still remained, and prepared to accomplish the solemn task of committing the remains of these unknown persons to the last prison-house of frail mortality.

There was something exceedingly solemn in being thus engaged in a solitary ruin, among total strangers, and probably helping to bury the very men who had lost their lives in a gross outrage on the dwelling which had sheltered me the previous night. The long shadows of the pointed arches lay irregularly over the unequal ground, and amongst the broken pillars on its surface, while the drooping branches of ivy, moving slowly in the night-wind, seemed to give a melancholy life to the otherwise motionless shadows. The quiet and glistening stars shone brightly above us, each pursuing its glorious path, and apparently disregardless of the joys and sorrows which wait on human nature. The black and dilapidated walls of the old Abbey stood up in shaggy masses against the clear sky, and the whole scene was fully calculated to strike the senses with that melancholy awe which is most appropriate to the "house appointed for all living." Even the deep and tremulous tones of the old Priest's voice, as he pronounced the last benediction on the dead, seemed to harmonize exceedingly well with these solemn feelings; and altogether, the whole scene was so impressive, that the remembrance of it is not likely to be soon erased.

The appearance of my figure in the Connaught dress being so much at variance with my speech, had apparently struck the Priest as somewhat singular; and it was this, in the first instance, that had excited suspicion in his mind, and led him to keep more aloof than was agreeable to my feelings. This suspicion, however, was not of long continuance, for while Shamus and Thady were both busy in filling the graves, he came up to me and said,

"If a night's lodging, and such fare as I have, will be acceptable to a stranger, I bid you welcome in the name of God."

"And in that sacred name," I replied, "I will thankfully accept the hospitality you offer."

"Let us proceed, then," said he, "and Thady and Shamus can follow."

"But Shamus will not know where to come," I observed.

"Thady can guide him," he replied, "for he knows the way to the old Priest's house."

Then speaking to Thady, and bidding him bring Shamus when they had finished their work, he led the way by a circuitous route

from the walls of the old Abbey, and struck off across the moor in a direction opposite to that which I had come.

We journeyed on together for some time in silence, each of us, as it appeared, too much occupied with our own thoughts to be willing to divert them by engaging in conversation. What occupied the mind of the Priest I could not guess, but for my own part, the series of events in which I had become so undesignedly mixed up, seemed to be becoming more and more inextricable, and they certainly involved me in a labyrinth of perplexity without a clue. The singular appearance of the White Lady of the Cliff, producing, as it did, such instantaneous and powerful effect, became connected in my mind with the fate of that lovely girl whom I had seen on the previous day in such sad and painful circumstances; and whether it might be that I traced some distant resemblance in their figure, or it was merely a freak of the imagination, as unaccountable as it was strange, I could not tell; yet whatever was the secret cause, the effect was certain, and I could never think of the one without immediately connecting her with the other. More than once the idea obtruded itself, and the question followed, are they the same? and is this the spirit of the murdered girl? But here the reply was instant—No, it cannot be:—for besides that I was no believer in the manifestations of disembodied spirits, the expressions that dropped from Feargus, when we first saw her on the Lake, intimated an acquaintance of longer standing than was justified by the recent outrage on the captive lady. They could not, therefore, be the same: and why they were associated together in my mind was altogether a mystery. Whatever channel the contemplations of the Priest had previously taken, it was evident they had at last fallen into the same direction as my own: for on coming to a more even part of the road, he turned to me and said,

"The Irish are a singular race. To see them one moment all drinking, singing, fighting—even in the presence of the dead; and the next moment frightened out of their wits, and scampering over the country as if their very lives depended on their speed—who can judge them?"

"It is singular enough," I remarked; "and yet the cause of their fear appears still more so. The White Lady of the Cliff"—

"So," said the Priest, interrupting me, "you are acquainted with that strange vision?"

"I have thrice beheld her," I replied; "and every time, she has filled the beholders with the extremity of fear."

"Indeed!" answered the Priest, with a strong expression of sur-

prise—"then, according to the superstition of these parts, you have not long to live."

"But your own belief," I argued, "travels not in that direction?"

"Young man," said he, solemnly, "our lives are in the hands of ONE who never errs, and to be prepared for that great change is the highest wisdom."

There was no gainsaying this serious truth, proper in itself at all times, and coming from an aged Minister of the Church; it was also made doubly powerful by the recent act in which we had been engaged. But still there existed so much of mystery over the subject of our discourse, that after allowing a few minutes to pass in silence, I again brought it back, by asking if he could inform me of any particulars concerning this singular being, who seemed to be exempt from the laws of humanity, and yet had some intimate connexion with it?

"Your question," replied the Priest, "would obtain a different answer, according to the education and views of the party addressed. If you inquire of our more ignorant and rustic peasantry, you will obtain a legend sufficiently wild, and attested by affirmations of a singularly numerous class; but for my own part, although residing in the neighbourhood for many years, I have not been disposed to credit the strange tales that are told about her, and up to this very night I have doubted of her existence. My own eyes have, however, settled that fact; but who, or what she is, may furnish matter for further investigation."

"May I trouble you for the legend," I asked, "if not disagreeable to relate?"

"It scarcely becomes the cloth I wear," he replied mildly, "to repeat the wonderful stories with which the country people amuse or abuse themselves, by legends of witches, ghosts, fairies, fetches, and other shadowy or ideal forms, with which the liveliness of their own imaginations has peopled the lakes and mountains of this wild country; and yet, from the fact of this unexpected vision to-night, connected with her previous story, I know no reason why I should refrain from telling you the legend of the White Lady of the Cliff.

"It is now fast verging on sixty years since an old gentleman, who was at once very wealthy and very singular in his habits, occupied a roomy, castellated house, distant some fifteen or twenty miles from the Abbey we have just left His wife had been dead for many years, and the only being about whom he cared was a daughter, just escaping from her teens, and adorned with all the beauty that belongs to the sex. For her to express a wish, was to have it

gratified; for the old man doated on her immoderately, and never thought he could do half enough to please her. Night and day his anxiety was always the same—every moment thinking of her, and never happy except he was making her some fresh present, or giving her some new token of his regard. Dresses of the most expensive kind, jewels the most rare and costly, were continually heaped upon her, and his brains were always on the rack to find out some new thing with which to gratify her. No doubt there was a slight touch of insanity in this behaviour, but as it was of a praiseworthy kind, and not detrimental to his estates, there was no one to find fault with his proceedings, or to check the overflowing sallies of his affection.

"The daughter, it is said, was every way deserving the tenderness bestowed upon her; for in addition to the extreme beauty of her person, which is described as far beyond the lot of any woman in Connaught, she was mild, gentle, and virtuous, and repaid her father's fondness in a degree nearly equal to his own. To study what would please him became her constant employment, and she never appeared half so happy as when some little scheme of her devising excited unusual pleasure in her father's mind.

"Things were progressing thus until she had nearly attained her twentieth year, when accident brought her acquainted with a young gentleman of the neighbourhood, whose pleasing manners and insinuating address had the effect of gaining her attachment; and with the consent of each other's friends, the young people were united.

"For some time after the marriage, matters appeared to go on as pleasantly as could be wished. The old man continued to cherish his daughter with the same affection as formerly, and the husband was more attentive than husbands commonly are. The beautiful girl was cheerful and happy, and the prospect of becoming a mother only added to her joy.

"About three months after this event had taken place, a circumstance occurred that unfolded the real character of the man she had wedded, and which unhappily terminated in her father's death. By the persuasions of her husband, and for the sake of a little change, they had gone to reside at an ancient building belonging to him, situated in a wild and rocky glen, from which could be seen an extensive view over one of the lakes lying distant some few miles to the west; and whilst there, she first perceived a change in his habits, which induced her to suspect that every thing was not as she would have desired it to be. He was absent frequently without letting her know where he was going. Once or twice she had noticed him in

the company of wild-looking strangers; and sometimes when he had led her to believe that his affairs called him to a distance, she had reason to suppose he was close at hand. All these were occurrences of a painful nature for a young, fond wife, to think upon, and their disagreeableness was greatly increased by the vagueness of his replies to her inquiries, and the abruptness of his behaviour.

"One stormy night, when the equinoctial gale was roaring with more than ordinary violence, and the battlements of the old house were shaking as if yielding to the fury of the blast, she was sitting alone in her apartment, watching the babe that slept sweetly before her, unmindful of the storm without, when a loud crash at the end of the passage alarmed her, and hastily rising up she rushed to her father's apartment, and found it occupied by several ruffians, and the old man struggling to free himself from their grasp.

"Oh! leave him, leave him," she cried wildly, flinging herself into the midst of the band; and throwing her arms round her father's neck, seemed determined not to be separated from him. Her energetic demonstration seemed to stagger their resolution, and one or two quitted their hold of the victim, and retreated a few steps backward.

"'Ha! dastards!' shouted an individual who appeared to be the leader; 'is it thus ye keep faith? On with the work, or'— He drew forth a dagger, and flourished it menacingly above their heads: when the distracted girl, as if recognising the voice, withdrew from her father's neck, darted forward, and tearing the mask from the villain's face, beheld—her husband. A scream—a wild, hysteric scream, burst from the horror-stricken woman, and she fell senseless on the floor.

"'Away—away'—shouted the infuriated man. 'Bind the old fool, and up with the carrion—the lake is deep enough for both—away, and do my bidding.' Thus urged, the ruffians speedily bound the old man, and taking up the inanimate body of his daughter, they hurried with rapid steps along the lonely glen, and stood in the midst of the howling storm, on the borders of the foaming lake.

"'Quick, quick,' shouted their leader; and his voice arose louder than the raging wind.

"'Save my child! save my child!' shrieked the old man, in tones of earnest entreaty, which ought to have pierced their ears with the keenness of a dagger's point; but the insensate wretches dropped him over the cliff, the tumultuous waters received him in their cold embrace, and he rose no more. Almost at the same moment, the villains threw in the daughter after her parent, and she also disap-

peared: but whilst the murderers stood gazing upon the scene, in order to satisfy themselves that the work of destruction was complete, a female figure, in white raiment, similar to the dress of her they had only a few minutes before plunged beneath the waves, stood on the summit of a perpendicular cliff that rose from the middle of the lake, and was seen against the murky sky, using violent and indignant gestures, as if threatening the murderers below with vengeance. The daring wretch who had sacrificed both his wife and her father, took out a pistol and fired at the figure; the report reverberated through the rocky caves, while a broad flash of lightning illuminated the scene, and the husband recognised the form of his wife as a loud laugh of derision burst from her, and rung frightfully in their ears, above the tumult of the storm.

"This unaccountable and apparently supernatural vision, struck terror into the consciences of those who had been guilty of so foul a deed. Uttering cries of fear, and dropping their weapons, they fled with the utmost trepidation, each striving to outrun the other, so as to be the first to escape from this alarming apparition, and their ears still ringing with the vengeful laugh, that like the shrieking of fiends, had so much affrighted them. Onwards they rushed, not knowing whither they went, but anxious to leave the object of alarm behind; and one amongst the gang was so conscience-stricken, that early the next morning he was found at the door of the county gaol, shivering with dread, and begging for admission within its walls, as a place of refuge. By the confession of this man, it appeared that a desperate gang of thieves and smugglers had long infested the western coast—that the husband of the young lady had been their Captain, and carried on their enterprises more outrageously than they had ever been before—that to encourage them the more effectually, he had proposed the murder of the old man, and the division of his wealth; and their plans embraced the seizure and subjugation of all the maritime towns in that part of the kingdom. How much of this tale might be true, it was impossible to say. Many deeds of violence had been committed, and a species of companionship was noticed among the desperate characters along the coast. The clue obtained to their haunts and intentions, enabled the authorities to apprehend great numbers of these lawless men, many of whom were executed according to the formalities of the law; but the chief instigator of the murderous outrage that led to these discoveries, escaped the search that was made for him, and for several years was not heard of in the country.

"In the meantime, the young child, thus deprived of its parents,

was removed from the old house, which went to decay, and became an object of superstitious awe to the surrounding population. The glen itself acquired an evil name, and the rocky cliff was shunned by all, as a place haunted by the spirit of the murdered girl. Many a tale was told by the fishermen who had unwittingly ventured too near this haunted spot, about the White Lady of the Cliff. Sometimes she was said to be sitting on its summit, in a calm evening, apparently nursing a child, and there were those who affirmed that they heard the plaintive lullaby that she sung as she seemed in the act of dandling it on her knee. Others, again, had beheld her in the midst of the storm; her long hair and white garments waving in the wind, and her thin arms stretched wildly over the surging waves that rolled below. Sometimes a frail bark bore her rapidly over the waters, without either oar or sail; and the boat, it was said, glided wherever she chose, needing no other impulse than her own will.

"What degree of truth there might be in any of these stories, it is not easy to say. Some things, contradictory in themselves, were rendered more so by the fears or fancies of those that related them. One eventful tale would be sure to be improved on by another more extravagant, and at this distance of time it is hard to separate that which was really fact, from the legends by which it was enveloped. One report declared that the lady had been in a trance till the sudden plunge in the water awaked her to life, and she escaped to land, but that her faculties were so affected reason had left her, and when she showed herself on the cliff it was as a raving maniac bereft of sense; that in this condition she really lived for many years, and was at last found dead in the very spot where her father had been seized. Some degree of credibility appears due to this report, from the fact of the corpse of an old woman having been found in the desolated apartment of the house; and from the heterogeneous materials which had been patched on an originally white dress, it might be conjectured that she had subsisted in that solitary condition. No direct proof, however, could be adduced, and the peasantry were left still in the possession of their favourite horror in the 'White Lady of the Cliff.'

"The abominable author of this unnatural crime paid dearly for his guilt; he did not die by the hands of justice, and his life was prolonged beyond the ordinary span of human existence; but the agony and remorse of his mind, for a long series of years, anticipated the doom beyond the grave, and his despair was past the cure of our holy Church. His confession was taken in Spain, whither he had

fled after the night of the murder, and has been published by the Inquisition as a warning to mankind."

"And the child," I asked, when the Priest had ceased from speaking; "What became of the child?"

"It was placed under the care of proper persons," replied he, "who brought her up as became her rank; and when of age, being in possession of her property, which was considerable, she was married to a very worthy gentleman whose estates lay contiguous to her own, and for many years, according to all reports, they lived happily together in her ancestral house, which goes by the name of 'MUNSTER HALL.'"

Further communication was here interrupted by the sounds of some merry voices behind us, whose tones evinced that they were influenced partly by a love of fun, and partly by the whiskey they had evidently been drinking.

(To be continued.)

THE INVOCATION OF THE DREAMER.

BEAUTIFUL vision! where art thou flown?
Appear! for my spirit is weary and lone;
Oh! come, with thy soft eyes of heavenly blue,
Which proclaim all that's lovely, and holy, and true.

Ah! wilt thou not wander except in sweet dreams,
By Elysian meadows and murmuring streams,
While I gaze with a mystical tender delight
On thy features so calm, yet celestially bright?

Must the veil of deep slumber be thrown o'er my eyes,
Ere I view thee with rapture 'neath smile-beaming skies?
Wilt thou not in the form of a mortal appear,
To bless me with all that the soul can hold dear?

No, beautiful vision! thou art not of earth,
But to golden-eyed fancy thou owest thy birth:
Yet I love thy fair image, thy smile is my light,
I awake to a world of perpetual night.

L. M. S.

A PIECE OF CHINA.

LEAVING CANTON—MIDSHIPMEN'S CROCKERY—GENTLEMAN PASSENGER—ARRIVAL AT CHUSAN—UNDER WAY AGAIN—HEAVY SQUALLS AND HARD GALES—ANY PORT AFTER A STORM—REPAIRING DAMAGES—HOT WORK FOR THE TOES.

(With an Illustration.)

Her Majesty's armed ship the Mercury was not destined to remain many weeks at Canton, for orders came to Lieutenant Bulfit, her Commander, to take in certain stores and ammunition, and to join the Admiral without loss of time. Now it was well known that the fleet of Men-of-War and transports had gone to Chusan, and the prospect of again visiting that place had a beneficial effect upon poor Pearson, who was manifesting symptoms of slow recovery, which afforded satisfaction to every one; for, contrary to the general feeling cherished by seamen towards their boatswain, he was universally esteemed.

"I'm thinking, Sir, we shall weather upon the sharks this bout, in regard of the Governor," said Jack Moberly to Mr. Wildgust; "it's been touch-and-go with him, though, and mayhap he may'nt get alongside of Miss Ching Ring Fou arter all."

"Perhaps not, Jack," assented the master's-mate. "And do you really believe that it was thinking so much of the Chinese beauty that has made him ill?"

"I do indeed, Sir," responded Jack with earnestness; "for as I towld you once afore, Mister Wildgust, there's never no knowing what your course may be, when a female woman takes a trick at the helm. I'm bless'd, your honour, if it isn't hard up and hard down with the tiller, and it's a long time afore the poor fellow can get it in amidships again. Now there's the Governor—his ideas have been yawing about from port to starboard, and from starboard to port, as if he'd knocked away the rudder of his mind, and it was altogether onpossible to trim sails to the breeze of reason. Howsomever I hope we shall soon have him all ship-shape again, Sir; and as I supposes, when we join the fleet some on us will be wanted to man-handle them there wagabons ashore, why I hopes, Mr. Wildgust, you'll use your interest with the Commander to get me on the list of bush-fighters, so that I may overhaul wheresomever I can to look for the lady."

"But, Jack, the finding of her would be an awkward job for you," remarked the young Officer; "for should you discover whereabouts she is, and the Governor—as you call him—marry her—she will immmediately become chief boatswain's-mate."

Jack grinned at the joke, and hitched up his trousers as he responded, "True, true, your honour, as far as the petticoats can go; but she's got to larn how to wind the call yet."

"Oh, that is easily attained," said Wildgust good-humouredly; "but go below, Jack, and tell my boy to give you a *glass* of *grog*—not Shamshu old Blowhard, but real good Jamaica, that I got out of one of the Opium Clippers."

"Thanky, yer honour," returned the boatswain's mate, smiling his gratitude; "a toothful would be none so worser this here warm weather, and I wish Muster Pearson could take his whack once more, for he'll never properly recover till he casts off his head-fasts from the doctor's medsin chest," and away he went to obey orders.

I have said above, "a *glass* of grog," and the expression has latterly become very common amongst every grade, both landmen and seamen, but at what period it was first introduced into a midshipman's mess, we have neither record nor reminiscence that will afford us the necessary information. But certainly, in the times of the veterans of old, we have every reason to believe that glass formed no part of a jolly reefer's outfit. In the battle of Trafalgar, though the Prince, 98, escaped without one man being either killed or wounded, yet the concussion of the guns caused sad havoc amongst the midshipmen's crockery, which was literally smashed into small parcels, so that they were afterwards put to great shifts for every kind of utensil. The veteran Captain Lechemere had superseded Captain Grindall, and the master's-mate, who was caterer of his mess, watching an opportunity one day when the skipper was in a special good humour, ventured to mention the distressed state they were in, and respectfully requested that, "as there was a superfluity of articles in the Captain's store-room, he would graciously be pleased to relieve them from their unpleasant dilemma, by ordering his steward to favour them with a supply of common earthenware and glass that was not wanted for his own cabin."

"A very modest request, young man," said the veteran; "very modest indeed—and glasses, too—hum."

"Every thing we had, Sir, was destroyed in the action, Sir," pleaded the master's-mate. Not a tea-cup, or a plate, or a glass left."

"Tea-cups, Sir—what the deuce do midshipmen want with tea-

cups, Sir?" responded the Captain rather testily. "When I was a midshipman such things were not known in the mess, Sir. And as to your plates and glasses—the 'young gentlemen' in those days cut their beef with a pocket-knife, upon a biscuit, and drank their grog out of a tin pannikin. Glasses, forsooth—aye, I see the service is going to the devil."

The midshipmen, however, got what they wanted, but the statement of the veteran Captain may serve to show the rough-and-tumble sort of school in which our brave Officers were educated. In the present day there is greater refinement in the midshipmen's berth; mahogany has taken the place of oak for tables, and it would be a rare thing now to find a boot-jack cut in the extremity of the festive board, or three stout nails partly driven in the centre to form a candlestick. Green baize, white damask cloths, cut decanters, sparkling champagne, etcetera, etcetera—ices, jellies, blancmange, and all the luxuries of life, are to be found in the cockpit since the peace. Shade of Billy Culmer, what think you of this?

But to return to my narrative.—The water, stores, and provisions, were all got in, and were stowed snugly away—and two companies of an Irish regiment embarked to increase the force that had already sailed for the reduction of Chusan, &c. Up went the anchors—the "Dutch Folly" was re-passed—both bars were successively crossed—and with a fair wind they ran down the river—hailing three remarkably handsome vessels in their progress. These, to the seamen's eyes, were lovely craft; a ship and two brigs, whose tall and raking masts gave them a peculiar character; and with hands and an armament that could belong only to vessels prepared to resist hostility, and that could either fight or run, as circumstances required.

These were opium clippers, in the neighbourhood of Lintin—and near them were junks—aye, and mandarin junks too—taking in the deleterious drug, in spite of all the edicts that could be issued against the forbidden traffic. The ship had only arrived the night previous from Calcutta—her Commander was a naval Lieutenant, upon half-pay—an old messmate of Bulfit's; and after a friendly hail, the latter lowered his quarter-boat and went on board, well knowing that these opium dealers live upon the fat of the land. Nor did he return empty-handed, for his friend plentifully supplied his wants, and there was no lack of good cheroots.

At length they got to the open sea, and away bowled the Mercury with her dead and living freight; the army officers messing in the cabin, together with a genteel young man, who had earnestly requested the Lieutenant to give him a passage, in order (as he said)

that he might see more of the world. He was spoken of as extremely rich; and though he never shunned, yet he seldom courted the society of others, and there was at times a melancholy in his manner that rendered him an object of interest to the sailors generally, amongst whom he seemed to be more happy than in the company of the army blades; and as he spoke the Chinese language fluently, he frequently held converse with the China-men who assisted in navigating the ships. He was habited in mourning for his father, who had died some months previous at Calcutta, where he had held a high official station under the East India Company—his son had but recently joined him from England, after finishing his education at College; and now, though inheriting immense wealth, he had made a voyage to Canton in preference to returning back to the land of the "beautiful and brave." His diffident and unassuming habits endeared him to Mr. Bulfit; he indulged in none of those vagaries which young men are apt to yield to, when left their own masters, with all the influence that riches so freely bestows; and as he was kind, generous, and humane, the situation of poor Pearson soon drew forth all the amiable propensities of his heart—he would sit with him for hours—listen to his complainings—sooth his distress; and as his sea-store was extensive and excellent, the boatswain enjoyed numerous delicacies which he could not have otherwise obtained. So that what with the practical sympathy of his young friend, and the bracing nature of the pure breeze, Pearson rapidly grew better; and by the time that the ship anchored off "Just in the Way," at the entrance of Chusan harbour, the boatswain was convalescent, and he longed to tread the shore once again, for the purpose of endeavouring to obtain intelligence of the female who had so powerfully captivated his heart.

But the fleet was not there; and the whole line of shore round the bay, as well on every eminence, plainly evidenced that the Chinese had not been idle during the absence of the English. A continuous line of batteries had been thrown up, with embrasures for nearly three hundred pieces of cannon; the ramparts of Tinghae (the city) were strongly fortified, and the defences on the Joss-house hill repaired and strengthened. Large encampments of Tartar troops manifested a disposition to oppose invasion, and the mandarins, with their banners, could be plainly distinguished by the aid of the telescope, as they shook their weapons in defiance.

"They have n't been idle, at all events," said Mr. Bulfit to the master's-mate; "the ingenuity and labour of those fellows beats

every thing I ever knew; they will be formidable enemies in another half century, if they go on improving in this fashion."

"With all due submission, Sir," returned Wildgust, "I think they never can be brought to understand the advantages of steady discipline; and though admirable in imitation, they possess little invention of their own."

"Perhaps so—perhaps so,"—responded the Commander, directing his glass towards a body of troops. "Ayah, old boy—why there's a mandarin cutting as many capers as would serve for all the legs of mutton in Europe—and now there's another, and another—fine portly fellows they are, too—but really, in that dress, they look like so many women."

"And that, I suppose, is the reason that the sailors always want to get to close quarters with them," remarked an army officer. "We shall have some warm work there."

Pearson had borrowed the mate's spy-glass, and was occasionally surveying the part of the city where the dwelling of his charmer was situated. Fervid remembrances conjointly occupied his mind with the necessary attention to his several duties (for though still weak, he superintended the various operations of the seamen), and the apprehensions that the place, which now looked more formidable than ever, would have to be stormed, and the safety of the females endangered, gave him serious uneasiness.

"It will be sharp work for the eyes, Jack," said he to Moberly, as he alternately gave orders and then ranged his sight along the line of coast-defences. "There's hardly opening enough to stick a marlin-spike atwixt them batteries. And," raising the glass, "where will she be, poor thing? perhaps already slipt her cables for t'other world." To a man in the fore-chains—"Slue that shroud more round, and bring the dead-eye to its proper place, Jem." To Moberly—"Oh! it's a misfortunate matter for me, Jack, as would have married her off-hand." To a top-man—"Make a long splice of it, Joe, and turn the ends well in."

"I'm thinking, Sir," returned Moberly, "that them there forts will be only as so many nuts in our teeth—easily cracked."

"Nuts! eh Jack?" said the boatswain.

"They will be wall-nuts, then," remarked Wildgust, who had overheard the remark, and would not miss his joke. "You must get some sacks made up, Pearson, for there will be a few more Tartars to bag there;" he applied the glass to his eye—"I wish I had that old fellow of the red button, that's sporting his huge figure on yon fort—I should like to carry that embroidered gown home to my

old mother—how the gold glistens upon it—we should want a double sack for him, Pearson—he's of high pin,* too.

"Mayhap a belaying *pin*, your honour," remarked the boatswain's mate with a grin; "I wants to pin one on 'em myself. I've got as many tails in my bag as ud set up any barber in Plymouth in the way of business—and to my idea, when we once gets among them fellows ashore, we shan't want for sinnet during the rest of the cruise."

"Sinnet, ah?" sighed the boatswain, as he thought of the damsel's plaited hair; and worked his fingers as if he was engaged in manufacturing the article named. Further conversation was, however, prevented, by the stentorian voice of the Lieutenant exclaiming,

"Up anchor—topmen aloft, loose sails."

In an instant all was bustle, and it was at first conjectured that Mr. Bulfit purposed playing a rubber of bowls with the forts and war-junks, of which latter there were about twenty in Chusan harbour; but when the anchor was clear of the ground, the sails were trimmed for sea, and it was then ascertained that the Mercury was going to look after the Admiral.

The soldier officers were greatly annoyed at this, for I never knew a soldier yet that was partial to a ship's decks. They longed to be marching and counter-marching on shore, where they could get good foothold, and stand steady. But unfortunately, that very night they encountered one of the heavy squalls which are common in the Chinese seas; and though the accommodations for the troops in the Mercury were much superior to those on board the transports, yet in the blackness of the raging typhoon, the poor fellows were not only filled with dread, as the vessel careened till her lee gangway was buried in the waves, but also nearly suffocated by the dense atmosphere below; the circulation of air being entirely stopped by the battening down of the tarpaulins over the hatches.

Happily, Mr. Bulfit had made every preparation to meet the emergency, and as far as human efforts could prevail, the hand of practical seamanship had left nothing undone. But the vessel was much strained; two of the main chain-plates parted, and considerable damage was done to other parts of both wood and iron-work. A continuance of strong winds and heavy gales for three days succeeded the squall; but though the Commander was indefatigable in making temporary repairs, yet when the severity of the weather

* There are nine grades of distinction in China, amongst men of rank; and these grades are named "Kew pin"—(the nine ranks)—the "pin," or rank, is known by the colour of the small globe on the summit of the cap, and a badge borne on the breast and on the back.

abated he deemed it expedient to make for a small inhabited island on the coast, where his artificers might be set to work, and all defects remedied.

It was a pretty-looking spot, near the entrance of a large river, that he had thus chosen, and the population was in rather better condition than the generality of such places afforded; it had, in fact, been the accustomed resort of piratical vessels, who at first merely exchanged the produce of their rogueries for the necessaries of life, but subsequently established a regular commerce with agents sent from the cities to make purchases.

The island rose in a conical form, its summit crowned with a five-story pagoda, having brass bells suspended from the corners of each eave—large on the basement story, but diminishing as they ascended, and when put in motion by the wind, sending forth sounds that were not unmusical. The temple itself was richly decorated, and glistened brightly in the sun. The white houses had a very picturesque appearance, as they laid scattered amongst beautiful foliage and well-cultivated soil. The anchorage was in a narrow bay, having at its entrance a fort of six guns on either side. Troops were also visible upon the ramparts and in a small encampment, and on nearing the batteries a few shot were fired at the Mercury, which whistled past her harmlessly, and were unnoticed till the ship got well abreast of them, when discharging both broadsides, the noise of the artillery—the rattling of the death-dealing missiles—and the reverberating sounds amongst the clefts of the mountains, so alarmed John Chinaman—that dropping their matchlocks and bows, they caught up their fans and lanterns and started off, "sauve qui peut," followed by vollies of musket balls from the English soldiers to quicken their way. Some of them, however, did face about and fire their matchlocks, but they made no long stay, leaving the dead and wounded behind them; the batteries were deserted, and boats were sent ashore to spike the guns.

The Mercury brought up in a snug cove, where the carpenters were landed on a lovely green sward, and the armourer erected his forge beneath a tent, made of old sails. Friendly communications were established with the inhabitants; the Commander assuring them that they should suffer no molestation as long as they remained quiet, but if the Chinese troops became aggressors he would destroy every house and plantation on the island. A large warehouse was taken possession of as a temporary barracks for the English soldiers, and the ship was kept in a constant state of preparation should any assault be attempted. But every thing remained tranquil, and the

only source of complaint was the thievish nature of the natives, who stole every thing they could lay their hands on—not only secretly, but openly; and their passion for iron caused the armourer's tent to be frequently plundered. These marauders were equally as expert with their toes as they were with their fingers; for if they saw anything laying on the ground, they were sure to put their foot upon it, and the article immediately disappeared.

One fellow had been extremely active in the neighbourhood of the forge, and the armourer was perfectly aware of the dishonesty of his visitor, but never could detect him. One morning, however, observing him on the look-out, he drew an iron-bar from the fire, cut off a piece from the end, and unnoticed by the Chinaman, whose back was towards him, threw it down upon the ground. The red hue almost immediately disappeared, and the native, turning round, beheld the tempting prize, and advanced towards the spot.

"Ayah fohki," exclaimed he, hitching nearer and nearer to the bait; "how you do? me sabby you well."

"And I sabby you too, you grinning lubber," replied the armourer. "Sheer off, and be blow'd to you, or I shall clip your thieving-hooks."

"Ayah," responded the Chinaman, shrugging his shoulders with a look of the most perfect innocence. "Ayah—how can do?—no can steal—good by e—me go."

Whilst saying this, he had contrived to get close to the piece of iron, and turning round, set one foot upon it, clutching the heated metal up with his toes—but finding it rather too warm to hold long, it was instantly relinquished again—and though he uttered no cry, it was fully evident, by the contortions of his face and body, that he was suffering great agony from the burning, and which our friend Robert Cruikshank has so well depictured. A burst of uproarious laughter issued from the tent to complete his discomfiture, numerous spectators were looking on, and the fellow limped away amidst the ridicule of all.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a wind at sea like a tradesman writing a cheap invoice?
When is a sailor like divine worship?
When is a ship like a wife discovering a lost love-gift?
When are the masts of a ship and a cup-bearer alike?
What part of a tree is like a vessel ashore?
What edible root is like a paternal pinch?
What architecture is like owning the devil your creditor?

Hot work in China.

CHRYSTMASSE.

Yclad in furs, and wrappe'd warm in wool,
Olde Chrystmasse comes, to grace the closing yeare;
With sondrie gyfts his hands are cramme'd full:
Ryght blythe he looks with comforte and good cheare,
And rolicking with joie, he laugheth loud and cleare.

About his head he wears a wreathen crowne,
Of misseltoe and berried holly made;
A comely beard doth from his chin hang down:
White hoary locks are on his shoulders laid:
But in his sprightlie eye, the fire is not decayed.

With looks devout he bendeth first full low,
And praiseth Him who was in Bethlehem born:
Ryght glad due love to his dread Lord to show,
Who gave his Sonne to strypes, and death, and scorne:
"And all," he saith, "for me—a lowlie wretch forlorne."

Next on the poore he looks with friendlie eye,
And becks the hungrie to the large barn door:
"Come hither, friends," he lustilie doth cry—
And then he scattereth freely from the store,
Nor mindeth who doth come, provided they be poore.

Then divers gifts to all around he sends,
In heartie token of his ryght good-will,
With commendations to his trustie friends,
Who nathless all do love his memorie still—
For whom he prayeth sooth, to keep them free from ill.

These duties done, he sitteth down to dine:
His appetite ysharpened, ye may think:
And soon he maketh inroad in the chine,
While knives, and forks, and pewter platters chink,
With turkeys, puddings, pies, ywashe'd down with drink.

Then doth he call to bring his wassail bowl,
Which foameth soon with roasted crabs and yale,
While round and round his merrie eye doth roll—
"Come now," saith he, "let's have the song and tale,
And merry games and romps, our spirits to regale."

"But first bring forth," he cries, "the huge yule block,
And let the chimney roar with cheerful flame:
While it doth burn we will not mind the clock—
Let young men dance, and maidens do the same,
While old folks sit and chat:—so now, begin the game."

NAVAL GRADATIONS.

COMMODORE—POST CAPTAIN—COMMANDER.

The title of Commodore is most probably derived from the Italian, but the precise rank was not introduced into the English Navy till of late years—the term Admiral being in more general use than any other, both in the Royal and merchant services, as I have already mentioned. It was, in the first instance, merely temporary, to distinguish the senior Officer of a squadron, where there was no higher authority in a company or in command; it was also assumed by the Men-of-War conducting convoys of traders and transports. In the course of a few years it became a permanent rank, intermediate between a Rear Admiral and a Post Captain—the Admiralty granting commissions as Commodores entitling the Officer to carry a broad red pennant (called a burgee) at the main, in the presence of his superiors, and holding comparative equality with a Brigadier General in the Army. Their sea pay is £3. per day. It is not essential to be a Commodore previous to attaining the higher grade of Rear Admiral.

Post Captains.

It is recorded in the early history of our Navy, that Ships-of-War had two Captains—a sailing Captain, who superintended every thing connected with the victualling, rigging, and navigation of the vessel —and a fighting Captain, who held command over the crew when in action, and directed the hostile manœuvres. The latter might be either a soldier or a sailor; and in numerous instances, Officers of the Army were transferred as fighting Captains to Ships-of-War. In some cases, the Gunner had not only the entire control of the artillery, but also of the ship and crew, during a battle; nor, indeed, were the offices of Captain and Gunner incompatible with each other, when united in the same individual. It may readily be conceived, that when cannon were first employed in Naval engagements, and indeed for many years afterwards, the station of Gunner was both onerous and important, as so much depended upon his courage, talent, and ability, for success. In the course of time, the navigating Captains were called Ship-masters: and hence arose not only the rank of Master, but also as the Ship-masters (being sailing Captains) were frequently placed in the sole command of sloops, yachts, &c.,

they attained a fresh grade in the service, under the title of Masters and Commanders (of whom I shall speak next).

All were, at the outset, denominated Captains, but about the year 1667 a line of demarcation was drawn between those Officers who commanded vessels carrying under twenty guns, and those who commanded ships of a superior armament; the Post Captains being appointed to the latter, and Masters and Commanders to the former. About 1718 further alterations were made; the Post Captains were divided into Officers who commanded fourth-rates and upwards, and those who were Captains of fifth and sixth-rates, composed of small frigates, &c.; and only the Officers commanding above fifth-rates were entitled to ascend the list by seniority, so as in due course to obtain a flag. Subsequently, after their promotion from Master Commander, they were divided into Post Captains above three years' standing, and Post Captains under three years' standing—the former, as the only mark of distinction, wearing an epaulette on each shoulder—the latter wearing a single epaulette on the right shoulder (the same as Lieutenants do now). By the new regulations they all wear two epaulettes—the time of service being noted by an anchor, &c., on the epaulette. The following is the list of ratings and pay of Post Captains, per month, when at sea:—

	Pay. £.	s.	d.
First-rate.—All three-decked ships	61	7	4
Second-rate.—One of the Royal yachts, and all two-decked ships, with a complement of 700 men, and upwards	53	14	0
Third-rate.—All the other Royal yachts (and all such yachts as may bear the flag of an Admiral or the pennant of a Captain, when either the one or the other is superintending a Royal dock-yard), and all ships whose complements are under 700, and not less than 600 men,	46	0	8
Fourth-rate.—Ships whose complements are under 600, and not less than 400	33	7	0
Fifth-rate.—Ships whose complements are under 400, and not less than 250	30	13	8
Sixth-rate.—Ships whose complements are under 250...	26	17	0

Half-pay.—To each of the first 100 on the list in seniority, 14*s.* 6*d.* per day. To each of the next 150, 12*s.* 6*d.*, and to all the rest 10*s.* 6*d.* per day.—When under three years' standing, they rank with Lieutenant Colonels; above three years, with Colonels.

Post Captains rise by seniority to the rank of Rear Admiral.

Commanders.

These Officers are the next in rank to Post Captains, and the grade superior to that of Lieutenant. As before observed, they were formerly styled Masters and Commanders: the first commission, so designating them, being granted in 1667 to Robert Best, Esq., by Sir John Narborough, then a Commodore in the Mediterranean. This gentleman was unfortunately drowned, at Leghorn, ten years afterwards.

Masters and Commanders were appointed to Sloops-of-War—Bomb-vessels, Troop-ships, &c. They formerly wore a plain epaulette on the left shoulder, but now have one on each shoulder. The prefix of Master was discontinued a short time since, and the title of Commander retained, but are generally addressed, by courtesy, as Captains. In many instances they are commissioned to ships of the line, as a sort of second Captain, and do the duty of First-Lieutenants. Nor is this of late origin, for similar appointments took place as far back as 1672, when John Shelly, after being a Commander for several years, was appointed First-Lieutenant of the London, on board which Sir Edward Spragge had hoisted his flag. He removed soon afterwards into the Monmouth, where he is said to have acted as *second* Captain, and then took the entire command of a Post-ship. The pay of Commanders, when at sea, is £23. 0*s*. 4*d*. per month. Their half-pay, for the first 150 on the list, 10*s*. per day. The remainder, 8*s*. 6*d*. per day.—They rank with a Major in the Army.

AN INCIDENT IN IRELAND.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE COAST GUARD.

Some few years since I was invited to dine at the family mansion of an Irish gentleman, situated on the sea coast of the Emerald Isle, and at no great distance from the station which I commanded. There was a jovial, rollicking set of blades, and some of Ireland's fairest daughters, assembled together, but the mirth of the party was much damped by the presence of a wealthy relation, of large promise, in the person of a maiden lady of three-score, whose greatest happiness seemed to consist in making others miserable; she had a most slanderous tongue, and practised sarcastic bitterness upon all who ventured to approach within hail of her. I was apprised of this

previous to my entering the drawing-room, and several of the youngsters who knew how much I loved a frolic, earnestly begged of me to try her temper. I admit that it was not altogether correct to do so, but I always thought that the cup of human enjoyment was none the worse for being spiced with a little innocent mischief, and consequently I acceded to their requests. I was in dress uniform, and on being introduced as Mr. ——, of the Navy, and she as Miss O'F——, a smile passed over her harsh features, but it was a smile of scorn.

"How do, Maam?" said I, extending my hard, horny fin, towards her delicate white kid glove; "how is every inch on you? You seem to howld your age well. I hopes the young-uns are all shipshape"

Without deigning to reply, she drew back her hand; and as she turned away I heard her mutter, "Vulgar, filthy brute—faugh—but how bastely he smells of tar."

I assumed a surprised and mortified look at such an unwelcome reception, and the general titter amongst the youngsters, male and female, told me I had made a pretty good commencement. During dinner I was challenged by a friend, awake to the joke, to "take wine with him;" and my reply was, "No thankee, Sir, I likes grog best."

Miss O'F—— seemed to be struck with astonishment, and I heard her, in an audible whisper, inquire of her next neighbour, "For the love of Heaven, do pray tell me who that baste is—how came he here?—it is an insult to the family."

Soon afterwards the lady of the mansion asked me, "What part of a fine turkey (on the table) I would choose?"

In a drawling tone, I answered, "Please Maam, a ving, and a slice of the bussum."

Down went Miss O'F——'s knife and fork with a tremendous rattle on her plate, and her look was one of ineffable contempt. Perceiving that her eyes were fixed on me, I exclaimed rather loud, "Miss O'F——, Maam—pleasure of taking vine vith you."

She bridled up her head—or rather, screwed it up with pride and vengeance, as she replied, "No, Sir. You refused to take vine—as you call it—a few minutes since, with a gentleman, and now a lady refuses you"—she turned away in anger, and every one of the guests could distinctly hear her, as she uttered, "Take wine with you, indeed!—Low, ignorant fellow—who introduced him into society like this? By what means can such a vulgar wretch have become an Officer of the Crown? Take wine with him! faugh! never!"

In spite of efforts to smother laughter, it would burst forth; but it appeared to gratify the old lady, who placed it to the account of ridicule for me, brought about by her own sarcasm. Several of the youngsters took up the cue, and I got a regular roasting, but acted my part as if self-conceit had blinded me to my own imperfections—they drew me out, and the game was carried on admirably well.

After dinner, when the ladies retired, I arose and opened the door; and as Miss O'F—— passed me, I gave her a most polite bow, and one of the best smiles my ugly phiz could afford—but she walked on, affecting the extreme of disdain. When left to ourselves, the wine and the whiskey punch went merrily round, our host keeping it up with the genuine spirit of Irish hospitality. We had some excellent songs—the doors of the dining-room were left open, so that the ladies might listen to the harmony—and as there were many fine voices amongst the company, the singing was somewhat of a treat. I was no mean proficient myself in music—more than one of my family had been, and still were, celebrated as vocalists—and I warbled my strains so as to call forth considerable applause, not only from the gentlemen, but also from the ladies who crowded the passage, and amongst whom I detected the fierce face and fiery hair of Miss O'F——. Toasts, in like manner, went round, after every song; and on our host calling upon me "to name some fair damsel who held the dearest spot in my heart, "I commenced a flowery address—and I was no bad hand at a speech either—praising to the very excess of devotion, and yet with the utmost respect, the fair lady whom I most esteemed. To be sure there was a strong dash of blarney in it, but I abandoned my cockneyisms—spoke with fluency and ardour—(thanks to the whiskey punch)—and concluded an oration fraught with eulogies, by proposing the "health of Miss O'F——," whose carrotty locks shone bright in the doorway. A thundering roar followed the proposition, for all took the joke; it was drank upstanding, with three times three, and not a drop left in the glasses.

At a proper time, when exhilarated without being inebriated, I joined the ladies in the drawing-room, I found my scheme had taken effect. I singled out the maiden lady—poured the soft odour of flattery into her ears—whiskey punch inspired me with eloquence—I canted and descanted as much as I had decanted—rattled away to the best of my wit and humour, till I fairly won the old girl's heart. What followed? Invitation to Bally—— House—a jaunting-car at my service—capital game preserves—a chair at the dinner table—Ceid nulle falteagh—and stop a month if I liked. I went—and didn't I live like a fighting-cock? Ask Miss O'F——!

THE RULING PASSION.

"Strong even in Death."

When I first rigged myself in the "jacket and trousers so blue," the Epitome of Navigation in general—nay, if I mistake not, in sole use at sea, was that which was well known and became celebrated under the title "Hamilton Moore." This was superseded by a superior work put forth by "Norie," of Leadenhall-street; and perhaps no two individuals ever had their names so universally upon the tongues of mariners as those whom I have mentioned. Other Epitomes have since been published, both in England and in America. One is by Mr. Riddle, a master in the Upper School, Greenwich—another is by Lieutenant Raper, of the Royal Navy—and the productions of both these gentlemen are, I believe, from their own observations and calculations. Of John Hamilton Moore's history little has been given to the world—he possibly might be a descendant of the famous Francis Moore, physician—for both professed to deal in siderial matters—the former as an Astronomer, the latter as an Astrologer, but neither having much to do with the books that bore their superscription. It is true that a portrait, purporting to be a likeness of John Hamilton Moore, appeared as a frontispiece to his Epitome, but in point of fact, it more strongly resembled a certain Irish schoolmaster—the very beau ideal of the character—who kept an Academy near the sign of the Roman Eagle (a crack place in its day), in Church-street, Deptford. His name was B——t, and the actual calculator of most of the logarithmic tables, sines, tangents, secants, &c., with which Hamilton Moore abounds. Well do I remember the venerable man—nearly six feet in altitude, dressed in a long green dressing-gown, illustrated with small flowers and numerous maps of grease—his white hair thickly clustering over his shoulders—a bottle of whiskey on one side of his desk, a small chest of snuff on the other, and (when not in his mouth) a doudeen stuck in his button-hole—he was a man of undoubted talent as a mathematician—full of the milk of human kindness, which he was accustomed to mingle with his favourite beverage pretty freely, and sometimes to excess. The national peculiarities of the Emerald Isle were perfectly natural in all his sayings and doings—he was the Irish gentleman of the old school. Age, however, brought on its attendant infirmities, and at

the termination of his eighty-sixth year, although his intellects were nearly as acute as ever, he was compelled to retire from his profession; most of his pupils having abandoned him. Not one sixpence had he saved to comfort his last days, but grateful esteem induced certain parties to collect sufficient to procure him an annuity of about £15. per annum—scarcely enough to find the poor old boy in "potheen" and "bacca."

It happened that three or four years afterwards, a person connected with one of the Epitomes—I think it was "Norie's," was desirous of ascertaining the data upon which B——t had founded his tables, as well as to make some very abstruse calculations, which had puzzled many of the astronomers, but the veteran schoolmaster was no where to be discovered, and it was believed that he had taken his last sight in time, and had entered upon eternity. At length, however, after diligent search, his whereabouts was discovered, and he was found bed-ridden in a sorry hole of a garret, in Rotherhithe or Wapping—I cannot recollect which. The visitor stated the cause of his errand, and though the mind was wavering upon every other subject, yet it was fully able to develop this—he craved for half a pint of whiskey and his pipe, and was raised up whilst he enjoyed them, seemingly to his heart's content. When his liquor and pipe were both out, his former mental energies seemed to revive—he entered clearly and distinctly into the required explanations—there was no hesitation—no faltering—it was the last flash from the lamp of life—he laid himself back upon his pillow, and in a few minutes was a corpse. "Ninety-one" was engraved upon the lid of his coffin.

I recollect another instance in an old seaman, who, after serving all his younger days in a Ship-of-War, was at the age of eighty master of a coasting vessel. But he could not endure for ever—ill health confined him to his bed, and a want of his usual activity, conjoined with a decay of nature, speedily reduced him to a state of imbecility. For several days before he died he was much convulsed, and writhed about in restless disquietude, until a piece of rope was put into his hands, and he immediately became pacified—nor would he suffer it to be taken from him, but unceasingly went through the process of spliceing, knotting, or coiling it away, until a few minutes before he breathed his last; when, resigning his charge, he expired without a struggle.

THE OLD SAILOR'S

FEBRUARY.

Though heavy clouds and dripping showers
Above thy murky pathway lowers:
Though miry ways and swampy grass
Still meet our steps where'er we pass:
Though torrents roar adown the hills,
And choke with ice the clacking mills:
And though at times the crisped snow
Lies crunching on the ground below:
Yet still we love thy steps to trace,
And smile to see thy pleasant face.

For lo! thy infant days disclose
The snowdrop pure, and pale primrose;
And each succeeding morn displays
Fresh daisies shine with tiny rays,
Where scented coltsfoot may be seen
Outspread beside some ever-green,
While all along the meadows rise
Rich crocus troops, in brilliant dyes;
And pansies, freaked in triple bloom,
Enliven Winter's waning gloom.

And hark! how vocal Nature springs,
To meet thy smile, on buoyant wings—
The woodlark, perched on naked bush,
Is answered by the warbling thrush;
The chaffinch charms the leafeless spray,
And red-breasts still hop o'er the way;
The bullfinch probes the opening bud,
Where insects breed, in quest of food;
While noisy rooks, in antique groves,
Are building nests for future loves.

Meantime the gander stalks the yard,
And o'er the sitting geese keeps guard;
Young cocks, with more than usual glee,
Strut up and down their wives to see;
While turkies, now "uncommon proud,"
With heads erect, are gobbling loud;
And ducks dash gladly through the mire,
Rejoiced to see Old Frost retire;
The sparrows chirp, the pigeons coo,
And old barn-owls cry out to-whoo;
While here and there a swallow flies,
Too early from the southern skies.

While Nature thus renews the earth,
Our hearths shall glow with social mirth;
The holly and the mistletoe,
Now faded, from their shelves must go:
But still to cheer our household view,
The box shall shine with fresher hue.
Young Valentine, with fond desire,
Shall quicken many a lover's fire;
While jolly Shrovetide rings his bell,
Hot pancakes on the board shall swell;
And homely joys our hearts shall cheer,
To make the Briton's hearth more dear.

S. M.

HARRY PAULET.

CHAPTER VI.

"He died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he loved
As 'twere a careless trifle."

"Hold the world but as the world,
A stage, where every man must play his part."

SHAKSPEARE.

As soon as the travelling packman, known as James Trueman, became revealed to our young friend Harry Paulet, the waterman's apprentice, the mind of the latter quickly recovered its accustomed serenity; and the throng, finding order restored, merely upbraided "the young rascal for being so undutifully rough with his grandfather." Other matters attracted attention; and except the vociferations and busy hum of so many thousand voices, only a few occasional disturbances occurred; and, in fact, the merriment of the multitude would have induced a stranger to suppose that they had assembled to witness a pleasant spectacle, instead of the sanguinary display of a public execution. Whatever motive it is that excites large masses of people to congregate together, on ordinary occasions, it would, perhaps, be difficult to determine, but in this instance there was a special attraction; the condemned were not only rebels, but their rank in life was far above the usual run of criminals, inasmuch as they were Nobles of the land, and it was no every-day occurrence to behold the beheading of a Lord. This had drawn together an immense concourse of the lower orders, ever eager to gratify their love of sight-seeing, and possibly not altogether exempt from an indulgence of pleasure, arising from the jealousy which the truly democratic portion of the people cherish with regard to the titled aristocracy of the country. There were also large numbers of the middle classes, who, in their gladness that rebellion had been crushed, forgot the more gentle emotions of humanity, and came with implacability in their hearts, to see the utmost rigour of the law carried into full operation. Nor was there wanting a numerous attendance of a higher grade, influenced by various views and various desires, to be present at the death of men who had moved in the same sphere with themselves.

Some few experienced the stirrings of mournful sympathy in their breasts; a great portion yielded to excitement, and hailed the sacrifice of existence as a triumph to the cause they had espoused; whilst by far the larger part were actuated by curiosity, and a fondness for pastime, let its nature be what it might. Another and paramount feeling of vengeance against the condemned, was created by reports which had been industriously circulated, that on the day previous to the battle of Culloden, orders were issued by the rebel Lords to make no prisoners, but to put all who surrendered to death. It is true that Balmarino most positively denied all knowledge of such orders; but Earl Kilmarnock, though he declared his ignorance of any such resolution having been come to at the period stated, yet admitted that, "since he had been a captive in the Tower, he had all the reason in the world to believe that such an order had been made, but it had never been delived to him, as Lieutenant General of the forces; it was written in a pocket-book, which was said to be in the possession of the Duke of Cumberland."

To this Lord Balmarino replied, that "it was a lie, invented and raised as an excuse for the barbarity that had been exercised against them."

This, together with explanations relative to the events of the early morning, formed the principal topics of conversation between Harry and his friend, when they could safely speak of such things to each other, which was not of frequent occurrence, as Trueman seemed to deem it most advisable not to attract the notice of those in their immediate neighbourhood; indeed, he kept his head bowed down, so as to hide even his disguised features, though the intense heat was almost suffocating.

It was about ten o'clock in the forenoon, when a noise in the distance, and an oscillating motion to and fro amongst the crowd, proclaimed the expected procession was on the move—the advance was slow, as the condemned were on foot—and with something like a sickness of heart, Harry became sensible that the spot James Trueman had chosen was in the direct line to the scaffold—and first came the officials, with the headsman—then followed Earl Kilmarnock, a tall, slender, handsome-featured man, dressed in deep black. On one side of him was Foster, the great Presbyterian Preacher, and on the other the Reverend Mr. Home, a young Clergyman and personal friend. Lord Balmarino walked alone—his body erect and bold—his step firm and manly—and his look cool and undaunted—he wore the regimentals of the rebels -a blue coat turned up with scarlet—precisely similar to that which afterwards formed the favourite

habilament of George the Third. The hearses for their decapitated bodies followed.

As they passed the position chosen by James Trueman, he was fully sensible that every eye which could catch a view of the prisoners would be directed alone at them, and raising himself erect he gazed earnestly on the noblemen. The Earl's head was inclined downwards, nor did he give the slightest heed to the observations of the crowd. Balmarino, on the contrary, looked all around him, and seemed amused, without levity, by what he heard and saw. The packman uttered a peculiar sound, and exposed every part of his face to view—Balmarino turned—gave a smile of recognition—and laying his right hand above his heart, slightly bowed and passed on. Trueman instantly resumed his disguise, and again bent down upon the arm of the young apprentice, who felt the strong frame of his companion quivering as if in agony.

A house near the place of execution received the prisoners, and the populace continued violently excited by expectation for more than an hour and a half, when the Earl, pale and agitated, ascended the scaffold—no sound of exultation was heard—the noble looked terrified—and if there had been an inclination to insult, it was hushed by the kindlier sentiments of commiseration. He spoke for some time to the Sheriffs, and then stood by Foster, who wept over, exhorted, and prayed with him; he then took off his coat and waistcoat, and having, after some trouble, put on a napkin cap, he repeatedly tried his neck upon the block, the executioner (who was arrayed in white, with a white apron) standing by, and out of delicacy and tenderness concealing the axe behind him. At last the Earl knelt down with a visible unwillingness to depart, but after a few minutes he gave the signal—the axe fell, and the head was struck off at one stroke, merely hanging by a bit of skin, and both were speedily deposited in the coffin that awaited them; orders having been given not to expose the heads, according to ancient custom.

As the axe was raised in the air, an almost breathless stillness prevailed—but when it came down, crashing on the victim's neck, groans and shrieks from the assembled thousands manifested the intense feelings that pervaded every breast—whilst the waving to and fro of the huge mass, like the billows of the sea when in rolling commotion, threatened many with destruction. The young apprentice now, in turn, grasped the arm of the packman, and with difficulty preserved himself from falling—the spectacle was harrowing and sickening enough of itself to cause his weakness and tremour, but the thought that probably the father of the fair girl whom he

had left at his mother's might undergo a similar fate, overpowered his faculties. James Trueman stood unmoved as he firmly supported the distressed youth, and whispered words of encouragement that gradually revived him.

The moment the body of the Earl was removed, clean sawdust was strewed over the scaffold, new cloth was spread over the block, the executioner appeared in fresh apparel, with another axe in his hand, and forth came the veteran noble, Balmarino, treading the platform with the most perfect self-possession and firmness—he walked up to his coffin—put on his spectacles (for he was approaching to sixty years of age), and deliberately read the inscription on the plate—he then calmly looked round, both above and below, at the multitude, till his eye rested on the spot where Harry and his friend were standing—that instant James Trueman uttered a low moan of pain, and tossed his arms into the air—the act was momentary, and all near commiserated his suffering—but those who were not so closely approximating beheld the brave old nobleman flourish his hand above his head with seeming joyousness—the packman saw it too—it was the last recognition and adieu from a tried and worthy friend. Nor had it escaped the notice of young Paulet, and his thoughts became more and more confused as to the connexion which evidently existed between his companion and the rebel leaders.

Balmarino pulled off his spectacles and read an inflammatory speech, expressive of "his pride and glory at the thoughts of suffering for so sweet a Prince as they had driven from the throne and realm"—once or twice he spoke rather vehemently; and he took the axe from the hands of the executioner, and passing his fingers down the edge to try its keenness, he smilingly questioned the man, and then gave him money. Whilst thus engaged two Clergymen drew near to him, but he turned briskly round, and politely bowing, declined their further services—they looked mournfully at each other, and appeared to endeavour to remonstrate—but he walked briskly away to the corner of the scaffold next the steps, and called loudly for the Warder who had had him in charge—the man came; and Balmarino, removing his periwig, presented it to him. All this was done with such intrepidity and fearlessness, that numbers of the spectators were struck with admiration, and the sounds of applause were heard.

"Brave, excellent old soldier," said James Trueman enthusiastically. "Mark him, Harry, my boy—he displays the true essence of greatness of mind, that no adversity—not even the prospect of death can subdue."

The youth made no answer, he was already too much engrossed by what was going on before his sight. The veteran nobleman having parted with his wig, put on a cap of Scotch plaid, threw off his coat and waistcoat, and displayed his shroud, which he had on beneath them Harry shuddered as the last garment of perishing mortality was exhibited to his view, but Trueman still kept uttering mingled plaudits and regrets.

Balmarino then knelt to the block, but placed himself on the wrong side—the executioner informed him of his error, and the old man sprang up with the agility of youth, and with quickness corrected the mistake—he laid his neck upon the block—the official stood ready with his weapon—the rebel Chief threw his hand aloft, in the same manner as he had done to James Trueman—it was the signal—the axe descended—the commotion amongst the populace was renewed, so that it was with difficulty any one could keep his feet—loud cries and groans arose—when again the axe gleamed above, and with the rapidity of lightning came heavily down a second time—there was a convulsive heaving of the victim's body, but his head was still unsevered—a third time the instrument was raised, and the succeeding blow did its office more effectually—the head was separated from the shoulders—and the whole were almost immediately placed in the coffin, and deposited in the hearse.

Trueman tremblingly grasped the arm of his young companion, who himself needed support, and for some time they stood side by side in silence—the mind's eye of the youth had still the horrible spectacle passing in visionary review before him—the unknown fate of the man he had tried to rescue, as well as that of his gallant old master, came terribly connected with the fearful scene he had witnessed—a gory redness, like that of the vital stream he had seen so profusely shed, dimmed his sight, and gave a similar hue to surrounding objects—even when he shut out the light of day it was still the same—and though the noise of the retiring populace grew louder and louder, yet it could not drown in his ears the protracted sounds of the axe, as it successively fell upon the necks of the condemned.

The crowd slowly and gradually dispersed through the many outlets from the hill, and Harry and his seemingly aged relative went with the stream towards Billingsgate, where they engaged a wherry; and the young apprentice taking one of the sculls, they swiftly passed beneath the middle arch of the bridge, it being about the top of the tide. Trueman sat alone, abaft, indulging in self-communion, for he seldom spoke—the river was thronged with boats—active life was

everywhere pursuing its accustomed avocations and amusements—business and pleasure progressed—the latter most prevalent—as if nothing material had occurred.

But return we to old Will, who, as soon as he had gained the entrance to Saint Saviour's dock, diligently employed himself in cleaning his wherry, whilst many a mournful thought was given to the youth, whose duty it would have been to have executed this task. As soon as it was completed he rowed to the opposite shore, and pulled up against the current over the ground he had so hazardously traversed some hours before, lingering on his paddles near the spot where he had last seen his apprentice; he then continued on his way till he reached his own stairs, where he made his boat fast, and full of painful ruminations walked towards the Hatch, scarcely daring to meet the widow of his deceased friend.

It was still early morning, but Mrs. Paulet was in her garden, and on hearing the gate shaken she promptly advanced and welcomed the veteran waterman.

"Truly happy am I that you have returned," said the widow, as she opened the wicket, "for your counsel is much needed at this moment."

"And rejoiced shall I be to add assistance to my counsel," added the waterman. "These are no times, Mrs. Paulet, for mere words—actions—actions must best prove the strength of real friendship—say what are your commands—my worthy old messmate, now in glory, would not act with more obedience were he here to tell you so himself."

"John was ever good and kind, Master Buntline," responded the widow as she applied her white apron to either corner of her eyes. "Heaven has seen fit to deprive me of my husband, but whilst I have my boy to cheer my lonely thoughts and hours, and so good a friend in you, I am not without my pleasant comforts, and for which I would be grateful."

This conversation passed as they walked towards the cottage, and old Will's eyes and ears were on the alert to try whether he could detect the presence of his young apprentice at home. But it was evident from the widow's manner that he was not there, nor did she appear aware of the cause of his absence, and how to break it to her perplexed him sorely; his usual clearness of judgment failed him, for the origin of his distrust and sorrow was deeply seated in his heart, and belonged to himself. On entering the doorway, however, his ears were greeted by a voice he well remembered, though in the

darkness of the night he had no opportunity of remarking the person of the owner.

"Welcome—welcome, my worthy Charon of the ferry—nay, do not back astern"—for the waterman was about to withdraw. "Mayhap you think it was a scurvy trick I played you, but I merely did that which you yourself were about to do—shoved up to the dock-head in my own boat, which seemed the lightest—there I found the carriage"—he rose, and advanced towards old Will—"so give us your hand, Master Buntline—he is safely stowed away for whom you risked so much, and the blessings of his grateful daughter now await you. I wish I could hear her say one tithe as much of me as she has said of you; that would, indeed, be joyous to my heart. But come, my gallant rough-knot, there is still a toothful in the flask; here, take it, and refresh—nay, for the matter o' that, you may keep it altogether, and it will serve to remind you of one who, however rude, knows in what way to value bravery."

Buntline took both the hand and the vessel that were tendered to him. "You have my thanks, good skiffsman," said he with serious earnestness; "for though at first I felt surprised and angered, yet as you have been successful, why Will was never the boy to think of his-self when the safety of another was secured—your health, whoever you are, and long life and happiness attend you." He quaffed the liquor, and without another word put the flask into his pocket; nor did he notice its value, for it was silver.

"Come, hie thee to thy boat, good Master Buntline," said the stranger, "for we have need of some one who holds much skill in leech-craft; I will find the man, and you must guide him hither without loss of time. Dame Paulet, accept my best thanks for your hospitality; I cannot, at this moment, render thee more. And" his voice became soft and persuasive—"when thou seest the fair Maude —whom angels protect—tell her of the devotional regard of Eustace de Vere. Adieu—adieu—come, Master Buntline, come"—and he hurried the veteran from the dwelling without allowing him time or opportunity to speak of the missing apprentice. On their way across the water they conversed upon the past, so as to gain more intimate acquaintance, and Will became better pleased with his young and handsome companion, who advised to keep Harry's absence a secret from his mother, and promised to join him in his searches as soon as he had conducted the surgeon to the widow's cottage.

For several hours the waterman waited at the Savoy stairs, anxiously expecting the return of his friend the skiffsman. At last he made his appearance, but had it not been for his features Will

would not have known him, for he was now elegantly dressed in the fashion of the times, though still approaching to something of a nautical character, and certainly a much handsomer man could not have well been found. He was accompanied by the surgeon, who paid him great deference, and Will thought he heard more than once the title of "my Lord," as they conversed together in a low tone whilst crossing the river. The surgeon was landed, and left to pursue his path to the Hatch, but the waterman was directed to shove out into the stream, where they might the better consult on the course to be pursued respecting Harry. Old Will obeyed, and repeated every circumstance connected with the young man's intrepid conduct and his disappearance, and it was resolved to go down into the immediate neighbourhood where he had last been seen in order to make inquiries, and to act according to the information they should receive. The waterman, though much fatigued, bent sturdily to his purpose —hope and fear alternately swaying their influence over his mind.

"'Twill break his mother's heart should any thing misfortunate have happened to him," said he; "and there is James Trueman, too, whom your honour seems to know; but he, you say, is safe."

"He was when I last saw him," responded the other; "and doubtless he reached the shore, for he was one of our best swimmers at College."

"And Harry, too," continued the veteran. "God send"—

"So ho, Master Buntline," shouted a distant voice from the middle of the now broad river. "So ho—heave-to for a friend."

"'Tis he—'tis he—Harry, my boy," exclaimed the old man in ecstasy, dropping both his sculls overboard as he sprang up and gave the shuffle of a hornpipe, through extreme delight—then extending his arms, he sang out "Harry, my lad—here away—bear a hand and pull alongside."

"Moderate your joy, good Master Buntline," said the late supposed skiff's-man. "Your transports will draw upon us universal notice, which will be scarcely pleasant under our present circumstances—he has a companion with him—a stranger to my eyes—do you know aught of the man?"

"I do not—he is equally a stranger to me," replied Will, as joyously as ever. "God bless the boy!—and now I shall meet the widow with a fearless face."

"Be cautious, good Master Buntline," said Eustace de Vere—"he may be in custody—though his shipmate must be too aged for an official—ply thy sculls, and keep way upon the wherry. Gad so, but thy head is turned, and thy sculls are gone adrift."

By this time the wherry in which Harry and James Trueman had embarked pulled up alongside, and the young apprentice, with happy glee, sprang on to his old thwart, and catching up the boat-hook, gained possession of the paddles. The seemingly aged wayfarer in life's pilgrimage was assisted from one wherry to the other, the fare was paid, and the boats separated, shaping their course in opposite directions.

"And how is it with you, my brave lad?" asked the old seaman, whose gratification at again beholding the youth had almost overpowered him. "Did you think I had abandoned you, my poor boy? How did you escape—and who is your aged companion?"

"Avast, there, Master Buntline, avast," exclaimed James Trueman in his own proper voice. "You read me a lesson yesterday on practising deception—I will not incur a second chastisement to-day"—he turned to his fellow passenger, and exposing his features, continued, "I am glad to see you in such worthy company, my Lord; these are old friends of mine. Were you successful in your undertaking, Will?—is he"—

"Safe—safe and snug at the Hatch," answered the waterman; "though they tricked the old tar at last—it was that gentleman and another who piloted him securely into port."

"I could have expected no less from one so ardently devoted to our cause," said the packman, smiling; "Lord Eustace de Vere is at least no pretender"—

"Enough—enough," uttered the other, extending his hand and interrupting further expression of sentiment, whether real or ironical. "We can converse upon such matters when we are alone; at present I can only say—and I say it with the honest sincerity of my heart—I am truly rejoiced, Sir James, that I have this opportunity of thanking you for all that you have done—right nobly have these good people served you—and doubtless they will do still more to merit your regard. Your disguise is excellent, but there are those abroad who will not fail to penetrate it. Do you know that"—and he hesitated, but his thread was instantly taken up by the supposed packman.

"A heavy price for blood is laid upon my head. Tut, I heed it not—we have seen richer than ever swelled my veins poured forth this day, and they are seeking fresh victims for their wrath. Fear not for me—old Will may get five hundred pounds for the betrayal of his friend—it will serve to smooth his latter days."

"Never, never," exclaimed the waterman as he ceased rowing, and stared the taunter full in the face. "No, no; I'm poor in pocket,

but not a soul breathing, or that may yet breathe, shall ever say Will Buntline was bankrupt in honour and fidelity."

"Give way again, my hearty," said Lord Eustace with eagerness. "Sir James Trelawney was but exercising his habitual mode of trying men's tempers; he plays with dangerous weapons, and in the hands of a less skilful engineer might wound himself."

"It is as I thought, then," gently murmured the waterman. "You have carried the trick on well, Sir James, and yet from the very first I had my doubts, as you may call to mind."

"We have but little interval for retrospect, old boy," returned the daring man; "the future must be our care. Bear in remembrance that I am Harry's grandmother, or grandfather, which you please; though after witnessing the death of my brave friend who perished on the scaffold, the former, perhaps, would be the most appropriate, for it made an old woman of me, as the youngster there can testify."

The name of Trelawney was not unfamiliar either to Harry or his master; and Sir James, who had stanchly adhered to the Stuart cause, was considered one of the best-informed and most resolute of the rebel leaders; he was daring to a fault, was constantly in peril, but favoured by fortune always contrived to escape. He was present and actively engaged in the battle of Culloden—Lord Balmarino prized him as his right hand in all adventurous achievements—they had served together in the field and camp in earlier life, and were inseparable associates—fighting side by side in more than one campaign—sharing the same tent when relaxation from stern duty allowed of rest, and aiding each other in study or in pleasure. And now, whilst busy memory framed a moving diorama of past occurrences, he narrated in energetic language the scenes connected with the last moments of his old comrade and friend. But though his eloquence flowed purely and naturally, yet his voice at times was tremulous, and the agitation of his body plainly evidenced the deep suffering under which his mental faculties were labouring. Soul-harrowing was the description which he gave of the last moments of Earl Kilmarnock; but when he spoke of Balmarino, so vivid was the picture that he drew of heroism, that old Will shouted aloud, whilst the big round drops ran races down his cheeks.

Mutual explanations followed, and by the time they reached their destination they were all fully acquainted with each other's transactions, although the name or rank of the rescued man did not transpire. The meeting at the widow's was mournful, but affectionate—the fair Maude was in attendance upon her parent, and Lord Eustace forbore to intrude—but Sir James Trelawney, now wearied, and

anxious to obtain safety and repose, found shelter in the same small cottage, with its rural garden; and having conferred with and congratulated the truly grateful being who laid stretched upon a comfortable bed, he shook the fair girl by the hand, spread his cloak upon the floor, and stretching himself upon it, was soon asleep. But though tired nature was overpowered, the secret mystery that prompts our visionary dreams was strong and active—his slumbers were restless and disturbed—derision and execrations escaped his lips in disjointed sentences—his body was in repose, but the mind was ill at ease.

No place could have been better selected for concealment than that in which they then were. Passengers were constantly passing through the Hatch, so that no suspicions were excited by the visits which the surgeon and others paid at the cottage, which of itself was scarcely visible for the thick embowering foliage by which it was enveloped. Articles of all kinds could easily be conveyed by the confederates—a little caution was all that was required—and as it was still the beautiful and glorious season of summer, the gardens breathed a rich fragrance that was grateful to the sense. The wounded man recovered fast, and Sir James Trelawney left them, to make arrangements for secretly quitting the country.

The young apprentice had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with the lady Maude, and each interview increased his admiration and affection; he was aware that Lord Eustace de Vere was strongly attached to her, as was also a wealthy cavalier, who had personated the coachman on the morning of the escape, and both had hazarded much for the father through love for the daughter. Harry felt—keenly felt the lowliness of his station—it occupied his thoughts in all his moments of reflection—the lessons and society of James Trueman had filled his mind with ambitious aspirings, and he longed for something to occur by which he might publicly signalize himself above his fellows.

Whatever were the sentiments entertained by the fair girl, certain it is that at all times she received the youth with grateful consideration, and even tenderness, which filled the bosom of the widow with delight; for she looked upon her son with a fond mother's eye, and proud was she when he was distinguished by her guests. Lord Eustace treated him as one brave young man would treat another—Edward Fraser (the ci-devant coachman), a gay, reckless blade, looked upon him with contemptuous indifference—Harry highly esteemed the one, and despised the other.

At length Sir James Trelawney returned, and announced that

every thing was in readiness for their departure, and Harry's heart sank within him at the prospect of parting from the lady Maude—not but that he was fully sensible of the vast difference in their several stations, but still his soul and spirit clung to her with a pertinacity that could not be subdued—his anxious mother saw the struggles in his breast, and when too late to check it, became acquainted with the cause. She upbraided herself for her own blind vanity—she reasoned with her son—entreated—threatened—but ardent affection had taken such deep root that nothing but death could eradicate its growth, and the young apprentice resolved to devote the remainder of his existence to the service of the female he so passionately loved. Will Buntline and Sir James equally remonstrated, but it was vain; he listened with respectful attention to their admonitions, but his purpose was fixed, and all their urgings only prompted him to greater caution in following the course he had marked out for himself.

The hour for separation drew near—Harry had a long interview with the lady Maude—it was in the stillness of night, when no sound was heard but the Autumnal breeze, as it swept over the withering and rustling leaves, and no witnesses looked on but the glorious orbs that gemmed the canopy of Heaven. What transpired it is not my present purpose to reveal—the youth appeared to be more firm on the succeeding day—his look was no longer inclined downwards in abstracted thought—he walked boldly erect—and though a cloud of melancholy still hung over his brow, yet his manners and his language were utterly changed; he had lived years in that comparatively brief interval, and he had become in every sense a man. That evening the parting took place; what it was may be conceived, but not adequately described.

Several months passed away and no intelligence arrived of the fugitives, who had embarked for Spain, with the intention of passing on into Italy. Sir James Trelawney had promised to write at the earliest opportunity—Lord Eustace frequently visited at the cottage, or took a trip with old Will upon the Thames—he also had heard nothing, till impatience became too powerful to be resisted, and he avowed his design to visit Rome, where the young Pretender had found countenance and protection. Harry would gladly have accompanied him, but he adhered to the pledge he had given to his expiring father, "never to forsake his mother." But the widow could not witness unmoved the growing uneasiness and continued restlessness of her son—she inquired his wishes—he frankly communicated them—he wished to go forth into the world, and court the favours of fortune. It was impossible for her not to see that a life of inglorious

ease was in no way adapted to the young man's views; and after a consultation with Will Buntline, her consent was given. Harry shipped in a brig bound to the Mediterranean—the widow's bosom was wrung with anguish—old Will felt inclined to go with the lad, but was restrained by his desire to be near the mother—it was the balance of some days, but ultimately the scale in favour of the widow preponderated, and the young man departed alone, to endure the perils of the ocean.

A PIECE OF CHINA.

BY-WORDS ON THE CHINESE WAR—A GRAND DO ON BOARD THE MERCURY—A MANDARIN DANCING A HORNPIPE—KWANG FUDDEL'S FESTIVAL ASHORE, AND LOTS OF CHOP-STICKS—PEARSON'S DILEMMA, AND JACK MOBERLY'S COUNSEL—FIRE-WORKS AND WATER-WORKS—SHIP SAILS—FINDS THE ADMIRAL—BATTLE OF CHIN-KEANG-FOO—HORRIBLE MASSACRES—DISCOVERY OF MISS CHING RING FOU—AND DIVERS MATTERS TO CONCLUDE WITH.

(With an Illustration.)

NOTWITHSTANDING the decidedly hostile spirit with which the English invaded the "Celestial Empire," it is an undeniable fact that, generally speaking, the inhabitants behaved to them with civility, and not unfrequently with hospitality; the soldiers alone exercising a resistance against their avowed enemies. But even the immense armies which the Chinese called into operation were as mere rabble, when brought into contact with well-organized and thoroughly disciplined troops—though the latter showed not even a tithe in number to the former—and thereby evidenced the superiority of European tactics and courage over numerical strength. In several instances the Tartars stood their ground with considerable determination, and many of them preferred dying at their posts to running away or yielding themselves as prisoners of war. Their advance to meet the foe was wild and unsteady—their retreat had neither order nor method in it—each one taking care for himself, and often in their eagerness impeding the escape of the rest. It was not a receding movement, with a reserve and a rear-guard to keep the assailants from pressing on them, but a regular "start" in all directions—"the devil take the hindmost:" and though at times the spectacle was truly ludicrous, and caused great mirth to the attacking party, yet

it is rather horrible to contemplate the vast sacrifice of human life that was sure to ensue—whether necessarily or wantonly, it is not for me to determine. As a proof of this, it is only requisite to contrast many of the returns of killed and wounded—for whilst on our part the loss was very small, that of the Chinese amounted, not to mere double, treble, or quadruple, but of hundreds to one—the grape shot mowing them down like wheat gathered to the sharp edge of the sickle, and the fallen being scattered about like slaughtered wild pigeons in the savannahs of America. Nor was it an uncommon thing, in some cases, for thousands of spectators to be looking on, seemingly taking no further interest in the contest than that which was caused by curiosity. They are a strange people, the Chinese.

I have already said that her Majesty's ship, the Mercury, laid snugly moored in a beautiful cove at an island on the coast, that had been the rendezvous of smugglers and pirates, and whilst wooding, watering, and repairing her damages, the detachment of the —th regiment occupied a large building as a barrack, *pro tempore*, and every luxury that could tempt the palate or satisfy the appetite being in plenty, both Officers and men revelled in enjoyment, without losing sight of that watchfulness and prudence which was essential to an armed force in their situation. They were visited by more than one mandarin, and the soldiers and marines going through their manual exercise before them, raised the greatest astonishment at the simultaneous precision with which every motion was executed. They also went on board the ship, and were honourably received by Mr. Bulfit, who provided a handsome entertainment—the band of the regiment played to amuse them, and one of the seamen danced a clever hornpipe, which a Chinese, who narrowly watched his steps, endeavoured to imitate, and really accomplished the task very creditably, considering that he had never witnessed such a thing before. Even one of the mandarins—a very corpulent man—inspired by the malmsey madeira (oh that malmsey madeira is the very deuce for inspiration) he had copiously imbibed, fancied he could perform similar evolutions, and actually made the attempt—his petticoats were drawn up, the better to display his feet, and off he set, to the unbounded merriment of the honest tars, who applauded him with loud acclamations and delight. A more laughable scene could not have well been got up—the great man shaking his fat sides—jigging it about like a brewer's butt in a fandango—cutting the double shuffle in good style (the Chinese are perfect adepts in shuffling)—his large fan flapping up and down, and his long tail, when he swung round, flying out like a ship's pennant in a breeze. But alas for all human

aspirings—the delicious wine, and the exhilarating movements, threw the mandarin's brain into a strange whirl of confusion—from a hornpipe he got into a decided *reel*, till quite overcome, he exclaimed, "Ayah—Captain Pulpit—you sabby that—me *can* do"—and down he came upon the broadest part of his fat carcass—which, whether from its elasticity, or being made of India-rubber, caused him to bound up again several inches. Loud cheers followed this exploit, which the old fellow seemed to be highly gratified with, and being seated again with the decanters before him, the sweet liquid was swallowed with avidity, so that when they were ready to return to the shore, under a royal salute of three guns, Kwang Fuddel was hoisted over the side in the ladies' chair, to save appearances—and when landed, and crammed into his conveyance, it might well be termed "sedan and stuffing."

A few days afterwards Kwang Fuddel issued his "chops" for a grand festival ashore; and as it was to be considered something of a ceremonious character, Lieutenant Bulfit, accompanied by all his Officers (except the Gunner, who was left in charge), each having an attendant, went in state, with a guard of marines and his boat's crew dressed in their very best attire—the army blades awaited them at the barracks, and a handsome procession, with the band playing and colours flying, was formed, and away they marched to the appointed place of feasting—a perfect palace in miniature, situated in a beautiful garden, odorous with its thousand flowers. All the town was alive, and thronged the way with presents of sweetmeats and liquors, dried preserves, and numerous delicacies, which they served out indiscriminately to every one, and never were sturdy Jack Tars more in their glee.

Our old acquaintance Pearson had selected honest Jack Moberly for his attendant, and the boatswain's mate, not a little proud of the distinction, mustered his best Chinese to hold converse with the natives; in fact, they were the most original pair of the party. The young gentleman passenger (who has been already introduced) had his own dubash and servant, from the neighbourhood of Calcutta, both in crimson turbans and snow-white robes, forming a striking contrast to his deep mourning dress; some Portuguese merchants were permitted to be present, and the whole was certainly elegant and unique. A light airy pavilion had been erected, hung with silk and studded with glittering stars, in which Kwang Fuddel received his guests; he was backed by his subordinate mandarins and Tartar officers, splendidly arrayed. The English, on entering, politely took off their hats; the Chinese did not remove their caps till permission

was given by the English to do so, and then every head being uncovered, the stateliness of ceremony was at an end, and the whole party prepared to enjoy the rites of hospitality.

Nor were they disappointed; old Kwang had procured abundance of the products of every country, in addition to the delicious luxuries of his own. There were huge pillaus with milk-white rice—savoury soups (rather doubtful as it regarded the puppyism of their manufacture)—dried geese, richly served up like the isles of Greece (qry. Grease) floating in oil—barbacued pigs—roast turkeys—boiled hams—in fact, the board groaned beneath the weight of the feast—but neither knife, nor fork, nor spoon, were to be seen—chop-sticks—chop-sticks—everywhere chop-sticks. The confectionery was splendid in the extreme—sugared pagodas—spiced demons—candied dragons—battalions of melting troops, &c., &c., and the fruits exquisitely tempting to the eye.

All sat down, and the dishes were handed round, but the puzzle was how to gather up the more solid viands with chop-sticks—especially as plates were at a discount, and every one was expected to help himself from the larger dishes. Some tried it, and the savoury morsels were speedily deposited within the folds of the shirt-frill, or formed an interesting mark of bounty on the delicate white trousers.

"This is a rum go, Jack," whispered Pearson to his mate, who was standing behind him. "What the devil shall I do with these here knitting-needles? it ull be like drinking grog from a sieve"—

"Or eating pea-soup with a fork," chimed in Moberly. "I know what I should be up to, Sir, if so be as I was in your berth."

"Not, Jack, but what I could manage, in regard of the remembrance of old times," remarked the boatswain, "but you know, Jack, it won't do to let go the standing part of my gentility afore these here Fokhi's, and be blowed to 'em."

"It's arter all nothing more than a matter of diskrimagement, Sir," uttered Moberly by way of argument; "if you wants a coil of three inch to reeve, and arn't never got no other than two inch aboard, why it stands in good reason that you must work up sich as you've laid up in store; and so as you can't man-handle them chop-sticks, why jist puckalow, and grab howld with your fingers—hook on to a good piece of substantialment, and jist shove a bit out abaft, here, every now and then."

The Officers had encountered precisely the same difficulty that had bothered Pearson, but on a fine turkey being offered to the latter, he followed Jack's counsel to the very letter, and catching hold of the two legs, he appropriated one to his own use and transferred

the other to his hungry mate. Kwang Fuddel looked grave—the Chinese stared—the English laughed—but the ice was broken—and seeing Pearson and old Jack heartily enjoying their meal, the example was followed by all; the chop-sticks were abandoned, and the repast very soon disappeared. When dinner was over, Kwang Fuddel (who had throughout preserved a very serious deportment) relaxed from his gravity—delicious wines and cordials abounded—the recesses of each heart were unlocked by such powerful aperients, hilarity grew more and more hilarious—wit, fun, and humour prevailed, and the evening was closed by a grand display of fireworks, in the manufacture of which the Chinese excel.

At length the time arrived for departure; the procession returned to the barracks; not exactly in the steps which it had come, for more than one or two had to be carried, and their way was greatly impeded by a mischievous rabble on the look-out for plunder. The soldier officers were left safe in their quarters—the naval men proceeded to their boats—but as their numbers were now diminished by more than one-half, the mob became extremely insolent, and snatches were made at various articles by thieves, whilst others, more adroit, strove slily to pick the pockets of the stragglers—and the truth must be told, most of the jolly tars were gloriously drunk.

On reaching the landing-place where the boats were in waiting, the Chinese rogues, afraid of losing their prey, became violent, and rushed upon the people; but Lieutenant Bulfit had, in the early part of the day, foreseen the probability of such an affair occurring, and ordered that a party of seamen and marines should be landed for their protection. These were called into immediate requisition, but the Commander would not allow them to fire, or to use the bayonet—all he desired was to give the fellows a good thrashing, which was easily accomplished—the larger portion making off, and the rest well pummelled—a number of prisoners were taken, and forced into the boats, which, when they had got some short distance from the shore, were ordered to lay upon their oars. Mr. Bulfit then gave the word, and in an instant the prisoners were tossed overboard, to make the best of their way to the landing-place, amidst the laughter and derision of the seamen.

The repairs of the Mercury being completed, the troops were re-embarked, and her Majesty's ship having purchased her anchors, made sail out of the harbour; Kwang Fuddel, out of sheer respect, giving them a parting salute with *shotted* guns, in order to prove the continuance of his friendship. They had not been many days at sea when they fell in with a victualling transport, who informed them

where the Admiral was to be found, and thither the head of the Mercury was directed—the wind was fair—every stitch of canvas was spread, and away she bowled, as if eager to become a partaker of the strife which was then going on.

In a few days they arrived at the mouth of the great river Yang-tse-Keang, which runs up to the celebrated city Nankin, formerly one of the finest in the world, and giving name to the cloth so universally known, where it is principally manufactured. The breeze was favourable—the long line of sea-defences had been dismantled by the fleet, and offered no resistance, except that now and then a solitary shot was fired, and fell harmless—the Mercury pursued her course, anchoring in light winds when the rapid current was against her. The Admiral, with the fleet and transports, in all about seventy sail, were more than one hundred and fifty miles up, and after three days the mast-heads were seen near to the city of Chin-keang-foo, which was about to be attacked by the united forces. The Mercury anchored in position; the troops were immediately disembarked, and joined the brigade of Major-General Schoedde opposite the rocky but romantic-looking island Kinshan, with its seven-tier pagoda on the summit. A party of seamen also landed, but as there was no particular Naval brigade, they attached themselves to a division under the command of Captain Richards, of the Cornwallis, seventy-four, and with them went the young gentleman passenger and Pearson the boatswain.

This place was considered as the strong-hold of the Tartars, who looked upon it as impregnable; and certainly the defences were of the most excellent kind, and the troops (the finest in the Chinese empire) determined to stand to the last; in fact, they disputed every step of ground most manfully, and many who might have been spared, preferred dying sword in hand. So rapid, however, were the movements of the troops—although the sun poured down such a burning heat that numbers expired under its intensity—that the place was carried by assault—the gates thrown open, but the troops waited till the evening to take possession of the Tartar city, when they entered, and a scene of the most horrible and indiscriminate slaughter presented itself. The Tartar troops who had escaped from the shot of the English army, had, with desperate and sanguinary ferocity, retreated to their homes, where they commenced the destruction of their families—chiefly by cutting the throats of their wives and children—the houses were set on fire, and burnt fiercely—and the unhappy wretches themselves perpetrated suicide, so that in all directions were scorched and mangled bodies. Scarcely a house that was

left entire but presented terrific spectacles of this unnatural massacre —half-burnt carcasses and murdered children—even the tanks and wells were filled with them—a more terrific scene of carnage could not well be seen, and the native plunderers were at work, finishing the dreadful devastation by setting fire to the streets, in order to facilitate their thievish propensities, which no earthly power could possibly check.

Pearson and his young companion (who acted as interpreter, on most occasions) visited this place together; they examined several of the dwellings, and almost every one afforded terrible proofs of the sanguinary hand of the destroyer. At length they came to one near the western outworks, that appeared to have been set on fire, which, however, had been extinguished before it had done much damage. At first they hesitated to enter it, lest they might be attacked by concealed Tartars; but Mr Wildgust, with several seamen, coming up, the boatswain opened the door. Shrieks were heard in the upper apartment—Pearson quickly ascended the stairs, entered the room, and beheld a number of females—his brain whirled round—there was the fat lady of Chusan and her daughters; and there, also, clasped in the next instant in the boatswain's arms, was Miss Ching Ring Fou herself. Wildgust and the gentleman passenger were not a little astonished at this display: which, however, was soon explained, and the delighted warrant officer, with his Chinese lady, equally shared the congratulations of the party. But the next question arose—what were they to do with them? Orders had been given that there should be no interference with the natives, who were to be left, in all things proper, to their own free will; but in this instance it was certain death to let them remain; for the blazing and scorching heat of the sun (under which several Europeans had that day fallen victims) would soon cause putrescence amongst the dead bodies, that must be fatal. Mr. Metcalfe (the passenger) addressed them in Chinese, and pointed out the perilous situation in which they were placed; he learned, in return, that their present position was not voluntary, and that they were ready to go any where that proffered them a place of safety. As for Miss Ching Ring Fou and her admirer, they seemed to be resolved that nothing should separate them.

Under these circumstances, preparations were made for immediate departure. The furniture of the house was not worth the trouble of removal, but the ladies would have burthened themselves with sundry japanned boxes, wicker baskets, ornamented cases, &c., &c., had not the seamen readily undertook to relieve them; and a sedan being

procured for the corpulent female, they quitted this "city of the dead" for more comfortable quarters near the British troops. The story of Pearson and his love soon got spread abroad, both in the Navy and Army, and Miss Ching Ring Fou being really pretty, with a good deal of the European cast of countenance mingled with the native, she became an object of attraction to many of the Officers desirous of unbending their minds from sterner duties, but she adhered most faithfully to the boatswain; and permission having been obtained, as well as her own sanction given, Pearson resolved to be married off-hand.

Mr. Metcalfe took great interest in the proceedings; he had formed a strong friendship for the boatswain, and readily undertook to interpret between him and the lady. Hitherto Miss Ching Ring Fou was supposed to be the daughter of the stout woman, but she was not so in reality, being merely adopted for one whom she had lost, which is no uncommon thing amongst these strange people; her father had, in fact, been an Englishman, her mother having lived with him at Canton, but on his quitting the factory, and wishing to take his daughter with him, she had carried her child away into concealment, and dying herself soon afterwards, the stout woman had received the young girl under her own roof, as a member of her family, and with them she had remained from that period. Metcalfe listened to this recital with deep attention—he inquired the name of the father, but they could not tell him that—he then asked them if they had any documents, trinkets, or memorandums, by which a clue could be afforded to her paternal relationship—writings they possessed none—there were a few valuable trinkets, which the young man eagerly and minutely examined, but though evidently much agitated, he said nothing. At last it was called to remembrance that, enclosed in a locket suspended round her neck, Ching Ring Fou had something which they supposed to be a charm—this was produced, and carefully inspected by Metcalfe—the case was of no great value, but ingeniously contrived—withinside were several small flat substances, closely enveloped in silk coverings, which, on being removed, revealed pieces of paper and parchment, written upon both in English and in Chinese, and one contained a diminutive portrait, which had evidently been painted for the purpose of being set in a ring—the hand-writing and the likeness were equally known to Metcalfe—they were those of his own father—and when the name of the lady's mother was imparted to him, he declared that his mission was ended—he had faithfully executed the dying injunctions of his parent, who had solemnly requested him to visit every part of China

that could be visited, in order, if possible, to discover his lost child; to whom, if found, he had bequeathed a handsome property. Proof after proof was developed—Ching Ring's recollections corroborated the facts—all doubt was at an end—she was his sister, by the same father—he had been sent to seek her, and he at once acknowledged the affinity.

Poor Pearson was seized with powerful apprehensions when informed of what had occurred, for he feared that, now the lady was heiress to a fortune, she would reject him for some more wealthy or exalted individual; besides, Mr. Metcalfe was so much his superior in station, that he naturally concluded the young gentleman would not allow his relative to be united to a poor boatswain, however good a seaman or honest he might be; and thus matters stood for a few days, till orders were issued for the troops to embark for Nankin, and Mr. Metcalfe and his sister, with the other ladies, who wished to fly from the pestilence, were accommodated in her Majesty's ship the Mercury.

The young passenger behaved to Pearson with his usual affable demeanour, but the subordinate station occupied by the boatswain did not admit of intercourse with the Commander's cabin, so that he saw but very little of his "ladye love;" still she had been discovered, and was in the same vessel with him. There was nothing he could reasonably complain of, but nevertheless he was far from happy. Once or twice he thought of sending her another letter, but he dreaded to give offence; then he determined to speak to her brother, and at once to ascertain his doom. An opportunity occurred to put his resolve into execution; and as he was aware that even Lieutenant Bulfit himself had been very sweet to the lady, he cautiously embraced it. Mr. Metcalfe listened sedately and quietly to the rough, but natural eloquence of his friend the boatswain. The appeal excited neither anger nor animosity, but it produced no immediate reply; and Pearson, who earnestly hoped that the matter would be promptly decided, was again labouring under an agony of suspense, which his attached mentor, honest Jack Moberly, in vain strove to dissipate.

The fleet ascended the river, and anchored before the vast and scattered city of Nankin, crowned by its woody heights, and having, besides its own walled defences, a strong Tartar fortress in the south-east. These contained upwards of a million of inhabitants, of which the combined regulars and militia formed a body but little short of thirty thousand men, which the assailants had to attack with a force not exceeding four thousand five hundred.

The landing took place—demonstrations were admirably made—the men-of-war and steamers were anchored in excellent position for cannonading, and every arrangement carried into effect to promise success. Four or five days were thus occupied—the Mercury had a prominent place assigned to her—the ladies were consigned to the hold, where a space had been cleared for them—and every thing was in full readiness to commence the assault, when despatches were received from Sir Henry Pottinger, the Plenipotentiary, announcing that the Chinese Commissioners had come to their senses; and the Emperor, alarmed at the rapid progress which the English had made, solicited a suspension of hostilities, and ordered the first instalment which had been agreed upon, to be instantly paid—the war in China was at an end.

Pearson had vainly endeavoured to persuade himself that he had no real grounds for fear, though certainly his expectations were greatly damped by the young man's continued silence. As soon, however, as it became more than probable that there would be no more fighting, Mr. Metcalfe (who had made himself extremely useful as an interpreter during the negociations) solicited a private interview with the Admiral, which was granted. Of course, what passed under the seal of privacy ought to be held sacred, and therefore it is not intended to reveal it; but Mr. Metcalfe, on his return to the ship, sought his old companion the boatswain, and found him sitting in his cabin, his head resting on the open palms of his hands, and altogether in most doleful and dismal mood.

"I cannot bear up against it, Jack," said he, without uncovering his face, and supposing that it was his mate who entered. "What will life be to me if I lose the beauty, and my heart loving her as it does? if she had remained a mere hull, without a farthing of freight, I would have joyously hailed her as my wife; aye, Jack, I would have married her if she'd had no more canvas to set than a flannel petticoat. Nay, for the matter of that, I should have been proud to have taken her, even under bare poles. But now she has weathered the breeze, and shipped a rich cargo"—

"She is yours still," exclaimed the young passenger. "You love each other, and God forbid I should ever separate you."

The dejected Pearson started up the instant he heard the voice, but his mind was so cast down that he did not at first comprehend the meaning of the words; but the real state of the case was soon made manifest, by Mr. Metcalfe and his sister, accompanied by the gratified boatswain, going on shore, to the suburbs of the city, where they could enjoy free'r communication than on board the ship. The

The Countryman's Wedding.

following day the enamoured couple were united by an English Clergyman, who acted as Chaplain—a spacious and elegant place had been hastily fitted up for the marriage feast—no expense was spared—every thing was conducted on the grandest scale; and though not exactly in accordance with etiquette yet sometimes tolerated, and even encouraged on foreign service, the assemblage was of a rather miscellaneous character. The fat lady and her daughters, with other Chinese beauties—Tartars and Chinamen—Officers of the Army and Navy—seamen and soldiers—all joined in the general hilarity. There were the choicest wines and liquors—grog, cigars, tobacco—every delicacy, tea included—bowls of rice, and lots of chop-sticks—fish, flesh, and fowl—delicious fruits—music and dancing, in which Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pearson figured it away in joyous delight (see my friend Robert Cruikshank's sketch) till they danced off altogether; and —— but not another word shall I say about the wedding.

Pearson obtained leave of absence (on account of his health) from the Admiral, and Jack Moberly—honest Jack—succeeded him in his office as boatswain of the Mercury. The happy couple and Mr. Metcalfe had a favourable passage to Calcutta, where the latter speedily arranged all his business, and the three then embarked for England. On arrival, Richard Pearson, Esq., quitted the service, and being put in possession of his wife's property, retired from busy life to a pretty place he purchased in ———, where he enjoys all the blessings and comforts of existence, generously dispensing his bounty to every worthy object.

So there's an end to the Piece of China.

ANNE OF MUNSTER.

CHAPTER VIII.

(With an Illustration.)

The obstreperous sounds of hilarious mirth which interrupted our discourse proceeded, as might have been expected, from my late companion Shamus, and the singular being we had encountered at the old Abbey. They were probably not aware that we overheard their discourse, as a slight projection of rock gave a bend to the road,

which obscured us from their view; and owing to this circumstance, the current of their mirth flowed freely, and enabled us to ascertain the subjects which amused them so highly. It appeared pretty evident, that whatever particular current their humour might take, the general spring which gave activity to their fun was the bottle of whiskey, to which Thady was bowing with so much reverence when I first beheld him; as the peculiar twang and brevity of their words, but too plainly intimated the inroad the spirits had made in the dominions of reason. After an unusually loud explosion of laughter, they apparently stood still, and we could hear Shamus stammering and sputtering,

"Be aisy—be aisy—it's the death of me ye'll be, Thady; sure and I'll perish wid laughing. Praise the Vargin!"

To this we heard Thady reply,

"It's a pious devil ye's are, Shamus; a dilicate plant intirely"—and then changing his tone to the pathetic, he continued,

"'Ah! why did I gather this delicate flower?'

A mortal pity, for sartin, and be hanged to ye. Come and take another taze at the ould un, and lift your soul to glory. Faix, Shamus," he cried, changing his tone, "it's the last drhop;" and then he again added,

"'I give thee all—I can no more'—

and it's yerself is a baste to be axing it."

"Bad manners to me," replied Shamus, "if I take it widout a fair division."

"It's aisy to grant favours when it obliges a body's ownd self. So here's a good health to ye's, Shamus, and may we have more at the wedding." Then striking out in a loud voice, he sang,

"'Sure, won't you hear
What roaring cheer
We'll have at Shamy's wedding O?'

By the power o' whiskey we will, Shamus; and it's myself ull stand father, and give Cathleen to ye's, so I will."

This latter subject apparently touched somewhat tenderly on the feelings of Shamus, for we heard him respond, in a very altered tone,

"Oh Thady, and it's welcome ye'll be, and the dear girl ull be glad to see ye's, so she will."

"By my sowl, Shamus," replied Thady, "it's truth ye spake, for

the girls are all delighted to see me. It's an ould trick, for I'm no chicken, Shamus; and from the taty basket that served me for a cradle,

'I was the boy for bewitching 'em.'

And myself niver axed the rason, nor drhamed of the cause."

"And was yerself iver in love, Thady?" asked Shamus.

"Iver in love!" exclaimed Thady with mock heroic wonder. "Was I iver out of love?" he asked, in a tone of affected tenderness; "all along, and for iver,

'My dream of life, from morn till night,
Is love, still love,
New joys may bloom,
And days may come,
When Whiskey's joys may beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream.'"

"And pray," said Shamus, as Thady paused, "who is it that ye's loved so intirely?"

"By the powers," replied Thady, "but I'm puzzled, and so I am. Who is it? Faith, it's a woman; and myself niver axed her name, nor bothered myself about it. All myself knows,

'She'd a neat taper waist, like a cow in the middle,'

wid sundry oder charms, too numerous to insert in the small compass of a handbill."

"Thady, it's yerself is too larned, intirely," said Shamus; "and that big head of yours is crammed wid matters that bother a body for a winter's night."

"Is it a big head ye's are talking of?" asked Thady. "Sure it's my ownd head is jist the right size, but it's this body of mine that wants hammering out to make it fit; and troth, now we're spaking of that same, let's have a bit of a fight, by way of amusement."

"Divil a bit will we fight to-night," replied Shamus. "Sure it's yerself knows that Cathleen expects me; and what excuse would I make to her if ye's kilt me?"

"Och! botheration, Shamus," replied Thady; "but it's myself ull not love ye's at all, if it's afraid of fighting ye's are."

"Afraid," cried Shamus; "afraid! It's not afraid at all—but there's a time for all things, Thady—a time for all things—and a man wouldn't like to be afther making a baste of himself, and be killed, jist before his wedding-day."

"And if you were," replied Thady, "what's the odds? Sure myself ud take yer place, and be married to Cathleen, jist to plaze her, the darlint."

"Married to Cathleen! married to Cathleen!" cried Shamus in a rage. "It's herself wouldn't touch ye's with the tongs."

To this Thady replied in his former mock-heroical tone,

> "'Oh! beware, beware of jealousy;
> It is the green-eyed monster, which doth make
> The meat it feeds on.'"

Then suddenly bursting out into a loud laugh, he cried,

"Why, Shamus, ye's an unruly baste altogether, and so ye's are; and myself ull tell Cathleen of yer pranks, and put off the wedding till the face of ye's straigthened."

"Botheration to yer jokes, Thady," replied Shamus; "it's always plagueing a body ye'd be, and bad luck to ye's for that same. Cannot ye's find something to amuse ye but the breaking of hearts?"

"The breaking of hearts!" cried Thady. "Come, now, Shamus, it's yerself knows very well that hearts never are broken."

"Hearts never broken!" responded Shamus with astonishment. "Ah! it's yerself knows nothing of the matter. Had ye's seen my cousin Burdy Malon after that spalpeen Neal Rourke desarted her—how she wandered, lonely and weeping, along the purty walks by the river—and how the mait and the drhink grew distasteful—and how the colour died away from her cheeks and her lips, and how her steps grew feeble and her spirits low—and all the whilst the sweet Burdy was sinking to her grave, and she niver onc'st to reproach him—and how, at last, she was found dead at the foot of an ould tree where he first met her, wid a broken sixpence and a lock of his hair in her hand. Sure, Thady, she had a broken heart, any way."

"That was mighty silly of your cousin Burdy," replied Thady. "Sure one man is as good as another, and the market is well stocked."

How far this discourse might have proceeded it was not easy to say, nor how long they might have remained standing in that solitary spot, had not the aged Priest, who had hitherto remained quietly listening to what they said—from what motive I could not judge—called out,

"Boys, boys—is it forgetting yourselves ye are, that ye stand prating, and singing, and arguing in this heathen fashion, and only just come from burying bodies that sleep in bloody graves?"

The Priest evidently knew well the tempers of the men he addressed, for in an instant their voices were hushed, and coming round the rocky projection, they stopped a few yards from where we stood, and waited with apparent respect for any other remarks his Reverence might choose to make.

"Shall we go to the fore?" asked Thady, when he found the Priest did not speak.

"Do so," replied the old man; "and tell Larry to have a good fire in the parlour. He is sure to have one in the kitchen."

"It's myself knows that," said Thady; and touching their hats, he and Shamus passed on.

They had not proceeded, however, but a few yards, when the Priest called Thady back, and bade him take the right-hand pass, when they came to the "Devil's Glen."

"The right-hand," said Thady with surprise; "sure that is the longest way by a mile and more."

"I know it, Thady," replied the Priest, "but take it nevertheless, it is the way we shall come."

"Yer Reverence knows best," said Thady, and he went off to join Shamus, who was now some twenty or thirty yards in advance.

"Who is that singular being?" I asked, as he passed out of earshot.

"One of the most harmless creatures alive," said my companion in reply; "whose spirits never seem to fail, and whose good-humour never tires. He has many virtues, mixed up with a few vices, and a great many oddities; and as he never does an ill-turn to any one, but is ready to do good to every one, he has far more friends than enemies, and never wants a meal's meat if there is any to be had in the country."

"Has he, then, no regular employment," I inquired, "that he depends on others for support?"

"He has no employment that can be called regular," answered my informant, "but he is, perhaps, more employed than the generality of men about here. Wherever there is something to be done, Thady is sure to be there. If a poor widow's garden wants digging—a poor man's cabin repairing—a lot of turf cutting, and the like, why who but Thady? And as he never takes any money for his labour, and is stronger than most men, you may readily imagine that a few potatoes will never be begrudged by any one, and more especially because of the fun and good-humour that he spreads through the country."

"You greatly surprise me," I replied, "that such a being can live thus in the present day. Is it long since you first knew him?"

"Ever since I came into the parish," answered the Priest; "but I never could learn who his parents were, or found any one that knew him otherwise than as he is now."

"What an odd method he has," I remarked, "of applying the sentiments of our songs to matters at such variance with their originals."

"That is an old trick of his," replied the Priest, "and I fancy he prides himself not a little upon it. His memory is most retentive, and he has contrived to store it with all manner of odd sentimentalities, and broken snatches of songs without number, until scarcely a single circumstance can occur, that does not suggest to his teeming fancy some sentiment distorted into shapes the most fantastic and ludicrous."

"I have witnessed one or two specimens already," I replied; "and really, from the excellent character you give him, I shall be anxious to obtain more."

"You will be readily gratified," answered the old man, "for Thady cannot be quiet for many minutes together. Even now you may hear how his wild humour is bursting forth in that merry strain he is singing, and ten to one but it changes to something pathetic before the second verse is completed."

As the old Priest remarked, I could hear Thady thundering away at some merry old Irish catch; and though at too great a distance to distinguish the words, there was sufficient in the tones themselves to indicate the nature of the song. The deep silence of midnight was favourable to the transmission of sounds, but the broken and irregular rocks amongst which our path now began to wind, occasioned the notes to be varied very strangely, and mingling with the echoes from the surrounding hills, formed as curious a medley as can be well conceived. All of a sudden the voice changed from a loud stentorian rory-tory character, to one so exceedingly plaintive, that I could not believe it to be the same.

"That is not Thady, surely," I said to the Priest, stopping and listening.

"It is, indeed," he replied, stopping also; and then, after waiting half a minute, he continued, "I think you are right. It is another voice, and a female's. Listen."

We both stood with our heads bent in the direction whence the sounds came, and were soon convinced that the Priest's conjecture

was right, and that a voice of peculiar sweetness had silenced the rougher tones of the dwarf Thady.

"What can this be?" I asked with some degree of astonishment.

"It is beyond my power to tell," said the old man; evidently as much surprised as myself. "Let us proceed."

We went forward accordingly, and ascended a small eminence, over which the path wound; and on coming to the top, beheld, in the clear moonlight, the figure of the White Lady, on the top of a projecting cliff at some distance, waving her hands in a warning manner, and singing, as we judged by the sound, something of a deprecatory nature. Scarcely, however, had we satisfied ourselves on this point, before we heard, in the glen below, some rapid footsteps approaching towards us, and in a moment after Thady and Shamus rushed up the hill, breathless and trembling with fear.

"What is it ails ye?" said the Priest hastily, as if glad to get rid of some unpleasant emotions of his own, by fixing an implied reproach on another.

"Musha, thin," replied Thady, recovering himself, "it's myself jist ran to keep Shamus company."

"And what made you run, Shamus?" asked the Priest.

"The Banshee—the Banshee"—replied Shamus, his teeth chattering, and his limbs shaking with fear.

"Where is she?" inquired the Priest.

Shamus turned round with the intention of showing the place, but was struck dumb with the apparition of a figure slowly winding its way up the hill, and approaching within a few paces of the spot whereon we stood. A moment's consideration on the part of the Priest dispelled every supernatural idea, and addressing Shamus, he asked,

"Is this the Banshee that frightened you?"

"Divil a bit," replied Shamus, suddenly recovering when he saw what it was; and then checking himself, he said,

"I ax pardon, yer Reverence, but the Banshee has bothered me."

By this time the figure had approached, and the sad and dismal tone in which she addressed the Priest soon banished from our minds all idea of the Banshee, and for the time obliterated the interest excited by the singular appearance, and still more singular melody, of the White Lady on the cliff, who had, it seemed, disappeared from her elevated position, while we were engaged by the hurried approach of Thady and Shamus

The new-comer was a female, somewhat bowed with age, and arrayed in a large dark cloak, with a hood that covered the head.

Nothing else was visible except her face, which was dimly lightened by the moon, and so far as could be seen, appeared expressive of the deepest sorrow.

"He is dying, your Reverence," she said, "he is dying; and will ye refuse the last hope to a poor soul that is jist trimbling on the brink of eternity? It may be that he has been what he should not be—it may be that he has been worse than ye think him—it may be that he desarves more nor he suffers—but oh! yer Riverence, is the heart of God harder than the heart of a mother? and sure, if myself can forgive him, and pity him, wid all his faults, will not the God of Marcy himself be pitiful? Come! oh, come!" she continued, "and let him see that there is hope in another world, although, God help me, there is none in this."

Here her grief appeared to choke her utterance, and throwing herself at the Priest's feet, she clasped his knees and sobbed as if her very heart was breaking. The poor old man was evidently greatly distressed. Whatever might be the secret cause of his aversion, it was very plain that his better feelings were on the side of the weeping female; and after two or three feeble efforts to remove her, he said,

"Rise, Magdalen, rise; I will go see your son, and may the Saints be merciful to him!"

Nothing could exceed the sudden rapture of the poor woman as she heard these words. Quitting her grasp, she rose hastily—retired a few paces—flung her hands wildly upwards—and with the big tears glistening on her cheeks, she burst forth in hysterical laughter—and cried,

"The blessing of them that are ready to perish be on thee—and may the blessing of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, reward thee!" and then rushing hastily towards him, she cried, "Come—come—the taper is wasting—life is ebbing—and the wolf will be after his prey."

These last words operated like magic on the Priest. Forgetful, apparently, of every thing else but the danger of the dying man, he cried,

"Away—away"—and hurried down the hill, without regarding any of the parties with whom he had hitherto been travelling, as though nothing was worthy his consideration but the performance of that duty which urged him to snatch the brand out of the fire, although it was already burning. For my own part, I was loath that the benevolent old man should go by himself on this mysterious errand; and although I was certain that, as he knew the parties, no danger to him need be apprehended, yet the idea of one of his age

and feebleness being alone, at midnight, in this wild country, operated so forcibly that I resolved to follow, even at the risk of sacrificing the good opinion he had began to entertain of me.

"Had we not better accompany his Reverence?" I asked. It is late, and he may need our help."

"And that's thrue," replied Thady. "Are ye wake, Shamus?" he continued, giving that individual a shake that might have made a dead man growl.

"Awa-a-a-ke," responded Shamus, partly with fear and partly with the violent motion occasioned by Thady's emphatic application —"Ye-e-es, I is awa-a-a-ke—but it's dead I'll be if you sha-a-ake me so unmercifully—so-o-o I will."

"Let us on, then," I cried, "or we shall not be able to overtake the holy father."

"Away—away"—shouted Thady; and as we descended the hill, he burst out, at the top of his powerful voice,

"'Follow, follow over mountain;
Follow, follow over sea;
And I'll guide you to love's fountain,
If you'll follow, follow me.
Follow, follow &c.'"

As he sung this he strided on at a rapid rate, and was likely enough to leave me and Shamus behind him, had it not been for my anxiety on account of the old Priest, and the fears of poor Shamus, that induced us to exert ourselves to keep up with him. This, however, we found no easy task, for the stumpy legs of the dwarf seemed to glide over the ground with the greatest rapidity, his voice still sounding

"Follow, follow,"

until both Shamus and myself were fairly out of breath, and compelled to halt at some distance in the rear. The place where we stopped was singularly wild and romantic. A huge rock, of a strangely ragged appearance, stood isolated in the very midst of the path, and formed a barrier to a strong current of water which rolled foaming and furious from the opposite hill, and after parting with a slight stream which wound quietly down an open space of shelving rocks, thundered into a gloomy gorge, and was lost in some subterranean passage below. On either side of this rock the path divided into two; one of which ran towards the more open country, the other appeared to wind up a narrow glen, that seemed dark and gloomy with impending rocks.

"Which way shall we take?" I said, turning to Shamus; "here are two paths, and Thady can neither be seen nor heard."

"That leads to the Priest's house," said Shamus, pointing to the more open path.

"Then we must take the other," I replied, "for it is certain the Priest would not have hesitated so much had it been near home. Let us try this narrow path."

"Whisht—whisht, yer honour," whispered Shamus with strong emotion; "that is the Divil's Glyn."

"And if it be," I replied, "we may surely pass safely when we are trying to do good."

"Oh, thrue—thrue," said Shamus, clinging closer to me, "but it's myself ud be glad to be safe through it."

"What do you fear?" I asked, as we proceeded along the narrow gorge, that felt chilly with the dampness of the overhanging rocks.

"Fe-e-ar," replied Shamus, his teeth chattering; "fe-e-ar—sure it's haunted—and—and"—

"And what, Shamus?" I said, taking hold of him.

"Och! murther, murther" he roared out, believing some fiend had grasped him; and before I could restore his confidence, by assurances of safety, we were both startled by a tremendous roar from a hollow cave just before us, and it was some moments before I could make out that it was Thady, singing

"King Death was a rare old fellow,
He sate where no sun could shine,
And he lifted his hand so yellow
And poured his coal-black wine.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, for the coal-black wine."

The situation he had chosen apparently pleased him highly, for he had no sooner finished the stanza than he burst out into a laugh that seemed literally to shake the rocks, and waked up many a wild echo, as if the glen was peopled by so many merry fiends.

"Is this the way you guide your friends, Thady?" I asked, when his laughter ceased. "If you leave us in this way, his Reverence is likely to help himself, for all the good we can do him."

"All in good time," answered Thady, coming forward; "it's not in the journey there that he'll need us, God bless him."

"Will he need us on his return?" I asked—a sudden suspicion darting through my mind—but to this Thady made no direct reply, but stumped up the rocky path, singing,

"'Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you;
For though your tongue no promise claimed,
Your charms would make me true.'"

Finding I could get no information from Thady, and that Shamus was too oppressed with his fears to notice anything I said, there ap-

peared no alternative but to follow our eccentric guide; and certainly, if any one was ever qualified for that office, Thady displayed it in perfection. Each difficult pass was carefully avoided; every sudden turn seemed anticipated, and a tolerably easy road discovered, where a stranger would have found it impossible to proceed. At one time we traversed the side of a steep rock, where a fall would have been instant destruction—at another we passed, by a natural bridge which shook with our weight, over a foaming torrent that roared below, like a fiend ravenous for prey—then, again, we threaded a precipitous and ragged path, from whence we descended abruptly into a narrow defile, where the overhanging rocks shut out all view of the sky, and left us involved in the very blackness of darkness. The excessive dreariness of our position in this strange midnight journey, began to have its effect on my feelings; and recollecting the superstitious nature of the inhabitants, I was not surprised at the fears of Shamus as we passed through the Devil's Glen, for I began to entertain that uncomfortable sensation which arises from the dread of dangers that we can neither see nor avoid, and was heartily wishful to emerge from this type of the bottomless pit, when Thady, who seemed to have a most singular fund of apt associations, started loudly into the following strange ditty, which affected me more powerfully on account of the situation in which we were at the time:—

"Ha! ha! ha! what a pleasant night is this!
The stars are all abed,
The silly moon is dead,
The sky is black as pitch,
The hedge is like the ditch,
A sheet of heavy fog
Is spread along the bog,
And the wolf cannot see the precipice.

Ha! ha! ha! what jolly fun for
To sport on the black pool's brink,
Where the blind worm crawls,
Where the old toad sprawls,
Where the black newt feeds
On the cold dank weeds,
And the tadpole swims
Round the dead child's limbs:—
What jolly fun for me,
The traveller to see,
In the slimy water sink.

Ha! ha! ha! what a merry, merry thing 'twill be,
To flash about his eyes,
To mock him when he cries,
And laughing when he tries
From the cold wave to rise,
To plague him till he dies.
Oh! this is the sport for me—ha! ha!
Oh! this is the sport for me

Ha! ha! ha! what jovial sport I see:
His wife is at the door,
And looks across the moor,
And hopes he will soon return;
His little boy up stairs
Is saying all his prayers,
And the fire doth cheerily burn.
At the door let her stay,
And the little boy pray,
Yet what are their prayers to me?
Ha! ha!—oh, what are their prayers to me?

By the blasted tree
On the lonely heath,
Where the raging sea
Rolls dark beneath,
I have led him along to the cave of death.
The gibbet is there,
With its white bones bare,
The eyeless bare skull
Of strange light is full,
The chattering teeth
Gape wide beneath,
While the fleshless jaw
Roars ha! ha! ha!
And rattles apace, for want of breath,
Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!
And rattles apace for want of breath."

While Thady was tearing away, at the very top of his lungs, and amusing himself with the wild and uncouth legend above, we had proceeded more than half through this dreary cavern, and on turning a little to the left, I could see a faint gleam of pale moonlight at some distance before us, which was certainly the most welcome sight I had witnessed on this remarkable evening. As we approached within fifty or sixty yards of the open moonlight, and I was congratulating myself on the prospect, a figure shot suddenly from one side of the rock before us and darted rapidly from the mouth of the cave. I pointed it out to Thady, and asked,

"Who can that be?"

"Jist one of the boys warming himself wid exercise," said Thady; "and faith it's myself ud like to do that same."

"Have we far to go," I inquired, "before we find the Priest?"

"It's hard to say," answered Thady; "but if he's at mother Hoolaghan's, why it's jist convanient."

What Thady might intend by this latter expression it was not easy for me to guess, for I had heard the term used with such extreme latitude, that it might signify we were near the place or ten or twenty miles off; and as I could not shorten the way by the most accurate information, I pursued the inquiry no further, but kept Thady on at a pretty brisk pace, in the hope of seeing the individual whose hasty flight from the cave had somewhat alarmed me. In this I was dis-

'The death of Jim'

appointed, for on emerging from the dark and narrow path, and coming to the top of the hill, nothing human was visible to break the deep tranquillity which reigned around, where the bright moonlight was sleeping in placid beauty on the tops of the rocks, or dancing in broken fragments on the rippling stream.

A few hundred yards before us appeared a sort of cabin, from whence a white smoke was rising, and from the smell of the turf-smoke, I judged it to be a human habitation. Hoping this was the end of our journey, I turned to Thady and said,

"Is that mother Hoolaghan's before us?"

"The same," replied Thady; "and his Riverence is there, for I hear him. Whisht!" he continued, "he is praying."

This was true, for on stopping to listen, where we now stood, I could hear the clear tones of the old man's voice, interrupted now and then by the loud groans of a man, or the deep wail of a woman.

"Had we better wait here," I inquired of Thady, "or shall we go in?"

"His Riverence may need us," said Thady; "we had *betther* go in."

When we came to the door, the Priest's voice had ceased, and only a suppressed moaning could be heard. Ceremony would have been out of place here; and as the door was partially open, we entered the hut, and found the Priest, with the old woman who had met us at the mouth of the glen, standing beside a straw pallet, on which was laid the body of a wounded man. The strong light from the turf-fire gleamed strangely on the pallid face of the dying man, and threw fitful rays on the ragged walls and naked rafters of this miserable dwelling, while the motionless figure of the poor woman, bowed in the deepest grief, contrasting with the placid dignity of the Priest, assisted to form a group of the most striking character.

"I am glad you are come," said the Priest, "for Tim has things to say that must be heard by more ears than mine."

A deep groan burst from the wounded man.

"Whisht," said Thady, whose quick ears detected the slightest sound; "there's more listeners than is bargin'd for."

As he said this he pointed to the door, and I caught a momentary glance of the figure of a man, as he started from a listening attitude and immediately disappeared.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES.

ONE—TWO—THREE AND AWAY.—IN the year 1805 I belonged to the Fox frigate, on the East India station, and some time in the month of June, whilst re-fitting at Kedgeree, a party of Officers from our ship and the San Fiorenzo went up to Calcutta, on leave. Whilst there, we became acquainted with a Grandee—(I forget whether he was a merchant or one of the Company's civil servants, but I rather think the former, with all the civility of the latter)—who had one of the handsome houses on the banks of the river in Garden Reach, and an invitation was given to go out and dine there, for the purpose of meeting some jovial fellows of the Army, then lying encamped in the neighbourhood. Of course such hospitality was not to be rejected, and consequently we went, fully advised before-hand that our entertainer sported the best wines that could be found in the country, and every guest was expected to do ample justice to the feast. The place was richly and elegantly fitted up in the best style of Oriental luxury, and the grounds attached to it, down to the parapetted side of the stream, abounded with the choicest flowers of the East. It was a perfect Palace in miniature—and would have been a lovely Paradise but for the abominable moschetoes, who, like wine-tasters at the London Docks, tapped every fresh importation.

The dinner was superb—the attendants, in their white body-dresses and turbans, innumerable—the company seemed to know well the design of their coming together—the greatest glee and hilarity prevailed, which our host seemed to take a delight in promoting. The dessert was delicious—the decanters almost flew along the tables—wit, mirth, and song, gave a zest to the bumpers, and it was evident that none but impenetrable heads could long withstand the potency of such hard-drinking—in fact, some were soon carried off by their servants, and others were stretched on the sofas or put to bed. Amongst the latter was the veteran Major of the regiment, who was looked upon as a tough piece of goods, with skin like leather, and had generally seen everybody out before he quitted the table. This night, however, he was thoroughly vanquished, and a deputation, composed of a naval lieutenant and an army lieutenant, with wax lights to lead four others of similar ranks in both branches of the service, each to handle a leg or an arm, were appointed to deposit him in his place of rest; he was consequently borne off to an apartment. During the progress, the wax lights performed numerous erratic movements, and the bearers staggered terribly under their burthen—which was the more surprising as the Major was a thin, spare man, resembling a bundle of bones in a bull's hide—till they

reached the room, where appeared delicate rose-coloured silk curtains, drawn across a recess.

"There's the bed," shouted one of the leaders, advancing to one curtain as his coadjutor did to the other, drawing both aside. "Now boys, mind what you are about—do it delicately—three swings, and pitch him into it."

The orders were followed to the very letter—there was a "one—two—three and away, and off went the Major—the curtains were closed, and the deputation returned, chuckling at the thought of flooring the veteran. The next morning the army blades were expected to attend early parade, they were consequently aroused at day-break, but the servants declared they could no where find the Major, nor even where he had slept. Inquiries were unavailing, and the deputation were summoned to solve the enigma—they went at once to the room where they had left him—the beautiful light of an Eastern morn was streaming through the silk curtains, and on once more drawing them aside, they perceived that, instead of concealing a bed, they were the curtains of the window; and on looking out, there was the Major, comfortably snoozing amongst the shrubbery below. A hearty roar of laughter awoke him, and the matter was easily explained, for instead of laying him, as they imagined, with a one-two-three on a mattress in the recess, they had actually tossed him out of the open window—the boughs of the trees had broken his fall, and though such an exposure to the night air, upon the damp ground, would probably have been death to a novice, yet it had no bad effect on the old campaigner, who only advised that "they should take more care next time."

WHERE ARE THE FRENCH?—Some time after the storming and capture of San Sebastian, the British Army was encamped upon the Pyrenees, and Soult, with the French forces, were down on the plain, near Bayonne, whilst the outposts of both armies were within hail of each other. Some Naval Officers, and Masters of Transports, not exactly acquainted with the customary disposal of hostile troops, when quiescent, rode out from Passages to visit a few friends of the —th regiment, who had come over from England with them. On arriving at the ground, they learned that most of the individuals whom they sought were stationed at one of the outposts, and having proceeded thither the canvas walls of the Officers' tents rang with joyful welcomes. A dinner was prepared—rough in its way—but the wines were excellent. After dinner the conversation turned upon the position they were then occupying; and one old north-country man observed,

"Deil smash 'em—I suppose the enemy will never let you get sight of 'em, that you lay here doing nothing."

"Oh, we have plenty to do," replied a veteran sub, "and I dare say we shall soon advance; Soult and his forces seem to be fidgetty."

"Hoo ken you that?" demanded the other in surprise.

"Because we can see them, and judge from our own observations," responded the veteran.

"Hoot!—what see 'em—see the French?" exclaimed the old tar in mingled doubt and astonishment; "why where aboots are they, man?"

The Officer directed his attention to the plains, where the newly-raised conscripts could be distinguished undergoing the severity of drill, preparatory to being placed in the ranks. "There, Jack," said he, good-humouredly slapping him on the back, "there are the French."

In an instant every seaman was on his legs, and straining his sight at the distant spectacle, whilst strange, but characteristic exclamations were used, as national feelings were more and more aroused.

"Eh, but they keep a lang way off," said the north-country man; "they will not be nighbourly."

"Not so far as you may think," returned the Officer of the Army. "Do you see that soldier just by yon crag—not the one in the grey coat, but the other in the dark dress and large mustaches?"

"I do well," replied the master of the transport, "and a fierce-looking fellow he seems to be."

"That is a French sentry," said the other, "and his Officer and the guard are only a short distance from him—see, there's the relief coming."

If the sailors had been surprised before, they were now quite amazed to behold a company of French soldiers advancing to the sentry.

"Eh, Sirs! What? Them the French?" eagerly demanded the north-country man, licking his hard, horny hand, and firmly grasping a stout cudgel—"Weel, lads, you may do as you please, all of you, but I'll never see them so close to me without having a slap at 'em;" and out he started, followed by the blue jackets, quite ready to join in the fray. They were prevented, however, from proceeding, but the honest fellows were much scandalized at being so near the enemy and not allowed to fight; nor was this diminished when they beheld the hostile Officers salute each other in the most polite and cordial manner imaginable. They grumbled most heartily, and it was some time before they could be made to understand that the advanced outposts never interfered with each other, except the line of demarcation was passed by either party, or an act of aggression was committed.

THE OLD SAILOR'S

TO MARCH.

"He cometh in like a Lion, and goeth out like a Lamb."—Old Saw.

Blow on, blow on, thou furious churl,
  Who heeds thee in thy wild career?
Old withered leaves may leap and whirl,
  But young ones sleep devoid of fear.

Mid leafless branches wildly howl,
  Or chase dark clouds along the sky—
In lowering tempests blindly scowl,
  Or toss wild waves of dust on high—

Yet will we smile to see thy frown:
  With jocund songs thy fury hail:
And when the storm comes thundering down,
  Exult amidst the shivering gale.

For lo! thy winds, with spendthrift haste,
  Exhaust their strength whilst thou art young:
And ere regret observes the waste,
  Repentant sighs are feebly flung,

And thou art changed! For savage storms,
  Bland, gentle zephyrs, mildly play;
For clouds, of strange portentous forms,
  Blue skies prolong the lengthening day.

And Nature hails the genial change,
  Exulting through her wide domain:
Invites young lambs new fields to range,
  And decks with green the frosted plain.

Then welcome, March! Thy cordial smile,
  Though hid beneath a frowning face,
Is free from that deceit and guile,
  Which holds, on earth, too high a place.—S. M.

HARRY PAULET.

CHAPTER VII.

Time, force, and death,
"Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it."

* * * * * *

"'Tis much he dares;
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety." SHAKSPEARE.

A DELIGHTFUL thing it is to be sailing with the wind abaft, on the clear, blue, sparkling ocean—the canvas packed upon the craft, taut braces, and flowing sheets—the waters roaring and frothing under the bows, and leaving a long continuous line of foam in the wake—the glorious sun shining in splendour above, the dancing seas glistening below—dry decks, and steady going. Then, again, the heavy gale, in its terrific grandeur, rolling the waves up into mountains, and dashing them about at will, manifests the vast powers of the winds, and the great skill of man in resisting their fury. Harry felt all this; and though the first storm he was in created sensations of awe and wonder, such as he had never experienced before, yet when he saw the judicious application of seamanship to meet every threatening danger, admiration took precedence of alarm, and as soon as the brig was under snug sail he enjoyed the spectacle.

The vessel was bound to Leghorn, and during her run up the Mediterranean, and on her arrival, the varied novelties that were constantly presenting themselves, operated like the spirit of enchantment upon the mind of the youth. And a beautiful place is the Mediterranean, with its pleasant temperature and transparent skies. Lovely are the early mornings as the first blush of rising day throws its faint roseate tint along the horizon; and gorgeous are the sunsets, as the bright orb descends, as if to rest in palaces of gold, which are reflected on the bosom of the pellucid waters in all the richness of their glowing hues. The waking dreamer may there indulge his vivid fancies with romantic fervour, but even the imagination, with all its quick conceptions and delicious visions, must fall infinitely short of the dazzling realities of that brilliant scene, in all its various tones and lustrous colouring.

Harry had ascertained from Lord Eustace de Vere the probability that the Lady Maude and her father were in Rome; and now, being so near the ancient city, strongly did the temptation assail him to quit his vessel and proceed thither in search of her. He was standing on the mole that protects the outer harbour, debating the matter in his mind, whilst warm affection struggled against honour, when a small coaster, bound to Civita Vecchia, got under weigh. The young man knew her destination, and was also aware that he should not be more than forty miles from Rome, and there was a still further chance of getting a passage in some boat that might be ascending the Tiber. Love conquered prudence—it has done so in wiser and older heads than Harry's, from the commencement of the world, and will continue to do so whilst a spark of human feeling remains—he hesitated no longer, but hailing the craft, requested that he might be taken on board—the light skiff was sent for him, and in a short time he was running along the coast. His conduct on board pleased the master, for he had greatly exerted himself during a strong breeze, in which the crew, instead of actively endeavouring to shorten sail, were down on their marrow bones uttering lamentations, and imploring the help of the saints, who did not appear to indulge in any very strong inclination to take in the canvas, though the wind did, and most probably would have borrowed the masts to aid in carrying off the sails; but Harry's energies prevailed over their fears, for, with the assistance of the master, he rattled a rope's-end about the prostrate mariners, and forced them to help themselves. In return, the master understanding that the young man wanted to get to Rome, promised to do all in his power to forward his views.

Whilst activity was required Harry had but little time to think of the consequences of his rash step, but when the loneliness of night had spread over him he began to reflect upon the position in which he had placed himself. Thoughts of the discreditable act he had committed, together with the probable misery it might bring to his mother, should she come to the knowledge of it—as well as the difficulties he must necessarily encounter in a strange country, amongst a people of whose language he was entirely ignorant—these, and many other unpleasant cogitations, rendered him restless, sleepless, and unhappy. The lady Maude might not be in Rome, and if she was he knew of no plan which he could adopt for the purpose of finding her; all was doubt and uncertainty. But the young man had run more desperate risks than the present undertaking threatened, and as the bright morning arose to cheer the heart, he banished useless regret; for though he sometimes wished he was once more on

board the brig, yet as he knew it to be impossible, he strove to subdue dark remembrances of the past, and tried to look forward to a more joyous future.

They arrived at Civita Vecchia without accident, and the master, unlike the generality of his countrymen, kept his word; he procured the young sailor a passage in a boat that would convey him within three miles of Rome, and he also gave him a token (for he could not write) which, presented to any one amongst the lazzaroni who sought to molest him, would have the effect of converting them to friends. He arrived safely in "the city of the world," but unable to make himself understood, he wandered about for several days, disregarded or only laughed at by the heedless and light-hearted populace, most of whom revelled in the luxury of unrestricted idleness and a profusion of unclean rags, as they basked in the warm sun and ate maccaroni. Harry had brought but little money with him, but the cravings of hunger could be satisfied for a mere trifle, and there was no very great hardship in that climate, especially to a young sailor, in sleeping without the shelter of a roof. But still the life he was leading did not accord with his views of propriety, nor yet with his comforts; and the thoughts of home, and the "trim-built wherry" would intrude, and as yet he seemed to be as far from attaining the object of his search as ever.

Carnival time came, and this both amused and annoyed him; he was highly diverted with the merry and grotesque groups that thronged the streets, but frequently became the subject of mirth and ridicule to the rabble, who would have used him roughly, but that, on showing the token, it had an instantaneous effect on some one or other of the party, and they immediately desisted. On one occasion, however, instead of this result he was forcibly seized, and would have been hurried away, but that a group of jovial masquers, habited as bacchanals, hearing the appeal of an Englishman for protection, suddenly rallied round the youth and rescued him—not from the hands of bandits, but the Officers of Justice, who had been watching his proceedings with suspicion, and to whom, on being addressed, he had displayed the token, which turned out to be a sign of recognition and protection amongst the thieves of that huge district.

The masquers having released the youth, placed him in their centre and pursued their way, but Harry felt no confidence in the friendly aid he had received, and he would gladly have escaped from their riotous and boisterous pastimes, but they seemed to be determined not to part with him, and resistance against so many would have been vain. At length he resolved to free himself, and assuming

a threatening aspect he was about to fling himself from their company, when a voice in good English uttered, in a low tone, "Keep where you are if you wish to be in safety—you have a friend at hand, who does not care to be found amongst the revellers—you will know him presently."

Thus assured in his native tongue, Harry at once yielded to the suggestion, and continued with the masquers, who entered an ancient Palace-like building, where wines and refreshments were awaiting them, and Harry was invited to partake of the good cheer. As his daily fare had been meagre and scanty, the youth did not wait for a second bidding, but applied himself most diligently to the solid viands and the savoury meats, qualifying his food with gladness. At the close he was summoned into another room, where one of the masquers was seated alone.

"And who would have thought of ever seeing Harry Paulet in Rome!" exclaimed the man, whose voice the youth immediately recognized as that of Sir James Trelawney. "What brings you here, my lad? Has the Pope promised you a Cardinal's hat—or do you expect the expatriated King to grant you a patent of nobility? Alas! Harry, the Apostolic Vicar has given the last of his old hats to the Duke of York, and Charles's patents would be nothing better than so much waste paper. But what brings you here?"

Thus questioned, Harry felt somewhat puzzled for a reply—the delicacy of his regard would not permit him to mention the lady Maude, and so he frankly stated that, having arrived at Leghorn, and desirous of learning something of his former friends, he had quitted his vessel and come to Rome

"And you have turned deserter, Harry, eh? that is a bad beginning, young man. And what friends are there of whom you would be informed?"

"Need I say, Sir James, that supposing you were here, I felt most anxious to see one to whom I am under lasting obligations?" responded the youth.

"Tut, tut, boy—no subterfuges—they will not do for me," exclaimed Sir James smartly—"old heads seldom fascinate young hearts—the witch spell is of a different caste—youth and loveliness! but there must also be an equality of station, my young friend. Ay, I see you understand me, by that red upon your cheeks—your secret is safe, nor was the fault your own, for none could long behold the lady Maude without loving her. Harry, you must think of her no more."

"Then should I despise the lessons you have taught me, when, as

plain James Trueman, you instructed me by your counsel," said the youth. "It was you, Sir James, that taught me to aspire above myself—to work out an elevation of my own—to raise myself by worthy acts and gallant deeds. I love the lady Maude—I glory in the truth, Sir James, and must ever love her. It shall be the object of my life to gain an honourable name; aye, and wealth too"—

"I would not damp your ardour, Harry," returned Trelawney. "I should glory to see you do all this—but not for her, my son—it cannot be for her. But tell me how is the good dame, your mother, and my old crony Will—has he made the widow a Buntline yet?"

"She was well, and single, when I left her, Sir," answered Harry, "nor do I believe that she will ever again change her name or her condition."

"Oh, there's no accounting for these things, my lad," urged Sir James. "Women's minds are like a thick mist, there may be brightness beyond, but they veil it under pretence and enigma. I am glad to see you looking well—you must away back to your ship again—I will myself go to your Captain, and see you safe on board—for your sake, and for the sake of him who once befriended me."

"Is the lady Maude in Rome, Sir?" inquired the young sailor timidly. "May I not be allowed to have one brief interview?"

"That is question and answer combined, Harry," remarked Trelawney. "She is in Rome, and I dare say that you may see her, though I should recommend you not to do so. Recollect, Harry, how you are both situated—and whatever good intentions you may have, many years must elapse, even with the best success, before you can command either fame or money. Would you be selfish enough to wish her prospects to remain obscure, whilst waiting for uncertainty? Believe me, my lad, the best designs are often frustrated. Rest yourself here to-day, and to-morrow we will speed our course for Leghorn. The followers of Prince Charles are scant of wealth—attainders and confiscations make sad havoc with real property, as far as the right owners are concerned, but some day 'the King will get his own again.' Poor old Balmarino—you cannot have forgotten that spectacle, Harry—I would that Prince Charles had seen it."

"I have ever been guided by your admonitions, Sir James," said Harry meekly, "and would still wish to follow their directions. But oh! if you knew the earnest longings of my very soul—if"—

"Tut, boy—tut—this is sheer madness, that weakens the mind to feebleness and imbecility," exclaimed Trelawney with some degree of sternness. "Nerve yourself to better things—that which you

wish to achieve can only be gained by steady perseverance and firmness. Is this to be taken as a specimen of yours? But learn more, my son—the lady Maude is no longer at her own disposal, she is now the wife of Lord Eustace de Vere—and may the best of blessings rest upon their union."

Harry heard not the benediction—the announcement alone met his ear, and a sudden tremour shook every limb in his body as if seized by a strong ague-fit—he stood for a moment or two, the blood became stagnant near the heart, and he dropped senseless on the floor. This was totally unexpected by Sir James Trelawney, who had come to the knowledge of the young man's attachment, but looked upon it as a mere youthful passion, that would soon evaporate amidst the bustling scenes of active life—he knew that Harry was sincere and steadfast in what he undertook, for he himself had constantly inculcated the principles—he knew the young man had the soul to dare, and the will to do, but he never dreamed that these attributes could be unchangingly carried out in a mere love affair, between a couple yet in their teens! it was to him a mystery. He raised the young sailor from prostration—he tried to make him swallow water—but it was no faintness that had come over him—a stunning blow to the faculties had deprived them of their wonted powers, and he had sunk under it. But it did not last long—the vital current resumed its usual course, though irregular and spasmodic—recollection returned—he wiped the thick perspiration from his forehead, and forcibly uttered,

"May they be happy!—my ambitious dream is over—she can never be mine, but I will still cherish her remembrance while life endures, nor shall any other female breathing ever possess my affection. She is my first—she shall be my last and only love. Sir James, I am ready to obey you in all things."

"There is sense in that, my boy," responded Trelawney, "and certainly more to be relied upon than the assertions you have just made about the first, last, and only. But come, come, Harry—persevere, my lad, for the sake of that fair mistress, honour, whose faith has never yet been broken. To love the lady Maude was no crime, not in the least; for who could help it? but to expect a high-born maiden to descend to a jacket and trousers!—Pshaw, Harry, the thing is perfectly out of the course of nature—it is jumping down from the stilts into the mud—it is"—

"Stop, stop, Sir James, I have already said my dream is over," urged Harry, deprecatingly. "Yet—yet—I am not wholly to blame

—for she told me"—he paused—"No; it shall ever be locked within my own breast. I care not how soon I return."

"That is certainly very respectful to the old man who, a little while ago, you expressed such anxiety to see," remarked Trelawney jocosely. "But mind me, Harry, let honest candour ever take precedence of deception. You will find it the most easy and the most honourable in the end. I must now join my friends for a short time, but will not be absent long, for I shall love to talk of the Hatch—old John Paulet, and past days. Here, take this wine, 'twill cheer your heart—and as you are not safe amid the rabble, rest on this couch, and try to sleep awhile—there's nothing like balmy slumber to sooth and tranquillize a troubled mind. Drink, Harry, drink, and then to calm repose."

The young sailor did as he was bid—he quaffed the rich juice of the grape, and Sir James having departed, he laid himself on the soft, luxuriant couch—but not to enjoy sweet and refreshing sleep—there was a terrible commotion in his breast, a burning heat within his brain—the lady Maude was lost to him for ever, and he now, when too late, beheld the boyish folly he had been guilty of in looking up so high above his own grade in society. It is true that thoughts would intrude of their first interviews, and the services he had rendered to her father, but his generous nature quickly abandoned such reflections, and he resolved to render himself still more worthy of being esteemed.

The following day Harry, accompanied by Sir James Trelawney, returned towards Leghorn, where they arrived on the third evening, and the youth became aware how impossible it would have been to have traversed the distance alone. Sir James explained to the master of the brig somewhat of the cause of the young man's absence, and the good-natured seaman not only granted his forgiveness, but also promised that the subject should never be revived. The parting between Trelawney and his humble companion was distressing to both, but Harry received encouragement from the counsels of his friend, and became more resigned to circumstances. Shortly afterwards the vessel sailed for England, and whilst on the passage home the infatuation that had bound his faculties was gradually dispelled, but without removing the firm devotion of his heart.

Pleasing to the mariner's eye after a first voyage is the sight of the white cliffs of England—it speaks of home, with all its sweet enjoyments, and the associations that are engendered are delightful to the mind. Harry thought of the cottage and his mother. On arriving in the river Thames he hastened to the Hatch, and was most affec-

tionately received, but the widow Paulet whom he had left was the widow Paulet no longer; for, finding herself lonely and dejected after her son's departure, Will Buntline, by acts of kindness and gentle entreaty, had so wrought upon her woman's mind that she had bestowed her hand upon him. Harry felt annoyed at this, and it added to the poignancy of his previous regret. He had partly resolved not to quit his mother again, but to look to her that she might solace him in trouble; but now, though old Will was ever solicitous and kind, he felt as if he had no longer a home, and had lost all that was estimable upon earth; in a short time, therefore, he embarked in a ship for New York, which he soon afterwards quitted for a small trader to the St. Lawrence, in which river she was employed so frequently running up and down, that Harry, devoting the whole of his skill to obtain practical information, became an excellent pilot, and young as he was, gained considerable fame for carrying ships through dangers that appeared almost impracticable to surmount, and henceforward for some time he attached himself to this pursuit with great success, till he was looked upon as the best pilot in the river.

But the Governor of Quebec (then in the hands of the French), Mons. Montcalm, aware that young Paulet's experience would be of vast importance to the English, should they come to attack the settlement, made several attempts to get him under his control—advantageous offers, if he would abandon his colours, were first made, and received a contemptuous refusal—then stratagem was resorted to, for the purpose of seizing him by force, but Harry's vigilance enabled him to defeat their schemes, and he was busily engaged in making rough drafts of the different channels when unfortunately the small boat he was in was surprised by a French galley—he was made prisoner, carried to Quebec, and thrown into a dungeon. Montcalm was fully sensible of the knowledge which the young man was in possession of, and further endeavours were made to tempt him to betray the cause of his country, but without avail—cruelty was resorted to, under a hope of terrifying him into compliance, but with no better success; and Montcalm fearing that he might escape, at length put him on board a vessel that was bound to France with the Governor's despatches.

At first the young man was rigidly confined as a prisoner, but his quiet demeanour and amiable disposition won upon the Officers, and they agreed to liberate him—his intrepidity and seaman-like qualities were displayed a few days afterwards in a heavy gale of wind, which baffled the skill of the French Captain and perilled all their

lives; but Harry, by his example and activity, encouraged perseverance, and though one of their masts was carried away, yet they weathered the storm, and having rigged a jury spar, once more stood for France. This brought the young man into further favour, and he was now allowed to mess with the passengers in the cabin, and was treated as one of themselves.

Montcalm's despatches, with many other communications, were deposited in a sealed bag, that was suspended from one of the beams abaft, and Harry was not ignorant that they were considered to be of great importance to the future security of Canada to the French. Often did the Englishman eye them with peculiar longing, and anxious was his unremitting look-out for some British vessel of war to approach them, for he had resolved to run all risks to seize the despatches, and by throwing himself overboard with them, enjoy a chance of placing the whole in possession of his country. His plans were well arranged, and though the execution was hazardous in the extreme, yet he felt pretty confident of success; the greatest difficulty appeared to be the possibility of the French taking the bag before him, in order to sink it.

Nothing, however, came in sight to molest them, and they slowly pursued their way, baffled by foul weather and contrary winds, till their stock of water and provisions began to fail, so that they were compelled to run for Vigo Bay, on the coast of Spain. Here they anchored to repair the injuries sustained during the voyage, and to obtain a necessary supply of what was requisite. Though at no great distance from the shore, Harry was suffered to be at liberty; in fact, his unpretending manners had lulled all suspicion, and he was treated as a mild, inoffensive man. But much of this had been assumed to colour his design, as he had never for one moment lost sight of the object he had contemplated as calculated to be for the good of his country.

The French ship, since her arrival, had hoisted a Spanish ensign, which Harry understood was to deceive the Captain of an English frigate that was then lying further up the bay, near to the city. This intelligence quickened his intellects; it seemed to afford him an admirable opportunity to effect his purpose, could he but once get clear of the Frenchman. He was well acquainted with his own powers as a swimmer, so that the distance gave him no uneasiness; and once off, success seemed certain. Night came—Harry's eyes were rivetted on the bag, but the passengers still lingered about the cabin, and no opportunity was offered of moving till they had retired to rest—one by one dropped off, but there was a sturdy veteran who

was so busily engaged in making up for lost time in the victualling department, that Harry feared he would never cease. He had himself turned in to his little bed-place, and pretended to be asleep, but in reality he was never more vigilant, and in defiance of his attempts at calmness, he could almost hear the violent throbbings of his heart.

At length the gourmand gave over, and after a bumper of brandy he laid himself down to sleep upon the locker, just beneath the coveted bag. Harry's pulses beat more tumultuously; the hazard was increased, but still undaunted he resolutely persisted in making the attempt. The Frenchmen had enjoyed themselves in a carouse, in which wine and brandy were eagerly swallowed, and now their slumbers were deep and heavy, as the combined notes of their nasal organs amply testified; in fact, the music was so loud, that they threatened to awake one another by the noise.

Harry cautiously arose—the swinging lamp in amid-ships was still burning—he could hear the tread of the drowsy watch on deck, and there was a probability that some sleepless eyes below might pry into his movements—he scarcely drew his breath as his naked feet touched the deck, and then with a sharp knife in his hand, he walked stealthily towards the table and drank a glass of brandy. At this moment the Captain sang out in alarm, "Les Anglais—les Anglais—mon dieu, mon dieu." Harry sprang into his berth again, convinced that he had been discovered, but it passed off with merely a response or two from those whom it had awakened, of "Sacres Anglais—restez tranquille, Monsieur." He had been dreaming of the enemy, and fancied they were close aboard of him: glad to find that it was not so, he once more composed himself.

It was some time, however, before Paulet made his second venture, and then his agitation had subsided—he was now calm and determined; there was no hesitation in his manner; the lamp burnt dimly, and all were sound asleep. Again he quitted his berth and trod stealthily across the cabin, knife in hand; but even when the eyelids are sealed up, and the body is quiescent, there is a natural instinct in the human frame, should any one approach; a sort of warning, which, though it may not entirely arouse the dormant faculties, yet generally throws them into action. And so it was with the man who was prostrate on the lockers; for the moment Harry got near to him he flung out his arm, and the hand would have struck him but that he instantly receded. And now it was that the idea presented itself, that if found where he was, with a formidable weapon, it might be charged against him that he meditated murder—

and succeeding to this came a suggestion that made him shudder and pause—"Should the sleeper awake when he had seized the prize, it was only drawing the knife across his throat, and he would soon be silenced for ever." It was a fearful, a horrible alternative, and yet he had no other chance for his own life, which he was convinced would be forfeited should he be detected in the act of plunder, and he had not one instant to lose. The gourmand stretched out his limbs, and once more composed himself, without opening his eyes—his neck was bare and exposed—a ferocious, wolfish feeling, crept over the heart of the Englishman—he no longer hesitated—clutching the knife, and firmly setting his teeth, he cut open the bag and removed the important documents, which he bound in stout canvas about his body—he then extinguished the lamp—and as he was already divested of his clothing, with the exception of his shirt, he was in readiness for his last effort. Silently and stealthily he got upon the lockers, and then mounting the transom slowly unclosed one of the stern windows, which he forced down into the slide; the fresh air rushed in over the face of the sleeper and caused a movement, but Harry interposed his person, and the knife was still firmly grasped. There was a noise, also, on the cabin ladder, and a large Newfoundland dog came quietly in and sprang upon the transom—Paulet and he had been frequent playmates, and the animal seemed sensible that they were about to part, for he whined and rubbed his head against the Englishman's shoulder as if bidding him "farewell." Another apprehension now forced itself upon the prisoner's heart—the dog was much attached to him, and the probability was, that when he reached the water, the creature would leap after him. Still the trial must be made; and thrusting his body out of the window, he lowered himself to the full length of his arms, till his feet occasionally touched the briny element—here he hung for several seconds, listening to ascertain if any one on deck was near the stern. All was still and silent—he let go his hold—the noise of his fall was not greater than the wash of waters on the rudder, but the dog moaned and then gave a short, sharp growl, and Harry feared that it was a prelude to his dashing overboard, but he remained where he was—no one appeared to have been disturbed, and the Englishman floated away with the tide, which was running strong up the Bay. As soon, however, as he had gained a proper distance, he struck out with all his energy, and in a short interval the masts and hull of the Frenchman were lost sight of in the gloom; and though he could not perceive the shipping up the Bay, yet the lights of the city

guided his course, and the prospects of success operated to strengthen his resolves.

Upwards of an hour was the young mariner floating and swimming, but nature could not be taxed beyond human endurance—he began to suffer from exhaustion—still he persevered, hope and enterprise animating his spirits—he sorely felt the want of previous practice, and the confinement he had suffered, as well as the privations of a long voyage, had greatly weakened his frame. More than once a sickly faintness came over him, bringing with it a harassing and distressing dread that he would be unable to accomplish the task he had undertaken; and repeatedly, as some monster of the deep darted from his forward track, the horror inspired by fears of the voracious shark sent a convulsive thrill through his whole system. The wind came in short fitful gusts, moaning around his head, the waves frequently broke over him, and still nothing but the distant lights were to be seen. Sometimes he feared that he had missed the ships, and doubt and uncertainty oppressed and perplexed him; then, again, he renewed his exertions, animated by the thoughts of serving his country, and boldly were his sinewy arms plied to propel him onwards.

And now his heart was cheered by the long, towering spars, and light tracery against the sky, of a large ship, as she laid at her moorings, heaving and setting to the swell of the sea. It only required a trifling deviation from his course, and he very soon had approached near enough to be convinced that it was the English frigate, and all apprehensions of failure immediately subsided. Throwing himself on his back he floated towards her unperceived, and when beneath the bows, holding on by the cable, he hailed "Ship ahoy." There was at first no response, but Harry became sensible that he had aroused attention by the bustle on the deck, and in a minute or two a man looked over, exclaiming "Halloo!"

"What ship is this?" demanded the escaped prisoner.

"His Britannic Majesty's frigate, the Mermaid," answered the man, eagerly trying to pierce the darkness so as to gain a sight of the inquirer. "Pray who the deuce are you, and where are you bound to if the wind holds?"

"I have reached my destination," returned Harry, as he got astride the cable; "let me rest awhile where I am, and then I will come on board."

"It is but a strange hammock that you are swinging in," replied the man, "but mayhap you have been accustomed to sleep with the gulls. However, you have not told me who you are, nor what you

want, grubbing atwixt the bows like a blue shark nosing a piece of pork."

"I must be better acquainted with you before I am too communicative," said Paulet, shaking the spray from his shoulders.

"Have you come in from sea," inquired the man, jeeringly, "or have you swam off from the shore?"

"I have only just come in from sea," replied Harry, as a spice of his former love of frolic whetted his taste for repartee, "and have brought despatches for the Captain."

"That's a tough-un, any how," mumbled the man to a shipmate at his side; and then continued, in a tone of banter, "You're from England, I suppose."

"I am," responded Paulet, in a manner that set the inquirer's conjectures into operation.

"And how long is it, my hearty, since you left it?" asked the other, half believing, half doubting.

"Rather more than eighteen months," answered Harry with firmness.

The person addressed gave vent to a hearty laugh, in which he was joined by several others who had now collected together.

"A precious long swim you must have had of it," said he; "your despatches must be very novel and interesting arter a couple o'years cruise."

"I have been out to Canada before I came here," avowed Harry.

"The deuce you have," uttered the man in evident surprise, which was partaken of by the rest. "Why what a swimmer you must be. Mayhap you can tell us what craft that is as is laying in the mouth of the Bay."

"I can do that too," returned Harry positively; "it is an armed craft, carrying the French King's pennant. We left Quebec in company."

"Well, I'm blowed, but that bangs every thing," observed the man; and exclamations of wonder were heard on every side. "But bear a hand on board, my hearty—here's the Officer as wants to whisper a word in your ear—and I'm bless'd but I should like to have a look at you myself, to see whether it is ould Davy or not."

"In welcome," exclaimed Harry, as he popped up his face close to the seaman's: who, not being aware that Paulet was ascending, shrank back with alarm. "Here I am, brother, but it's a cool greeting that you are giving to an old friend—pray what do you think of my horns?"

The man receded still further, whilst several tried to urge him to actual inspection.

"Come, no starn-boards, Jem," exclaimed one; "clap the beggar alongside, and overhaul his head-gear to see if he's got his bumkins rigged out."

"Clap your hand down abaft, Jem, and try and diskiver whether he's got a spanker-boom," said another. But further investigation and remark were suspended by the young sailor springing over the bulwark and placing his feet firmly on the forecastle. And there he stood in a state of nudity, with the purloined despatches of Montcalm closely strapped to his back.

"My eyes," said an old tar; "well if it don't—I'm blessed but it does beat all as ever I heard on—and see, shipmates, he's got his purser's steward-room lashed to his shoulders. I never knew but one who made a long voyage in that fashion, and he went out from Plymouth to the fleet off the Cape of Good Hope, but he was obligated to touch at Saint Helena for provisions and water on his passage home."

"Lend us a down-hauler," exclaimed Harry, as he advanced to the break of the forecastle. "Don't all hands offer at once—one at a time will do—but I'm always very cold when I quit the water, which I do about every six months." A thick rough great coat was handed to him, which he instantly put on. "And now," said he, "for the quarter-deck and the Officer."

He went aft, and was questioned by the Lieutenant of the watch, but he declined making any statements except to the Captain himself; and this being reported to the latter, Harry was conducted down into the great cabin, where he tendered his information, and the Captain ordered the frigate to be unmoored and got under weigh as quietly and as quickly as possible. He then dressed himself, and having perused the documents, he sent for the clerks into his cabin and set them to work in copying the whole, so that if the original set should be lost there might still a duplicate remain. He presented Paulet with a handsome suit of scarlet, trimmed with velvet and richly embroidered with gold, as well as fine shirts and other apparel, and directed him to be in readiness to proceed to the shore, and when landed to make all haste to Lisbon, where the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Edward (afterwards Lord) Hawke, was then expected to be, and money was plentifully supplied for the purpose of defraying all expenses.

Harry was soon arrayed, and made no contemptible figure in his new attire. The barge landed him at the city, a conveyance was

prepared, and he set out on his journey for Oporto, purposing to go the remainder of the distance by sea. At this time Spain was inimical to British interests, and consequently had Paulet's errand been known time enough to the Spaniards, in all probability he would have been waylaid and murdered. As it was, the moment the Frenchmen missed him, and saw that the despatches had been abstracted from the bag, they at once came to the right conclusion that the prisoner had carried them off, and two Officers were put on shore without delay to pursue, as they supposed, the fugitive, and advice was given of the circumstance to the Spanish Authorities, who sent out scouts in all directions to intercept him. The Frenchmen did not entertain a thought of his having swam to the frigate, but merely supposed that he had made for the nearest land. They soon, however, ascertained on board how affairs really stood, for by daybreak the Mermaid had worked out along the northern side of the Bay, and stretching across, anchored close to the French ship to watch her movements; for being in a neutral port, it would have been a breach of the law of nations to have attacked her. Nothing could equal the surprise of the Monsieurs by this visit, which precluded the possibility of their going to sea, as they well knew that the frigate would not only bear them company, but also make a prize of them the moment they had got to a proper distance from the coast.

Harry pushed on unmolested, but swift pursuit was made after him. Once in Portugal, however, he had but little cause for fear, and arrived in safety at Oporto, where, in obedience to the written commands of the Captain of the Mermaid, he repaired on board a sloop-of-war, which instantly sailed for Lisbon; but when about midway between the two places the English fleet was seen, and a signal was made to the Admiral. Before many hours had elapsed Harry had an interview with Sir Edward Hawke; another copy of the despatches was taken, and the sloop-of-war ordered to convey Harry Paulet to England.

The young seaman had now become an important personage, and was treated with great distinction, so that his heart swelled with pride when he thought of his mother and the lady Maude, though in the latter instance a mingling of deep regret nearly overwhelmed the pleasure. They made a quick passage to Falmouth, from whence he set out for the Metropolis, but it took him a full week to reach the latter place, and he hastened at once to the Admiralty, and was introduced to the First Commissioner, Lord Anson: who, having glanced over the purloined documents, hurried Harry to the Palace,

and presented him privately to the King, George the Second. Paulet told his story from the time of his being made prisoner to the period and manner of his escape, and the Monarch as well as the First Lord was so pleased with his conduct, that he was rewarded with the rank and pay of a Naval Lieutenant, to continue during his life, and Lord Anson took him home to dine with him.

It was near sunset when, stealing away from the company, he sought the spot of his early years, and stood on the stairs where he had first beheld the lady Maude. Feelings and recollections of former days came with vigorous energy over his mind, and forgetting his gay attire he leaned over the balustrade from whence he had contemplated the setting sun on that very evening, as its last beams shone brightly through the arch of the new bridge at Westminster. He was then but a waterman's apprentice, though a happy one—and now there again was the glorious luminary, shedding its brilliant effulgence on the waters, exactly as it had done before; but notwithstanding only a few years had elapsed, he was now, by his own meritorious acts, elevated to be an Officer, with a competence to subsist on.

Retrospection was busy with him—he looked back to the season of childhood, when his worthy father, old John Paulet, was living—he thought of James Trueman being his early friend, and whom he had since known as Sir James Trelawney—he had witnessed change after change in others, and now he himself had undergone a change—an unexpected one, that had made a vast improvement in his condition. And then his memory reverted to his mother, and still he remained abstracted from the world, and gazing at the departing orb as it descended down the west.

Suddenly he was aroused from his dream by a voice close to him uttering the usual intimation, "Boat, your honour"—and the never-forgotten sounds came thrilling upon the young man's heart—it was his former excellent old master—the husband of his mother—honest Will Buntline. Stepping into the wherry without further prelude, Harry was soon in the middle of the stream. He did not perceive much alteration in the features of the veteran, except that he looked more contented and happy, but his personal appearance was considerably improved, for his dress was more neat and clean than it used to be. Harry, however, was greatly altered—the spring of youth had in due course been succeeded by the ripe summer of manhood, that had browned the cheeks and reddened the complexion—the dress, too, had effected an immense alteration, so that Will did not in the remotest degree recognise the young apprentice

in the gay attire of the handsome gallant, arrayed in fine scarlet and gold. Besides, twilight was creeping on, and the gradually deepening shades were throwing objects into gloom, and Harry had not yet spoken.

"A beautiful evening, your honour," said old Will, as he rowed upwards towards the bridge; and his passenger was thinking of that hour when, handling the oar, he had sat upon his thwart, stealing glances at the lady Maude, and then reverting to subsequent events, in which the bloody scene on the scaffold was prominent—he heard the veteran's remark, but, absorbed in his own reflections, he did not reply to it, and the veteran judging that he did not wish to be disturbed, remained for several minutes silent.

Harry had given no directions as to where he would wish to be conveyed, but the waterman slowly propelled the boat upwards till near the middle arch, over which the busy-throng was now passing, and the human hum came drowsily upon the ears.

"Will you go any higher up, Sir?" asked Will.

"No, no, my friend," returned Harry, aroused by the question; "we will drift down again if you please."

The veteran, whose memory had perhaps been engaged upon the same occurrences as those which occupied young Paulet's reverie, started at the sound of the voice, and resting on his sculls, gazed eagerly at his passenger. "It is strange," said he, "very strange—but yet—no, no, it cannot be"—and he vigorously plied his toil, as if to throw off a weight of anxiety that was oppressing him—in two or three minutes, however, he ceased, and said, "I beg your honour's pardon—you wished to drift with the current, and here am I pulling away as if it was for life or death."

"For life or death," repeated Harry; "how can *you*, who must have always lived so peaceably, know what it is to do so? surely your experience cannot have extended to that."

The old man shook his head and moaned. "I could tell your honour a different story," observed he. "One who has sarved his country in flotillas near the shore, and in the line of battle on the ocean, ought to know a little about life and death. But I'm getting in years now, and the waterman's labour is not required as it used to be before they got the new-fangled notions in their heads of coaches and bridges, that's capsizing all decent propriety on the public highways. Ah me, I fear it will be fatal to the realm at last, and so I used to tell young Harry—he was my apprentice, your honour, and a better lad never took a scull in hand, barring a little bit of the monkey now and then;" and the veteran chuckled. "But then,

what youth is there that doesn't love a bit of mischief? and his poor father—gallant Jack, as we used to call him in the owld Hooker, taught the boy many a droll trick."

"And where is Harry now?" inquired the young Lieutenant; assuming a carelessness he was far from feeling—"got a wherry of his own, I suppose."

"I wish I could tell where he was," returned Buntline; "it would be taking a taut strain off the standing backstays of this owld heart—a strain that at times threatens to carry them away altogether—for I loved the lad, your honour—God knows how much I loved him"—and the veteran's chuckle of pleasure was changed for a trembling utterance of deep emotion, that nearly destroyed young Paulet's firmness—"he went to sea, Sir—we have not heard of him for a long wearisome time, and but for a secret sort of confab that my mind keeps up with his'n, I should think he was no more. But often when I'm on the river o' nights, I hears the sounds of his tongue upon the murmuring breeze—aye, just as I thought I heard it this evening, when your honour first spoke, for the two are marvellously alike, only yours is a little rougher. Often, I say, when the breeze is speaking to me, and I hear him hail me as he was wont to do, with the joyous gladness of willing youth—I know that he is still in existence, and there is a communion of spirit atwixt us—I used to tell his mother so, poor thing"—Harry's pulses throbbed tumultuously—"but she, alas! alas!"—

"What? what? speak, old man—what of his mother? I love to hear of mothers," exclaimed Harry with impatience. "I have had a fond, indulgent mother, myself."

"As kind a creature, your honour, as ever broke bread," said Buntline with affectionate tenderness. "Gallant Jack died some years ago—young Harry, as I told you, went to sea, and so I married the widow."

"Well, well, I know all that," said the newly-made Lieutenant, completely thrown off his guard. "Why do you trifle with me?—is she safe? is she well?"

"As sound as a roach, your honour," answered Buntline proudly, "and as good as an angel." Though what affinity there was between roaches and angels honest Will never thought it worth while to inquire—he might have coupled anchovies and cherubims with equal propriety.

"Father of mercies I thank thee," fervently uttered the affectionate son. "Master Buntline, I will no longer attempt secrecy or concealment; Harry Paulet is here before you."

"E-h—wha-at," exclaimed the veteran falteringly—"Harry—Harry Paulet—safe, well, and a gentleman? I knew he was alive and kicking—I told her so, your honour—that's Harry, I mean. Oh! what joy will this be to the poor mourner. God bless you, Sir—that's Harry, I would say—Harry Paulet;" and falling on his knees in the boat, he clasped his hard, horny hands together, whilst his heart, softened by a rich flow of feelings, uttered a silent prayer of gratitude to Heaven; and then grasping the hand of the Lieutenant, he wept.

Explanations ensued—Harry briefly narrated the cause of his present good fortune, and old Will's heart was overflowing with delight.

"And now, my son, let us hasten to your mother," said the veteran, "she has grieved incessantly; and I say, Harry, it is really a something that's worth enjoying to get a good woman into a good humour. Oh, my boy, I am so happy—so very happy—and now we'll away to the Hatch. Hurrah! my heart's as light as a cork."

It did not occupy old Will very long to row to the stairs on the Lambeth side, where they landed, and the Lieutenant falling into the train of former times, assisted in mooring the boat. This accomplished, they walked up to the cottage and rattled at the wicket. With palpitating heart Harry beheld the approach of his parent, and he drew on one side that he might not attract attention, so as to cause too great a surprise, for a mother's perceptions are more keen than those of any human being—he heard her speak, and the sound of her voice awakened many endearing reminiscences of by-gone days.

"I have good news for you, dame," said old Will as he entered the wicket; "news that I think will gladden your heart."

"The best news you could bring me, Master Buntline, would be of my poor boy," replied his wife, as Will stood lingering in the way, so as to prevent the shutting of the gate.

"And why shouldn't I bring intelligence of him, dame?" demanded Buntline. "Didn't I tell you we should hear of him again? Haven't I always said that he was alive? and wasn't you angry with me because I would stick to my text, if it was only to comfort you? And pray, good mistress,"—

"There now let me beg of you not to get to preaching, William," said his wife, "but come in and tell me what you have heard. Is he indeed safe and well? and shall I see him soon? Oh! satisfy the earnest longings of a mother's heart."

"He is both safe and well, and you will soon see him," answered

Buntline with great delight; "but stop, I have a gentleman here without, who can give you every information—walk forward, Captain, if you please."

The title by which old Will had designated the Lieutenant, served to deceive the dame in her sudden supposition that the visiter might be her son; and when Harry presented himself, the glimmering of the twilight showed him in his splendid scarlet suit, and completed the delusion. Besides, the worthy woman had borne him in remembrance as the stripling she had parted with, and now there stood before her the full-formed man.

"You are welcome, Sir," said she; "all—all are welcome who can bring me tidings of my son—where—where is he?"

"Here, mother, here," exclaimed the Lieutenant, as he caught her in his arms; "here I am, returned to my home once more to make you happy."

Mrs. Buntline needed no other evidence than her ears to satisfy her as to his identity—the voice was enough—and clasping him in her embrace she wept with joy. They were soon seated in the cottage, where Harry narrated at length the whole of his adventures, and proud was his mother's heart as she exclaimed, "Oh! had your father but have lived to have seen this day, my happiness would be complete. Pardon me, husband, I mean no reproach to you;" for old Bill looked rather mortified—"you have been to me a kind and considerate friend, but John Paulet was his sire, and you know, with all his imperfections, how highly I esteemed him."

"And good right too, dame," responded Buntline. "John was my old shipmate and messmate, and no man fore-and-aft was better respected—to be sure he got hold of the new-fangled notions, but he was honest and good for all that."

It was late at night, or rather it was early morning before they went to rest, and Harry never slept sounder than when in his own snug bed-room at the cottage—the cool air sweetened by the fragrance of the many flowers that blossomed around. He arose much refreshed, and after partaking of a hearty meal, old Will rowed him to Whitehall stairs, as he had been commanded to attend and give evidence before the Privy Council. He first waited upon Lord Anson, at the Admiralty, whom he accompanied to the Palace at Saint James's. The Council was not numerously attended, and the leading inquirers were the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Granville, and the First Lord of the Admiralty. Every question was promptly and cleverly answered, especially relative to the navigation of the Saint Lawrence, and the practicability of carrying a fleet up the river, and

also as to certain localities in the neighbourhood of Quebec. The issue of this investigation was not communicated, but that some decision had been come to was evident, as Lord Anson had inquired whether he would undertake to return again to Canada as the Admiral's pilot, with ample remuneration, and the prospect of promotion. To this he had consented, his pay and emoluments immediately commenced, and he occupied his leisure time in re-drawing from memory the plans and charts which he had already made, and maturing his judgment by the perusal of hydrographical works. He was also introduced to Sir Charles Saunders, Vice Admiral of the Blue, who had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of an expedition to act against Quebec, and he now ascertained that this had been determined upon in consequence of the intelligence contained in Governor Montcalm's despatches, which he had brought home.

At length the period arrived for his departure, and he once more bade farewell to his mother, whom he now left amply provided for, though she could not be induced to quit the cottage at the Hatch, nor would old Will altogether resign his occupation at the ferry. He had a last interview with the Privy Council, received his final instructions, and then went down to join the Neptune of ninety-eight guns, carrying the Admiral's flag. It was the first time he had ever been on board so fine or so large a ship, and the magnificence of its structure, as well as the grandeur of its arrangements, astonished and delighted him. But with these feelings also came a full persuasion of the responsibility he should incur, by navigating a ship in the Saint Lawrence of so deep a draft of water. But relying on his practical knowledge, he was determined not to shrink from the full execution of his duty. The fleet, consisting of eight sail of the line, besides frigates, sloops, and numerous transports with troops, sailed, and being joined by those already on the coast, amounted to twenty-one line-of-battle ships, and the whole flotilla was grand and effective. Lieutenant Paulet acquitted himself entirely to the satisfaction of the Admiral, and especially on one occasion, when the disembarkation took place on the island of Orleans; the enemy sent floating down the river several fire-vessels, which, in the manner the fleet was lying, threatened terrible destruction; but Harry promptly obtained command of the men-of-war's boats, and took the fire-crafts in tow, to a place where they grounded and spent their fury without doing the slightest injury. A month subsequent to this, a second attempt was made to burn the fleet, by means of fire-stages, which to the number of a hundred were set adrift in the current, but the enemy had no better success than before—the purpose was totally

defeated. The reduction of Quebec, and the death of the lamented General Wolfe, are matters of history—the navy took but little part in the actual siege, and when the British flag waved upon the upper and lower town, and every arrangement was made for keeping possession, the fleet sailed for England, and Harry accompanied the Admiral home; his services were so highly esteemed, that George the First, on coming to the throne, by an order in Council made him a Post Captain, and he was appointed to the command of the Mermaid, the very frigate that had received him in Vigo Bay with Montcalm's despatches.

Mrs. Buntline was again a widow; old Will had calmly resigned existence, in sure and certain hope of a blessed immortality. By dint of hard industry and Harry's bounty, he had been enabled to save a little money, which he bequeathed to his wife—and Harry being now in a situation to maintain her suitable to his station in life, he would have taken a handsome house in the neighbourhood for her to reside in, but she still clung to the cottage, and could not be prevailed upon to quit it—he therefore wished to enlarge and improve it, but she loved it best in its primitive state, and could not endure the thoughts of alteration. Many comforts, however, and even luxuries, were added; the farming of the Halfpenny Hatch was given up to an aged couple, and the widow, with her servant, lived in quiet retirement in their rural abode. The small dwelling in which the lady Maude and her father had been concealed, had by Harry's request been kept in repairs and clean, but no one except himself had tenanted it.

The Mermaid sailed with her new Commander to join his friend and patron, Sir Charles Saunders, in the Mediterranean, and here a further opportunity was afforded him of gaining renown; for whilst cruising off Toulon, a French seventy-four and a large frigate hove in sight, running for the harbour. On seeing the Mermaid they hauled towards her, and Harry perceiving the odds to be so great against him, had no alternative but to run away. The strangers hoisted French colours, and came after him in eager pursuit, the frigate taking the lead by several miles of the line-of-battle ship. This was precisely what Harry desired, for he hoped to draw the former away from the latter, and exchange a broadside or two with her. Nor was his wish ungratified, for a sudden squall coming on, the seventy-four lost her mainmast, and in the midst of the war of elements the two frigates commenced a desperate engagement. After a few rounds, however, the Frenchman hove round to rejoin his damaged consort, but Captain Paulet would not part with him so

readily, and in spite of his manœuvres he ran aboard the enemy, and succeeded in lashing the frigates together. In twenty minutes the mizen mast of the enemy was over the side, and the bowsprit of the Mermaid being carried away, brought down the fore-topmast. Thus crippled, with rigging and sails cut almost to pieces, they continued the fight, whilst the seventy-four was clearing away her wreck in order to crush the little English ship, but before this could be effected, Le Junon, of forty guns, had struck her colours, and was in possession of the Mermaids. Still there was not much chance for Harry to get away, and still less to carry off his prize—there they laid, utterly disabled, and the seventy-four was using every endeavour to approach. The Captain's usual good fortune, however, again came to his assistance—a large ship was seen standing in from sea, and soon afterwards a whole fleet, which could be none other than that under Sir Charles Saunders—the Commander of the seventy-four was aware of this, and immediately changed his pursuit into flight, leaving Paulet unmolested with his well-earned trophy.

Sir Charles Saunders, on coming up, was delighted with the exploit, and expressed himself in terms of warm approbation at the conduct of the young Captain. Harry was sent with his prize to Gibraltar to refit, and ultimately proceeded to England, when George the Third knighted him for his gallantry, and thus the son of a British seaman rose to honour and distinction. His mother's pride and joy knew no bounds—the title "Sir Harry" was constantly on her tongue, and she suffered herself to be escorted about by the brave Knight to many a distinguished party, to whose society she never expected to be introduced, sharing with delight his praises and his honours. And now, had the Captain been so inclined, he might have made an advantageous match with a lady of rank and fortune, but his heart seemed dead to the softer emotions of affection, notwithstanding that youth, beauty, and wealth, awaited his acceptance.

The Junon, a remarkably fine frigate, was commissioned in the English Navy, and Sir Harry Paulet appointed to command her. Again he proceeded to the Mediterranean, and joined Sir Charles Saunders, who treated him with great consideration, and sent him to cruise upon his old station. But the naval power of France was annihilated in that part of the world, and there was no possibility afforded of displaying the bravery of his character; still he was enabled, by the capture of several valuable prizes, to increase his wealth.

At length a treaty of peace between the two countries was signed at Fontainebleau—the Admiral returned home with the fleet, and

the Junon and some other frigates were left to protect the English commerce in those seas. This afforded him an opportunity which he had long wished for of re-visiting Rome, and the first use he made of his free authority was to sail for Civita Vecchia, from whence he travelled by land to the city, in which he had only a few years before been a houseless wanderer. On his arrival he made repeated inquiries for Sir James Trelawney, but could gain no information respecting him, nor of the Lord Eustace de Vere, nor of the lady Maude. All he could learn was, that Prince Charles was leading a dissipated life at Florence. After strolling over the scenes of his former rambles, he returned to the ship, got under way, and ran along-shore for Leghorn, where the appearance of a large frigate, under English colours, caused some little sensation, particularly as a French seventy-four was then lying in the roads, and each fired a salute in honour of their several flags. It was also a curious meeting, for in the French ship Harry recognized the consort of the Junon when he captured her; she was not, however, commanded by the same Captain, and the two Officers behaved to each other with much good-feeling and courtesy. Sir Harry was invited to dine on board the seventy-four, and all the respectable English gentlemen and merchants at Leghorn were solicited to meet him at table.

At the appointed hour the barge of the Junon, manned by as fine a set of fellows as ever trod a vessel's deck, all dressed for the occasion, pulled alongside the French line-of-battle ship, and Sir Harry was received with that respect and attention which the brave always manifest towards each other. The quarter-deck was crowded with visitors and Officers desirous of seeing and being introduced to the gallant young Captain. They were all strangers with the exception of one, whom Paulet immediately selected out, though he himself did not appear to be recognised; that individual was his old and worthy friend Sir James Trelawney. Without hesitation, Harry walked up to him and extended his hand.

"Did I not tell you, Sir James," said he, "that you should have no cause to be ashamed of the lad whom you took so much trouble to instruct?"

The Baronet bent a keen eager gaze upon the speaker. "Surely it cannot be—and yet it must, and is, the same. My heart and soul rejoices in your prosperity, but more so in the meritorious acts that have elevated you. This is, indeed, a joyous hour to me; I little thought to meet, in the conqueror and Captain of yon frigate, the son of your excellent father. But I will not engross the whole of your time—others wish to speak to you—and unless your exaltation

has greatly changed you, an interval will be granted when we can talk more at our ease."

"To you, Sir James Trelawney, am I mainly indebted for what I now am," returned the Captain; "and rely upon it, the debt of gratitude will never be forgotten by me. When these formalities have ceased, I must request the favour of your company with me to the Junon, for I have much—much to talk about"—he added in a lower tone, as he pressed the Baronet's hand, "Had she only waited, she would have found me worthy of her love."

"And you had it, Harry; it was really and truly your own," answered Trelawney in the same low tone. "It was circumstances alone—her father's destitution—her own unprotected state—and—But they are now both gone to answer for all things before the Judge of quick and dead."

A marked paleness succeeded the flush on the cheeks of Captain Paulet—a sickly faintness came upon his heart—Sir James Trelawney saw it on the instant, and divined the cause—he had spoken of the departed confusedly, but mentioned no names—he now corrected his error, and uttered—"The lady Maude still lives, a beautiful widow—it is Lord Eustace de Vere and her father who have gone to their last resting-place on earth."

The sudden revulsion of feeling, on hearing this intelligence, almost overpowered the Captain, but the painful sensations were gone, and, mastering his agitation, he again warmly pressed the Baronet's hand, and passed on to the banquet. Every thing was most admirable, and the utmost cordiality prevailed; the flags of the two nations were entwined with each other, and all that art and luxury could bestow, was freely called in to grace the festival. It was late before they broke up, and then Sir James accompanied his young friend to the Junon, where explanations ensued, and Harry learned the particulars of lady Maude's union with Lord Eustace, whilst her warmest affections had been devoted to another. She had recently embarked for England, to live on the estates and fortune bequeathed to her by her late husband, who had died before her father, and it was only on the demise of the latter that she had considered herself at liberty to return to the land of her nativity. Sir James, too, was on the eve of doing the same, for an amnesty had been granted, and he was about to avail himself of it, and the Captain of the Junon insisted upon his taking a passage to Gibraltar in the frigate.

In a day or two Sir Harry Paulet gave a splendid entertainment on board his ship, to the French Officers and a large party, in which

the same kindly sentiment and unanimity prevailed. Invitations to festivals and banquests on shore followed, and were accepted, for Sir Harry was anxious to cherish the friendship that existed, for the sake of the English merchants; but he was really glad when he could get away without causing offence, and Sir James Trelawney became his guest. On reaching Gibraltar the Junon was ordered home, and the two friends still continued together. But we must now go back a little in our history.

The evening the lady Maude had granted an interview with Harry, in the cottage garden, she had confessed her attachment to the youth, and though no vows passed, yet they mutually considered themselves bound to each other. Lord Eustace had long been her suitor, but she never truly loved him; he had followed her to Rome, and found both the father and the daughter in a state of degrading poverty. He had wealth and high birth in his favour; the distresses of the father urged him to press his daughter's acceptance of the young nobleman; and his persuasions, but more the abject situation in which he was placed, induced her compliance, though she had confessed to Sir James Trelawney that another had possession of her heart. After the death of her husband and father, Lady de Vere returned to England, and retired to a beautiful seat in the country without molestation. Numerous suitors had offered themselves, but she declined all overtures, and lived almost secluded from the world.

It was on a splendid summer evening that a carriage and four drove up to the Hall entrance, and two gentlemen alighted from it, one of whom was in a rich naval uniform. The lady Maude at once recognized Sir James Trelawney, who a few minutes afterwards introduced the Officer as Captain Sir Harry Paulet. At first there was a little embarrassment, but the warm gush of undying regard quickly banished all unpleasant emotions, and from that hour Harry was her accepted lover. In a few months they were united, an attached and happy pair, and Dame Buntline, though now advanced in years, led off the ball in honour of the wedding, with Sir James Trelawney, who she still persisted in calling Master Trueman. Modern improvements swept the Halfpenny Hatch away; the gardens of former days are now covered with houses, and nothing remains except the ancient wharf and the Crown public-house at Pedlar's Acre.

ANNE OF MUNSTER.

CHAPTER IX.

(With an Illustration.)

The suspicious behaviour of the individual at the door, excited, as may be imagined, some uneasy emotions in my mind, coupled, as it necessarily was, with the recollection of a similar appearance in the dark cave, and the sort of implied danger in Thady's remark, that the Priest would not need our help in his journey to the sick—leaving the inference open, that he might do so on his return *from* Hoolaghans. Besides this, there was reason to suppose that the individual on his death-bed was one of the ruffians engaged in the attack on the Pontoon, and had in all probability received the wound of which he was dying, from the hand of Feargus or his wife. If, then, I said to myself, this conjecture is right, this is no doubt one of his accomplices, who is fearful of being implicated by the confession of the dying man, and rather than compromise his own safety, would freely shed the blood of another. Added to this, there still exists the original cause which prompted the deadly attack on the friendly roof of Feargus, and whatever that might be, it would now, in all likelihood, be greatly increased by the suspicions of increasing danger.

These reflections passed rapidly through my mind immediately on the man's disappearance, and I could not help looking forward to some sudden and desperate attack on my person, as being the most likely result of the position in which I was placed; when the thought suddenly occurred, that as I was dressed similar to the peasantry of this part of the country, it was possible they might not suspect me; and to favour this hope as much as possible, I hastily put the old hat on my head, and buttoned the loose great-coat up close to my chin; at the same time turning my back towards the fire, so as to exclude every known chance of a discovery. After all, these precautions could have been of little service, since my speech must have betrayed me; and the parties, whoever they were, had too much at stake to be misled by such clumsy efforts at concealment, and were, in all probability, as well acquainted with my movements as I was myself.

On arriving at this conclusion, I beckoned the old Priest, and

stepping outside the door, related, in as few words as I could, the events of the last two nights and days, commencing with the appearance of the young girl, and ending with the sudden apparition of the man at the door.

"And now," I said in conclusion, "what does your Reverence think? You are well acquainted with the people amongst whom you dwell—I am a stranger. What I have done to provoke hostility is a mystery, for with the single exception of my vain attempt to rescue the young lady from the hands of her oppressors, in everything else I have been quite passive. What does it all mean? What is it they can want?"

"Blood! blood!" thundered a voice from behind the shed, and in the same instant a gun was fired, and the shot whistled within an inch of my head, and tore away the upper portion of the hat. For a moment I was stunned with the sound, and before I had well recovered, the intended assassin bounded across the road, and was lost in the shadows of the surrounding rocks.

In the meantime heavy groans were heard inside the cabin, and Thady running hastily out, cried,

"Tim's dying, yer Riverence. Lave the spalpeen to me"—and he sprang down the hill with the agility of a fawn, and instantly vanished.

"Are you hurt?" inquired the Priest in a tremulous and feeling tone.

"Not," I replied, "that I know of. Part of the hat is gone—the head is safe."

"Praise Heaven!" exclaimed the old man, devoutly crossing himself, and with a feeling of gratitude in which I had good reason to join, without noticing at that stirring moment the difference in our creeds.

"Had you not better see this unfortunate man?" I asked; his groans becoming more awful, and mingled at times with a sort of howl, as if his agony was beyond endurance.

"You must see him too," answered the Priest, "and *hear* him, as well as I, for his tale is too dark to be heard by any one alone."

"What is he?" I asked, in a stifled whisper; for the old man's words had created a strange feeling, that crept with the chilliness of ice along my frame.

"He is"—said the Priest in a similar tone—"he is—a SPY and a MURDERER."

A wild shriek burst from the hut, so loud and piercing that it seemed to ring through my ears, and produced a mixed sensation of

giddiness and pain that did not leave me for some time On entering the room, both the woman and her son were insensible; he having fainted through excessive pain, and his mother believing him dying, and yet unforgiven, had fallen into hysterics through excessive emotion. As they lay thus extended on the floor of their miserable dwelling for the moment insensible, I could not help reflecting how much better it would be for both, if neither should awake to consciousness again. To her it would prove a respite from a world of sorrow and of shame; and though she herself had nothing to afflict her conscience, yet with the strong feelings of a mother, how must her heart be torn with the horrid guilt of her abandoned and only son, whose profligate career was thus brought to a bloody end. To him, indeed, it would be but a slight relief, for his hours were evidently numbered; and though he might thus avoid a few of those corporeal pangs which had been but the smallest portion of his pain, yet the deeper and more abiding agony of a guilty spirit would not subside in the grave, or be hushed when the body ceased to groan. The consolations of religion had been offered, but the tremendous tumult of a dying hour is not favourable to that change in which religion consists, and without which all hope is extinguished, and extinguished for ever.

Be the advantages, however, of passing away in this state of insensibility what they might, it was not so ordered. They both recovered—not at the same time—for the wretched man, opening his eyes, stared wildly for a moment at the fire—and then clinching his fists and grinding his teeth, he cried with the wild fierceness of despair,

"Avaunt—avaunt—I will not go. Down divil, down—I will not go—avaunt—avaunt," and then bursting into a hideous laugh of mockery and derision, he cried,

"Ha! ha! ha! see how his face blackens—away with him—away with him—ha! ha! ha!"—and grinning with malignant triumph, he sunk back on the straw and chuckled with fiendish joy.

The fearful glimmering which these expressions afforded of the awful state of his mind, left little room to hope that any thing the Priest could say or do, would be of the slightest avail to the dying man. He might, indeed, have gone through some of those forms prescribed by the Church for persons in this condition, but he appeared too conscientious to scatter the precious consolations of Christianity, where the essential pre-requisite of penitence was so manifestly wanting. As he stood gazing on the wounded wretch, who lay writhing at his feet, the full light of the blazing fire fell on his face, which exhibited the varying and powerful emotions that

were contending in his mind. At one time he appeared to experience the deepest loathing and abhorrence, and then the emotions of pity and commiseration made his muscles slightly quiver, while a tear stole glistening down his cheek. He then turned his eyes upwards, and for a few seconds seemed lost in mental devotion, after which his countenance assumed the steady and resolved cast of a man determined to do his duty.

As this expression settled over the Priest's face, a wild howl burst from the lips of the wounded man, and as if the cry had power to wake the dead, the poor woman opened her eyes, and after staring unconsciously for half a minute, she rose hastily from the floor, and rushing to the head of her son, she raised him from the ground, placed his head on her lap, and gazed on his pallid face with an expression of the greatest solicitude and affection.

"Magdalen," said the Priest, his voice slightly faltering, as he noticed the poor creature's tenderness, "I can do no good here. Tim confesses not—nor does he repent—and the Church will not show her mercy where it is not sought. I must go."

"Oh! no, no, no," cried the afflicted mother; "go not yet—sure while there is life there is hope—and God is long-suffering as well as merciful. Oh! go not yet; sure the thief was saved on the cross, any why not Tim? And he will confess—won't you, Tim?" she continued, looking down beseechingly on the face of her son. "Won't you confess to his Riverence, and get a pardon before you go hence?"

As she spoke thus, the tears fell fast and thick on the face of the dying man, and appeared to awaken emotions very different to those he had lately exhibited; for ceasing to writhe and twist with internal anguish, he suddenly lay still, and looking up in her face, he said,

"Mother, I can't—I can't, mother—it would kill us both."

"And if it does, darlint," replied the mother soothingly, "sure it's betther to kill the body than to lose the sowl. But Tim," she continued, "who knows but confession may save both sowl and body also?"

"Oh, neither—neither," said the man, relapsing into indifference; "they cannot save us, and I won't—I won't."

The poor woman wrung her hands in agony, as if the hardened condition of her son's mind affected her beyond the sufferings of his body, and laying his head from her lap she retired to a corner of the hut, and began to pray most fervently in behalf of her wretched offspring. The intense grief of the poor woman appeared to affect

the old Priest, for stepping across the hut he took her hand, and raising her from the floor, he said,

"Leave him to me, Magdalen, leave him to me, and I trust the Saints will yet be merciful. Shamus will go with you to the top of the hill, and bid Ned Rooney come here. Say Father Doherty wants him, and he'll come with you."

Magdalen rose at the bidding of the Priest, and pulled the hood of her cloak about her head. She stood for half a minute gazing earnestly on her son, then casting one hasty glance upwards, she turned towards the door, and in company with Shamus left the cabin.

As soon as they were gone, the Priest went to the door, and cautiously shot the wooden bolt that was designed to fasten it; and after making it thus secure, he beckoned me closer to the bed, and stooping over the impenitent sinner, he said,

"Tim—the boys are gone home."

If a red-hot iron had been thrust into his body he could not have started with greater alertness—his eyes suddenly became keen— his face eager—and raising himself on one elbow, he asked, in a deep whisper,

"Were the red-coats in time—eh! were they in time?"

"No," said the Priest, in the same sort of confidential low tone; "the nest was empty"—

"Empty—empty"—said the man, with a vacant stare—"how could that be? Sure the time was fixed, and they're not slow to the work."

"But the boys got frightened," answered the Priest; "the hat of a Saxon fell from the rock, and they ran away."

"The Saxon—the Saxon," he cried, evincing all the symptoms of his former eagerness; "who, who was it—who was it?" he continued urgently, as if it excited an interest superior to the pain he felt, and the wretched circumstances in which he was placed.

"Merely a stranger," replied the Priest, "who was stopping at the Pontoon."

"The Pontoon!" shrieked the man with a momentary expression of fear, which instantly gave way to the fellest hate, as his brow darkened to a scowl, and his bushy eyebrows became knit together.

The old Priest appeared to watch these fluctuations of feeling with great earnestness, and as he was evidently bent on drawing more information from the man than he seemed willing to give, he chose the most suitable opportunity of dropping scattered hints, as the occasion offered.

"There is a rumour," said the Priest, "that the Pontoon was burnt."

"Burnt—burnt," cried the man; "when—when?"—he gasped, and his eyes appeared starting from his head.

"The night before last," answered the Priest.

His countenance fell, and sinking heavily on the straw, he growled,

"False—false as hell!" and he lay still and sullen, as if absorbed in the bitterness of his own dark thoughts.

These slight and disjointed expressions seemed to intimate very clearly that his knowledge of the outrage on the Pontoon was quite as great as his unwillingness to disclose it, and the whole skill of the old Priest and his accurate estimate of character were necessary, before the guilty wretch could be brought to confess the share he had in that diabolical transaction. For this purpose he appeared not to notice Tim's last remark, but said,

"O'Connor knows the White Boys, and the soldiers are after them. Where was it ye got wounded, Tim?"

A deep groan was the only reply, and a heavy gasping of the breath succeeded, as if the last struggle was taking place.

"Tim," said the Priest, "it's dying you are, and what's to become of the blood-money?"

"Who's that?" said Tim; and starting up, and staring wildly round the hut, his dark eyes shining like lighted coals from the livid paleness of his sunken cheeks—"Who's that?" he repeated more earnestly; and then sinking his voice to a whisper, he asked,

"Is it the Steward?"

"Hush!" slightly whispered the Priest.

"Ye's are long a-coming," replied Tim, in the same low, cautious tone.

"Hush!" again whispered the Priest.

"Where is father Tom?" said the dying man; whose sight was evidently so dim that he could have no clear perception of surrounding objects, and whose excited fancy made him liable to the delusions of his own brain, which was now so disordered that he could not distinguish between outward signs and the suggestions of his disturbed intellect.

"After the wench," he said, as if replying to another person; "divil burn him for a fool. He'll ruin us all. Where is she now?"

After this he lay still for a few moments, and appeared as if listening earnestly to the unreal being his fancy had conjured before him; and then suddenly bursting into a coarse, loud laugh, he con-

tinued for some time to chuckle with apparent glee, and every now and then to indulge in repeated explosions of laughter. At length subsiding into a calmer state, he said,

"And the Lady Anne pitched him from the ould window. Faith, bud she's a girl of spirit, and good luck to her. And what did Father James say to it, yer honour?"

He again appeared as if listening, after which he replied,

"Oh, aye—Father James regards nothing but the honour of the Church, as he calls it, and he'd let the divil cuckold his father, if good might come from it;" and he laughed again, as a man would laugh delighted with his own wit.

These broken expressions, which might have been regarded as the wanderings of a disordered mind, were to me matters of the deepest interest, as they appeared to convey some slight and fearful intimations of the fate of that lovely girl with whom my present fortunes were so intimately connected; but judging their character must be offensive to the aged Priest, I suppressed a portion of my own curiosity, and with a view to break the thread of the man's unhallowed thoughts, I stepped forward and said,

"Can you tell us where the lady is confined?"

It was very singular to remark the instantaneous change that came over him. The coarse, jocular expression, gave place to a mixed display of hate and fear, coupled with a slight air of affected indifference, as he said,

"Was it a lady ye's was axing after?"

"Yes," I replied; "the Lady Anne."

He was framing his lips to reply, when a sudden paroxysm of pain came over him, and straining and writhing in dreadful anguish, his face blackened and his eyes appeared as if starting from his head. The most frightful oaths were mingled with howls and groans almost too painful to be endured, in which he appeared to be contending not only with his own conscience, but a host of fiends bodily present, and there came out a succession of dreadful secrets, of the most revolting character. It would not accord with my views of propriety to write down all he uttered, nor could I have gathered half the meaning of what he said, but for the interjectional explanations of the old Priest. From these it appeared, that he had long played the double part of an instigator of violence, and a secret spy and informer to the Government of the day. This fearful state of mental and bodily agony lasted for some minutes. At length he burst into a laugh of derision, and pointing with his finger, he exclaimed,

"There—there—they have it now—they have it now—down wid em—down wid em—huzza—huzza."

Then suddenly changing to a look of horror, he shrunk back—shrivelled himself up—gasped for breath, and appeared anxious to shroud himself from the approach of some dreadful vision. The cold sweat-drops hung large and heavy, the contortions of his frame showed the most intense agony, and thrusting out his hand while averting his head, he shrieked,

"Avant—avant. Why art thou here?—away—away—it was Murdoch that stabbed her—not I—not I." And burying his head in the straw, he continued to thrust and wave with his hand, as if anxious to keep away something that pressed too closely upon him.

The fearful strife that was carrying away his last remaining strength, was not witnessed by Father Doherty without great emotion. He appeared to feel the utter hopelessness of Hoolaghan's condition, and as I thought, with a mixture of bitter regret that his spiritual functions were without avail. He appeared to know many points of his history, and as I afterwards found, the wild and disjointed expressions that fell from him in the course of his mortal struggle, afforded him a full clue to the dreadful career he had run. Now and then an occasional observation of the Priest aroused the half-delirious being from an abstracted stupor, and led him to utter many a dark intimation of desperate and diabolical deeds in which he had been engaged.

After this painful exhibition had continued for some time, the wearied and wounded body appeared to sink under the fierce contention of the mind, and after faintly and feebly gasping several times, he fell back on the straw, and lay as motionless as a corpse. The head dropped on one side—the mouth opened—the half-shut eyes seemed glazed and dim, and to all appearance the dark struggle was over.

"He is gone at last," I remarked—"may God have mercy on him."

"Amen," replied the Priest, at the same time devoutly crossing himself.

"He must have had a heavy load on his conscience," I continued, "for his last thoughts were full of violence and blood."

"They were indeed," said Father Doherty; "and yet not more bloody than his life. He has played the double villain—a chief perpetrator of every outrage, and at the same time in the pay of Government as a secret spy and informer. My information before was pretty correct, and his expressions to-night confirm its truth. I

am convinced that he has been the most active agent in eighteen different murders."

"That's false," said Hoolaghan, springing up fiercely, his black eyes gleaming with the ferocity of a wolf—"it's only fifteen that I touched myself, and four were half-done when I seed em."

"But you fired Rooney's cabin when the child was asleep," said the Priest.

"He desarved it—the thief—he desarved it," said Hoolaghan, fiercely.

"And old Murphy's daughter," continued the Priest.

"She fell in the wather herself," replied Tim.

"But it was to avoid you—was it not?" said Father Doherty.

"She was a fool," replied Hoolaghan.

"And poor old Sullivan, what had he done?" asked the Priest.

"Ax the Steward," said Tim.

"And it was yourself broke into Lady Anne's chamber, and gagged her," continued the Priest.

"Who tould you that?" asked Tim. "Was it father Tom? eh. Was it father Tom?" he continued, in a whisper.

"Father Tom," replied the Priest; and this was spoken in such a way, as it might either pass for an affirmative or an interrogatory. It appeared that Tim understood it in the former sense, for assuming a fierce expression, he exclaimed,

"The villain!—sure himself helped me, and he held the door whilst I bore her out—the villain!"

"And was father James there?" asked the Priest.

"Myself niver seed him," said Tim.

"Where is the Lady Anne?" I inquired, impatient to learn her fate.

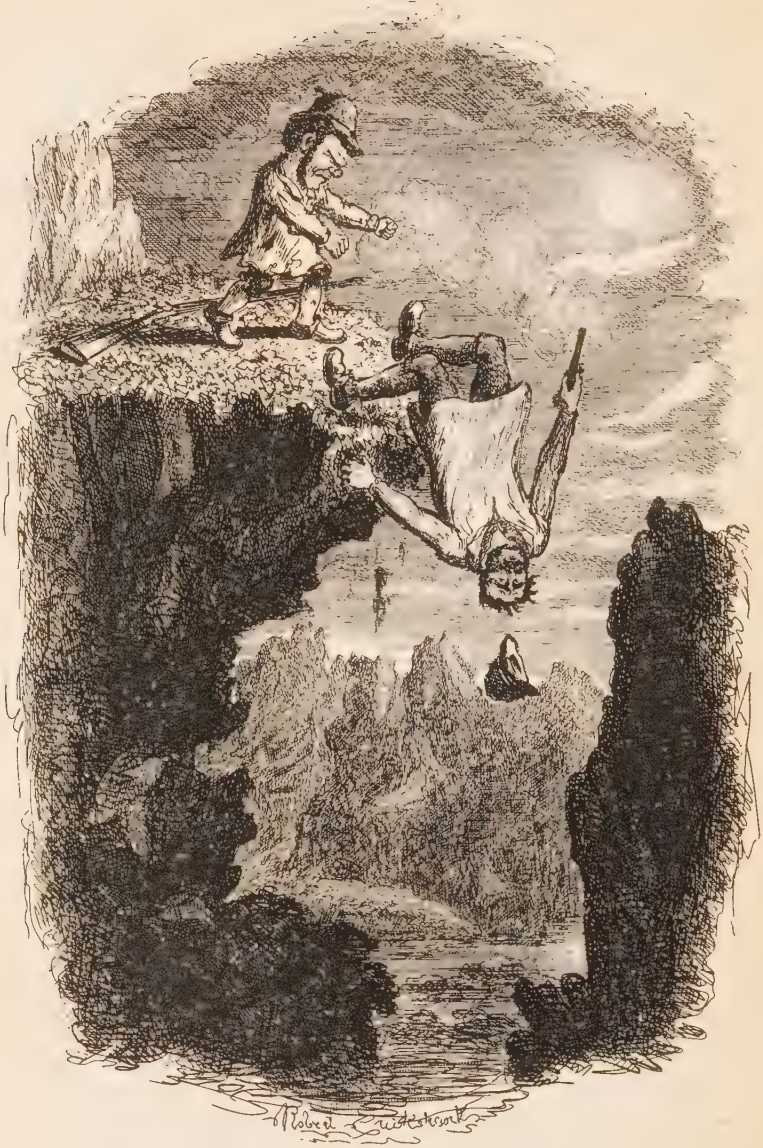
"You have spoiled all," said the Priest impatiently.

It was true. Tim changed his looks—all his habitual caution seemed roused, and relapsing into apathy, he sunk again on the straw, and appeared insensible to every thing around him.

"I crave pardon, your Reverence," I said; "pray excuse me—it was not intentional."

"Nay," said the Priest, recovering his placidity, "there is no need of this—it was to satisfy you, that I questioned him—but it's all over now—he will not speak again."

I could scarcely understand this; the Priest, however, was better acquainted with such scenes than myself, and had observed something about Hoolaghan that I had not noticed. A minute afterwards I was awakened to the truth—the man was dying—his limbs were



gathered up and contracted—his face became sharpened and thin—the eyes rolled fearfully—a deep rattling was in the throat—and after making one or two desperate efforts to rise, he fell back with an agonizing howl, and convulsively shooting out his limbs, he shuddered with a chilly expression of cold, and settled into the stillness of death.

In this instance there was no mistake—Tim was dead. The hue of life was rapidly lost; a ghastly expression came over the corpse, and he lay a loathsome and abhorrent spectacle, over whom none would mourn, save the lonely mother.

"It is over now," said father Doherty—"let us hide him from view—and may the Father of Mercies hide his inquities for ever—Amen."

As he said this, he pulled an old cloak over the dead man's face, and walking to the fire he stirred the dying embers, which revived into a momentary flame, and then subsided into a glow of burning red.

"Even so," said the Priest—"the dead shall revive, but woe to him who shall be doomed in judgment to the fire that is not quenched, and the worm that never dies."

As he said this, a wild cry was heard, apparently at some distance, and yet so fearful as to command immediate attention. Both the Priest and myself were at once arrested by the sound, and looking anxiously to the door, I exclaimed,

"What can that mean?"

"Hark," said the Priest in a deep whisper.

We both stretched to listen—for a moment all was silent. A solitary cricket chirped feebly on the hearth, and we both started.

"Hush," said the priest.

Another terrific shriek was heard, much nearer than before, and unbolting the door, we went outside the cabin, and were just in time to witness a scene of the most painful kind. The full moon was shining bright and clear—on the rock opposite the house, which was steep, ragged and lofty, were two figures—in an instant I could recognise Thady for one—the other had a white shirt outside his other garments—they had evidently been struggling—and the man in white was close to the precipitous edge of the rock.

"Yield and confess—yield and confess," shouted a voice I knew at once to be Thady's; and I could see him flourish a musket, with the butt-end lifted, ready to strike.

"I will—I will"—shrieked the other, close on the verge of the tremendous declivity.

"Quick—quick"—shouted Thady,

"For Tim is on the wing."

A pistol flashed fire—the bullet whizzed through the air, and Thady cried,

"Ye's a baste—and no man—divil burn ye"—and in a moment we saw the miscreant lifted in the air, and dashed over the side of the rock; he rolled headlong down its face, and fell heavily to the ground, where he lay groaning and moaning as if life was nearly extinct.

(To be continued.)

NELSON.

"Brave Nelson led the way:
His ship the Victory named:
Long be that Victory famed,
For victory crown'd the day."

The fame of a hero becomes national property the moment he ceases to exist; it is therefore the bounden duty of every true lover of his country to resist and controvert the charges and aspersions that calumny may attempt to cast upon the memory of departed worth. Nelson, by his ardent and honourable attachment to his native land, commands our warm feelings of regard—his gallantry in maintaining the rights of the British flag, merits our strongest gratitude—and his earnest endeavours to serve old England, demands that his name should descend to future ages untainted by the poisonous breath of scandal. He rose from humble obscurity to titles and distinctions, and these were the rewards bestowed by the Monarch, whose realm he had so ably protected by the defeat of his enemies As the tributes were well earned, so also was the principle just that granted them—they were not given in payment of past services, but as testimonials of his heroic achievements—and they were conferred by the Crown, as the trustee for the people, to evidence the extent of popular esteem. Amongst seamen he was almost idolized, whilst living; and though nearly forty years have elapsed since his death, yet his memorial lives, and shall exist whilst the white cliffs of Albion continue to

be washed by the azure waves, and be held up as a bright example through succeeding generations.

Yet Nelson—the brave Nelson, has been traduced by public writers, and the records of history have been stained by details resting on no other foundation than small facts, distorted by romantic enthusiasm and hearsay tattle, into heavy crimes. How easy a thing it is to beard the dead lion; aye, even by those who would shrink and scream if they saw that "horrible monster," a live mouse, peeping out of his hole. Equally easy is it, if a good name is to be sacrificed, to collect materials with which to light the fire—any rubbish may suit to kindle up a flame, when fanned by the breath of malevolence.

The traitorous capitulation at Saint Elmo—the execution of Caraccioli, and other incidents, have been taken hold of to vilify Lord Nelson, and through the precincts of the grave, to stab the reputation of the dead. An able advocate has, however, arisen, in the person of Captain Miles, of the Royal Navy, who has recently published "A Vindication of Lord Nelson"—in which the charges against his Lordship are, as far as criminality on his part is concerned, clearly refuted. There is a vigour in the Vindication that might well become a younger man: for Captain Miles, an old Trafalgarian, who, like many other brave Officers, was shelfed after that memorable battle when Nelson fell, still feels all his energies revived in defending the honour of the Service, and defeating the calumnies which have been thrown on one of its greatest ornaments—the pride of his country, and the darling of its brave tars. The perusal has awakened many reminiscences of the past, when Nelson was not only fighting with the enemy, but had to encounter the neglect of Government and the apathy of seeming friends—his life was one of privation and toil:—to uphold the honour of his Sovereign, as the great head of the British empire, was the chief object to which he devoted himself:—his was no slavish dependance on the smiles of a King, but the bond of love was freely given to his country, and he sealed his patriotism with his heart's blood.

Brave Nelson! though unassuming and diffident in manners, his generosity and humanity were unbounded; but he was unbending and stern in cases of National delinquency, and a traitor was his soul's abhorrence. Bland and courteous to the advanced in years, and engagingly playful with the young, he was a universal favourite with all. His were not showy, but lasting qualities—the product of nature, and not of art. He is at this moment in my view, as when I last beheld him treading the quarter deck of the Victory, a

few hours previous to his last battle. I had been sent on board the flag ship from my own, in compliance with the signal for a Lieutenant, and on my ascending the after-ladder, I saw his Lordship briskly pacing to and fro till the hour of dining. It was Nelson's practice, every day when the weather permitted, to make the signal for certain Captains to dine with him; and this he did in regular succession, so that ample opportunity was afforded to discuss his intended mode of attack, should the enemy give him an opportunity to engage, and thus the whole of the Captains were well initiated in his plan of operations. He had also a pleasant mode of rendering the return to their respective ships agreeable, for he would signalize to the fleet to "continue their stations, though the Admiral should do otherwise;" and then make sail till he got into a position to give the Captains about an equal distance to pull for their homes. This signal had been flying, but the look-out vessel inshore having reported that the enemy were on the move—the dinner signal was ordered to be annulled—and the hero, working the stump of his arm, was traversing the deck. Plain in his features and attire, there was yet more determination in the look of his dark, solitary eye, than many could have evinced with half a dozen eyes. Still there was a cheerful animation about him, and though not unattended by a presentiment of death, his very soul seemed nerved with gladdened anticipations of a glorious conquest; and as I looked at him, unpretending as he appeared, and not much stouter than a rocket-stick, I could not help being reminded that the gaze of the whole civilized world was fixed upon him, as the man who was destined to humble a brave, but inveterate foe. He detected in a moment that I was a stranger, and he beckoned me towards him. After asking, in the most affable manner, to what ship I belonged, he inquired very kindly after the health of my Commander; and then added, with almost boyish glee, "Tell M——— that I hope, before many hours have passed, we shall have practical proofs of close shaving."

I saw him no more—the battle was fought—the victory was won—but Nelson was a corpse. Revered be his name and memory, honoured even by his enemies, and be credit given to Captain Miles for the noble stand he has made to vindicate his fame.

TO APRIL.

In her radiant robe, of the rainbow's dye,
From her humid home, in the showery sky,
Fair April comes again:
The blustering winds of March are all past,
And the surly Winter is gone at last,
Across the Northern Main.

'Tis a joyous month, and the sunny showers
Awaken the breath of a thousand flowers,
Fresh peeping from the ground—
Though the early snowdrop withers and dies,
Yet the daffodil, crow's-foot, and snow-flake, rise,
And lady-smocks abound.

And the cowslips tall, o'er the daisies wave,
And the marigold loves her roots to lave
Beside the marshy rill;
And the flaunting tulip now courts the eye,
While heart's-ease and violets lowly lie
Afoot of a sunny hill.

And the budding trees are all breaking out
With blossoms and leaves, in a joyous shout,
Their feathery friends to call;
And the swallow, and swift, and martin, come,
With their merry notes, to their ancient home,
Still fast upon the wall.

And the wren, the redbreast, and land-rail, spring,
To meet the cuckoo again on the wing,
As the bittern booms along—
The birds are all chirping that Winter is gone,
And the building of nests goes briskly on,
With twittering, chatter, and song.

ANNE OF MUNSTER.

CHAPTER X.

(With an Illustration.)

"WHAT is that you are doing, Thady?" shouted the Priest, after the momentary shock was over, occasioned by the dreadful fall of the unhappy wretch.

"Giving the divil his due, yer Riverence," replied Thady; "for sure he owns the black sheep, and I would be loath to cheat him out of his property."

"Wretched man," ejaculated the old Priest in great agitation, "how dare you send a soul to its long home before his Maker has called him? Come down and tell me who he is."

"I'll be wid ye immediately," replied Thady; "but pray be aisy till I see if the big baste has any more pistols."

A heavy groan from the bottom of the rock seemed to intimate that all danger from that quarter was over for the present; and Thady, by some means known only to himself, glided down the surface of the precipice, and in a minute afterwards called out,

"The dog's teeth are all drawn, yer Riverence, and he wants ye's here in great haste intirely."

"Let us see this unhappy creature," said the Priest, taking my arm; "he lives, perhaps, and while there is life there is hope."

We descended to the foot of the rock, where the miserable wretch lay groaning, apparently in great pain.

"Where are you hurt?" inquired the Priest, stooping down and examining the recumbent body.

"My heart—my heart"—groaned the poor fellow.

"Are your limbs whole?—are any of your bones broken?" asked the old man anxiously.

"Oh! my heart, my heart," again groaned the sufferer, more deeply than before.

"It must be an internal injury," said the Priest, turning to me, "for his limbs are all safe, and the bones are all whole."

"Oh! my heart, my heart," mourned the poor creature, and he appeared to be oppressed with intolerable pain.

"Who is it, Thady?" asked his Reverence—"and where did you find him?"

Thady had been looking on attentively, and watching with great apparent anxiety the movements of the Priest.

"It's Ned Brallaghan," he said, "and I found him in the ould cave in the Divil's Glyn."

"And what brought ye to the top of the rock?" asked the Priest.

"He tould me a lie, and wanted to bother me," replied Thady.

"And why did you throw him down?" inquired the old man.

"By rason o' the pistol, yer Riverence," replied Thady. "He promised to surrinder and confess, and then he outs with the bull-dog and snaps at me. Bad luck to him—he should hev stuck to the shillelagh—so he should."

"My heart—my heart"—feebly moaned the wounded man; and, judging from the tone, that he was growing weaker, and would probably soon cease to live, I suggested the propriety of trying to obtain some information on the mysterious subjects which surrounded us, before life was wholly withdrawn.

"You are right—you are right," said the Priest; "the time is short, and there is much to do."

He stooped down by the side of the wounded man, and taking hold of his hand, he said,

"Ned Brallaghan—your minutes are numbered—have you any thing to say to the Priest before you die?"

A deep groan was the only reply.

"Is it with blood on your hands ye would go down to the grave, Ned?" asked the old Priest, solemnly.

"My heart—my heart—oh! my heart"—responded the dying man.

"Was ye near Tim Hoolaghan's?" continued the Priest.

"It was himself that was trying to kill the Saxon, then," said Thady; "and sure the gun was warm when I cotched him."

"Trying to kill me," I said; "what would he kill me for?"

"What was it ye wanted to kill the Saxon for?" asked the Priest.

"He was a spy," said the man sulkily.

"A spy!" cried the Priest; "who told you he was a spy?"

"Tim—Tim Hoolaghan," said the man.

"Tim deceived you then, Ned," replied the Priest; "it was himself that was a spy and informer both."

"Tim—Tim an informer!" said Ned, striving to raise himself, but the effort was too much for his exhausted strength, and he fell heavily down, and groaned with a bitter groan, faintly articulating,

"Impossible."

"It's as true as yon moon is in Heaven," said the Priest solemnly.

"Thin he's a bigger villain than the divil," said Ned; "and may the big divil eat him!"

"He is beyond your curses now," said the old man; "let the dead sleep—and if ye'd go to a better place, make haste and repent, for it's not long the life will be in you."

"Oh! my heart—my heart," groaned the suffering creature; "my heart—my heart—and Tim a spy."

"Yes," said the Priest; "and he had sold the boys in the valley beyond the Pontoon, to the soldiers."

"Oh, the villain! the big villain!" said Ned, with mingled pain and indignation. "It's myself ull tell all—all—all," he continued, as if pursuing some internal course of thought; and then faintly beckoning to the Priest, he said,

"Will yer Riverence pray for me? Is there any hope of marcy? Will the Vargin be pitiful, yer Riverence? Will she be pitiful?"

"If ye confess and repent, Ned," answered the old man with deep solemnity—"if ye confess and repent, ye shall find mercy."

Ned burst into a flood of tears—he sobbed hysterically—now and then the pain he was suffering forced a deep groan, but suppressing this, he continued to sob and weep with excessive emotion. At length growing more calm, he said,

"Mine is a bloody tale, yer Riverence—mine is a bloody tale—but listen. I was onst a dacent boy, and barring the folly o' youth, quite innocent—but the drhink, yer Riverence—it was the drhink that ruined me; for I lost my place by rason o' the whiskey, and then the money was wanted, and Tim tould me how to git money, and the drhink was more plintiful, and blood was nothin when the money and drhink was wanting. Yer Riverence has heard o' the great fire near Banagher—the ould house was burned down to the ground, and may be ye'll have heard how all the family was burned to cinders—but ye's will not have heard that they were all killed before the house was fired, and that the plate and the cash was taken—but it's thrue, though—for myself and Tim and the boys that were berrid the night at the ould Abbey, and two or three more, were there for hours before—and sure we ate up the vittals, and drhank the drhink, and the dead bodies beside us all the time—and may be the gashes in their throats, and the cuts in their breasts, were no sport to us—bud, yer Riverence, it's all thrue—the ould man and his wife, and the three daughters, and the young child—Tim tould us to do for 'em all. And then the O'Neils—the man and his wife, and they jist married—and the young cratur put herself forrud to be kilt first, and axed us to spare her husband—and one dagger was

enough for both. Bud, yer Riverence, it's one tale all over—we did not mind the life when the money was to the fore—myself has done more nor twelve, and Tim planned it all. Will the Vargin be marciful, yer Riverence? Will she?"—

"It's confessing you are, Ned, not repenting," said the Priest.

"Och! but myself ull repint directly," said Ned. "Will the Vargin be marciful?"

"What made ye attack the Pontoon?" inquired the Priest.

"Sure the Englisher had loads of baggage," replied the man; "and Tim said he'd be easily done for, and the lake was convanient; and besides,"—

"Besides what?" said the Priest.

"Father Tom said he was a meddling heretic," replied Ned, "and he interfered with the lady at Cliff Abbey."

"What lady?" asked the Priest anxiously.

His question was too late—the man sunk suddenly down, put his hand to his side, and gasping faintly "My heart—my heart," shot out his limbs convulsively and immediately expired.

"The divil has him, yer Riverence; the divil has him," shouted Thady; "and may he not repint of his bargin."

"Hush!" said the old Priest sternly—"such matters are too awful for jesting."

Thady appeared to feel the rebuke, for turning away from the dead body, he muttered,

"The ould-un is right—may the Vargin keep us."

My own feelings at the time, as may be readily supposed, were of a very painful character; for in addition to the solemnity created by witnessing two such deaths, and under circumstances of such painful interest personally, there was the cruel disappointment of knowing that each of these persons were able to have explained the mystery hanging over the fate of the Lady Anne, and probably to have suggested the means of her deliverance. Now it was all dark—we had heard enough to convince us of her danger—we had learned that she was the victim of some black and desperate scheme—but where she was—who were her enemies—what object they had in view—and what were the fittest means to aid her—we could not tell. In proportion as the interest I took in her welfare increased, the deeper was my disappointment when I found that all avenue to superior knowledge was now effectually and for ever closed. They both had been instruments in effecting her captivity—either could have given the clue to her prison—and now both were shut up in

the silence of death, and neither hint nor discovery could be obtained for ever.

"It is a dark tale," I exclaimed with a sigh, "and no one can solve the mystery."

"Be not too sure of that," said a soft musical voice immediately above us; and lifting up our heads we beheld the dim and shadowy form of the White Lady, floating, as it were, in the mouth of a cave which opened in the front of the rock, and receding into its depths till no longer visible, we heard her sing, in tones that had no similitude to an earthly voice,

"When night grows most dreary,
Then daylight is near;
When the foot grows most weary,
Then rest is more dear;
There is light on the mountain,
There's hope on the way,
There is life in the fountain,
And joy in the day."

What these words might mean, we could not tell. The sudden appearance of this mysterious being—the interest she appeared to take in these singular events—the unearthly attributes of her form and movements—and the wild and exquisite strains she uttered—all conspired to throw us into a state of doubt, fear, and amazement. The old Priest was as much at a loss, apparently, as myself; whatever might be the convictions of his reason, it was evident that he felt some degree of terror; and both of us found how much easier it is to satisfy our reason of the fallacy of supernatural appearances, by day, than it is by night; and that although probably neither the Priest nor myself could have been brought to admit the existence of a visible disembodied spirit, yet the tremulous vibrations of our nerves, under these unaccountable circumstances, would leave us no room to vaunt ourselves for too much courage in such encounters.

"Again"—I exclaimed—"she is there again. What can it mean?"

"Let us trust in Heaven," replied the old Priest, evidently moved and affected beyond his wont—"let us trust in Heaven, and Heaven will protect all who trust therein."

Sympathising, in a great degree, with the old man's feelings, I stood still for a few moments absorbed in thought on this strange appearance, when Thady, whose hearing and sight seemed far beyond mine, exclaimed,

"It's a goodly company we'll have soon—they are coming thick and threefold."

"Who are coming?" asked the Priest.

"Oh, it's ounly jist a pair and a half," replied Thady, "and it's on the top of the hill they are."

We turned to look in the direction he pointed, and I could just dimly descry some objects moving in the distance, but who or what they were it was impossible to say.

"By dad," exclaimed Thady, laughing, "bud it's ounly Shamus and mother Hoolaghan along wid her next-door neighbour, and myself thought it a dozen or more."

As Thady surmised, the parties, who now approached, proved to be the widow Hoolaghan and Shamus, along with the man required by the Priest. With a feeling of marked delicacy towards the childless mother, he stepped forward to meet her, and thus prevented the distressing view of the dead body at the foot of the rock.

"Is that you, Rooney?" asked the Priest.

"The same, yer Riverence," replied the man.

"Thady wants your help," continued the Priest, as he motioned him to pass, at the same time taking my arm and walking towards the hut, where we were followed by its wretched inmate, to find man's last enemy in full triumph over her still more wretched son.

"Magdalen," said the old Priest, and his voice slightly faltered as he spoke, "he sleeps the last sleep. May the Lord have mercy upon him!"

"Did he confess, yer Riverence—did he confess?" inquired the poor woman with great anxiety—"and did ye's give him the parting blessing?"

The old Priest was about to reply, but was prevented by the passionate grief of Magdalen as she came in view of the dead body of her son. Forgetful of every consideration beside, all the strong feelings of the mother rushed over her heart, and regardless of our presence she gave way to the wild grief which overwhelmed her spirit, and flinging her aged and emaciated body on the yet warm corpse, she embraced and kissed it with the most ardent affection. She then laid her face for a minute or two on his cheek, and then again passionately kissed him; then stretching herself to her arms-length from him, she gazed with the most earnest expression on his face, as if unconscious of his death; and in a minute or two afterwards, as the dreadful reality broke upon her mind, she uttered a wild scream, that pierced our ears like the expiring agony of a breaking heart, and fell motionless on the body.

"Nature has given way at last," said the old Priest with affecting

solemnity. "In the midst of life, we are in death. May God be merciful to her departing soul!"

The poor woman slowly raised her head—turned a thankful eye on the Priest—smiled with peculiar satisfaction, and dropping slowly down, gave up her spirit into the hands of her Creator.

"She has gained the haven," said the old man with a feeling of placid exultation. "Many a rude storm has she weathered, but her end is peace."

He stood gazing for a few moments on the inanimate bodies—then lifting his eyes upwards, appeared engaged in mental devotion—and as the ruddy light from the fire fell on his fine features, he looked like one of those Saintly forms which some of the old painters have delighted to portray, and which make us forget the distinctions of creeds, in that genuine piety which shines superior to them all.

After waiting a few minutes in respectful silence, I stepped to the door, and observing Thady approaching, in company with the strange man, I asked,

"What place was it the man named where the Lady Anne is confined?"

"True, true," said the Priest hastily; "I had forgotten that. We must see to the Lady Anne. Thady," he continued, coming to the door, "was it Cliff Abbey the man spoke of?"

"Jist that same," replied Thady, "and a purty habitation it is for a could morning."

"I am afraid the Lady Anne is confined there, however," said the Priest.

"The Lady Anne!" cried Shamus, coming forward—"Anne of Munster! The Saints be gud to us—for it's well at home she was six days agone, when myself seed her—the darlint—as she spoke kindly to Cathleen—God bless her."

"There has been foul play since then," replied the Priest, "and the men who have died to-night took her forcibly from home."

"The Vargin pity her poor mother, thin," said Shamus, very feelingly; "for her life was tied up in the Lady Anne."

"The life had left her before," said Thady; "and it was from her mother's could grave they tore her."

"Dead"—said the old Priest with astonishment—"dead—is the Lady of Munster dead?"

"Myself saw the hearse," replied Thady.

A painful silence ensued, in which the legend of the White Lady of the Cliff rose vividly to my mind, and the singular apparition I had witnessed so many times, appeared most mysteriously connected

with the recent events; and in that lonely country, in the immediate vicinity of the dead, and at the still hour of night, some vague and indistinct apprehensions stole across the mind concerning the ghostly nature of that singular vision. The Priest was evidently ruminating in a similar train; his eye for a moment rested on mine, and I could observe the strange and doubtful traces of his troubled thoughts. After a few minutes had elapsed, he said in a firm voice,

"We must try to aid this unfortunate lady. Her life is in peril, and to-morrow may be too late."

As the Priest uttered these words, our attention was aroused by the same soft, musical voice, that we had heard before, and the dim outline of this strange figure appeared floating near the mouth of a cave, half-way up the perpendicular rock. The words were evidently designed as a reply to what the Priest had said—they ran thus:

"This, this is the hour:
The chosen of fate:
When daylight gains power,
All help is too late.
The wolf is abroad,
And hath scented the prey;
Is the shepherd at hand
That should fright him away?
There's a cloud on the moon,
And a light on the hill:
Let vengeance come soon,
Or for ever lie still."

The latter part of these words fell faintly on the ear, the figure receding at the same time; and as the last sounds died away, nothing could be seen in the deep darkness of the cave's mouth. All was blank to the eye—all was silent to the ear—a cloud had obscured the fair face of the moon—and turning round, we beheld, on a distant eminence, a bright flame suddenly rising, that was strangely in unison with the mysterious words of the White Lady.

"What can all this mean?" I asked, as soon as the momentary surprise had subsided.

"Mean!" said the Priest; "it means that the shepherd must look after the wolf. Let us up and away."

The path we pursued led directly away from the Devil's Glen, and after ascending for half a mile or more, dropped suddenly down into a narrow gorge between two lofty mountains, composed chiefly of shaggy and irregular rock. The ground was boggy and soft, and every now and then tottered and shook as we passed along. More than once or twice had Thady to shout lustily in order to keep us in

the proper track, and it was wonderful to observe the twists and turns he made to avoid the dangerous places. Every inch of it seemed to be well known to him, but a lone stranger must certainly have perished.

In the course of half an hour we had passed the bog, and winding by a zigzag path over one shoulder of the farther mountain, we came in view of a distant lake, the surface of which appeared broken by many pointed rocks, rising like the spires of an inundated city. Our path ran straight for some time in the direction of the lake, and then wound away to the right, where some rocky projections hid it from our view. After another half hour's walking we again approached the lake, and this time were close by it. The same singular character prevailed, and in many places the rocks rose to the height and were of the dimensions of a large Cathedral; some spiral and thin, others round and bulky; others, again, were largest at the top, and supported on columns apparently too feeble to sustain the load. One of the latter description was very remarkable; its ponderous head was not only vastly disproportioned to the pillar on which it stood, but the whole mass was lying on one side, as if it had been suddenly arrested by the power of magic when in the act of falling.

"That is a most singular rock," I remarked, at the same time stopping, and turning to the Priest.

"Singular on more accounts than one," replied the old man. "It is called the 'Lady's Cliff;' and it was on that very rock the lady appeared, after being thrown in the water by her brutal husband."

As he said these words we both stood facing the rock, and were startled by the sudden apparition of the same mysterious figure, whose history seemed so strangely identified with this desolate cliff.

"Holy Mother of God," said the old Priest, greatly affected, "have mercy upon us—have mercy upon us."

"Can it be flesh and blood?" I exclaimed, no less astonished; "or is it really a being of another world, made palpable to our sense?"

"Oh musha, thin, yer honour," cried Shamus, "bud it's the White Lady herself, and bad luck ull follow."

"Where is she gone?" I cried, looking again at the rock, which was now as naked and tenantless as when we first came near it. "Is there some internal passage, or has she

'Melted into thin air?'"

"Let us not pry too curiously," replied the old Priest, "but take the path of duty, and trust for protection in Him who is all powerful."

"Are we far from Cliff Abbey?" I inquired.

"It is there, on the hill before us," replied the old man.

"Let us leave the spirit, or whatever it is, then," I said, "and try what we can do for the Lady Anne, if she is yet alive."

This suggestion quickened the pace of the aged Priest. Whenever any point of benevolence connected with his calling crossed his mind, it seemed to give a double impulse to his exertions, and the elasticity of youth to his frame. He walked with great briskness along the narrow path which skirted the water, descended the hill, and began to ascend the opposite side, and then stopping suddenly, he cried, "What has become of Thady?"

"Thady," I replied—looking round in every direction—"is he not on before?"

"He may be," said the old man, "but I cannot see him, and we are now within half a mile of the Abbey, and are likely enough to need his assistance."

"Do you anticipate violence?" I inquired, regretting having left the fire-arms belonging to Brallaghan at the foot of the rock where he fell.

"There has been too much displayed already," said the Priest, "to allow us to hope otherwise now."

"If we had Brallaghan's gun," I said, "we might have a better chance of enforcing our way."

"It is better as it is," replied the old man; "the sight of those weapons often provokes violence, and would be a poor protection against others who are more accustomed to use them. I would rather have Thady than ten muskets."

"Is it not singular he should leave us just now?" I asked.

"It is," replied the Priest; "but all his actions are singular, and his motives are different to those of other men."

We were now threading a narrow path, that led along an ancient watercourse—here and there were huge blocks of stone, that appeared partially worn away by the strong currents that had swept past them—hollow places were filled with loose, smooth pebbles, and again the hard, bare rock, presented a level surface to our feet. As we drew nearer to the top of the hill, we could observe the ragged outline of the old Abbey, standing out in a dark mass against the moon-lit sky, relieved here and there by patches of light where the walls or windows had given way to the ravages of time, and forming a grand and imposing picture, calculated to fill the mind with admiration and awe. It stood on the top of a bold rock, and its outer walls extended to the very edge of the cliff, which descended

nearly perpendicularly to the waters of the lake, and as I could easily see, had obtained its designation of "Cliff Abbey" from the singular position in which it was placed.

"Is the place uninhabited?" I asked, perceiving it more ruinous than I had at first imagined.

"Not wholly so," said the Priest, "although its appearance would lead to such a conjecture. It was once a very flourishing place," continued the old man with a sigh, "but it is long since; and for many, many years, its old walls have been gradually sinking to decay. About thirty years ago an attempt was made to fit up some part of it for a community of Nuns, but the authorities were jealous, and intimated their displeasure. What was done, was done therefore privately, and with the connivance of some friendly Magistrates in the neighbourhood; but it was too limited for service, and too narrowly watched to extend. Six or eight sisters found a dreary refuge in the old walls, and a portion of them remained alive till within a very short period. I have not lately been this way, and cannot say exactly whether any of them are now living. About six months ago two only remained, the one bed-ridden and blind and the other scarcely able to move with paralysis and old age."

"It is a melancholy picture," I replied; "and they are nice companions for the young and beautiful Lady Anne."

"If they are the worst," said the old man thoughtfully, "she will not sustain much harm. I wish Thady was here," he continued; "his knowledge of the localities would greatly serve us, and besides he might be allowed to enter, where other men dare not look."

"Regret is useless," I remarked, as we came close up to the old gate of the Abbey, which was stuck in the face of the solid rock, and appeared to lead by a subterranean passage to the platform on the cliff, where the Abbey stood.

"It is, indeed," said the old Priest with a sigh; "since it always comes too late, and rarely makes us wiser for the future."

As the old man's tones died tremulously away, we stood still before the entrance to this dreary place, and the deep silence of night was unbroken by any sound of living thing. The low, moaning sighs of the wind, swept feebly past the old walls, and to a fanciful mind, might be supposed to be mourning the progress of decay. The murmuring voice of the restless waves, as they broke on the beach below, came stealthily up the hill, and created a melancholy feeling that crept coldly over the frame.

"What shall we do?" I asked softly, as the old Priest seemed lost

in thought. "Shall we rouse the inmates to open the gate, or is there any other entrance besides the one before us?"

"I know of no other entrance than this," he replied, "and no other way than to knock at the door. Our motives are pure—our designs are good—what or whom should we fear? In the name of Heaven, knock."

The command of the old man was speedily obeyed. The ponderous iron knocker, rusted over and half decayed, fell heavily against the old gates, and waked up the echoes far and wide, which appeared to answer each other amongst the distant hills, and then died away into a silence deeper than before. We waited, anxiously listening—but there was no response—no sound of approaching footsteps—no voice demanding "who's there?" All seemed silent and dreary as if we were standing at the gates of the grave.

"Try again," said the Priest.

Both Shamus and I seized the ponderous knocker, and uniting our strength we gave a succession of powerful blows, that were loud enough to have wakened the seven sleepers. But the sleepers within were not awakened; or if awake, they took no notice of our violent appeal for admission.

"It is useless knocking," I said, after waiting two or three minutes; "we had better try and force the door."

"A useless labour," said the old man; "the strength of ten men could not disturb these massy gates.'

As he said these words, he put out his hands as if to feel the strength of the door, when, greatly to our surprise, the huge framework yielded to his feeble touch, and gradually opening to either side, left the dark passage through the rock without obstruction.

The old man stepped back as the gates gave way, evidently alarmed, and fearful of some act of treachery.

"Who is there?" he exclaimed, with a slight tremour in his voice, that betrayed the inward agitation of his mind. There was no response—all was still and silent as death—the massy gates lay back against the sides of the rock, and there was neither voice nor footstep, nor the sound of breath. We looked at each other with mutual surprise; poor Shamus shook from head to foot, and with chattering teeth ejaculated,

"We'll all be kilt intirely, and it's speechless I am wid fear."

"So it would seem," I said, forcing a laugh; "but come, let us explore the passage that is now open before us."

"Even so," said the old Priest, recovering his wonted composure, and taking my hand; we passed the gates, and followed by the

affrighted Shamus, entered the gloomy gateway through the rock. When we had proceeded a few yards, I perceived the ground to be gradually rising, and as it wound considerably to the right we soon lost sight of the gateway, and were wrapped in total darkness. It was owing also to the circuitous winding of the path, that there was no appearance of light at the farther end; and whatever contrivances might formerly have existed for remedying this defect, nothing was now perceptible in the deep darkness which filled this gloomy road. Not a word was uttered as we passed slowly on—the sound of our footsteps making a kind of whispering echo, that smote painfully on the ear—and more than once the long-held breath of Shamus broke forth with the loudness of an audible voice, and startled us with the apprehensions of a secret foe.

After the lapse of some minutes, and on turning rather sharply to the left, we suddenly came in view of a rugged archway, through which the moon was brightly shining, but the lower part was obstructed with gates similar to those we had left at the entrance below.

"Will these open as easily as the last?" I said doubtfully.

"We shall soon see," replied the old man, as he stepped forward to repeat the former experiment; but finding they would not stir, he exclaimed,

"This is worse than the former obstruction, and our labour is all in vain."

"Let me try," I said, stepping forward, and putting my shoulder to the gate, endeavoured to force it open, but in vain. The heavy gate would not move, but seemed as firm as the solid rock to which it was attached.

"What shall we do now?" I inquired, desisting from the vain attempt.

"Hark," said the Priest, lifting up his hand, with the fore-finger extended.

At this instant a loud clap like thunder rolled up the cave, and was succeeded by a roar of laughter as loud and dissonant. The sound of rapid footsteps was immediately heard, and before we had recovered from our surprise, up rushed Thady, laughing and shouting,

"Father Tom has got the sack—Father Tom has got the sack—and bad luck to him for iver."

"What mean you?" said the Priest, becoming suddenly composed when he found it was Thady. "What mean you by Father Tom? who is he? and why did you leave us?"

"Soft and aisy, yer Riverence—soft and aisy," replied Thady,

"and we'll jist go and take a peep of the dirty scoundrel from the top of the cliff."

"But how shall we pass the gates?" asked the Priest. "They are fastened on the other side, and we cannot move them."

"Good rason," said Thady, "or the wolf had been in."

As he said this he ran up the gate like a cat, and creeping through a hole in the rock, at the side, in a moment afterwards dropped down beyond it, and withdrawing the bolts, gave us a free passage to the top of the rock, where the heavy walls of the half-ruinous Abbey rose darkly against the sky, and seemed to frown in sullen majesty on the scene below.

"This way, yer Riverence, this way," cried Thady; "and lit us see how the wolf looks whin he cannot git into the fould."

We followed Thady by a narrow path, that ran winding and twisting along the edge of the rock, until we came to a part of the cliff which overlooked the entrance; and on arriving there, beheld two men, muffled in long coats, vainly endeavouring to force open the ponderous gates.

"Is it trying to warm yerselves ye's are after?" cried Thady, in a tone of derision. "Faith, ye may save the labour, for it's warm enough ye'll both be by-and-bye, whin the ould-un gits hould of ye's."

"He'll have hold of you first," said a deep voice from one of the men below, which reminded me of the younger Priest I had first seen a few days before; and as he spoke, his arm was raised towards us, and a pistol snapped, but flashed in the pan.

"Back," said Thady to us, "and I'll tache him manners."

We shrunk back accordingly, and Thady skipped over the rock, and in a minute afterwards rolled down a huge and irregular fragment, that thundered and smoked as it rolled along, capable of crushing twenty men. A tremendous crash was heard as it fell, and again looking towards the gates we beheld the two figures running hastily down the hill, as if a legion of fiends were in full cry after them.

"May the divil take the hindmost," said Thady, jumping from the rock, and laughing; "but he's sure of 'em both, and so he's in no hurry to fetch 'em."

"Hush, Thady," said the Priest; "you are too free with matters that do not belong to you."

"Why sure, yer Riverence," replied Thady, "there can be no harm in spaking thruth, any way."

"It will depend on the motive with which it is spoken," said the Priest; "but who are the men you have frightened away?"

"Myself knows one," said Thady, "and guesses the other."

"Who is the one you know?" asked the Priest.

"Father Tom, of Ballyrogue," replied Thady.

"And the other you guess at?" pursued the Priest—but before Thady could reply, the figure of a man was observed creeping stealthily along the farther wall, and evidently trying to gain an entrance to the Abbey unobserved.

"The beach—the beach," shouted Thady, and he sprang off in the same direction with the agility of a greyhound, and rounded the corner in pursuit of the intruder.

As we lost sight of them behind the building, the poor old Priest shook with emotion: these rapid transitions and sudden excitements appeared too much for his feeble frame, and fearing he would be injured by longer exposure, I suggested the propriety of seeking the interior.

"It is of no use," said the Priest somewhat peevishly, "unless Thady were with us. What can have become of him?" he continued, looking round; "will he never be back?"

"Can we not find the Lady Anne?" I asked, anxious to awaken his former interest, and to divert him from his present desponding feelings.

"No, we cannot," he replied rather sharply; and then immediately recollecting himself, he said, "we cannot find her, I fear, without Thady's assistance."

"Let us seek him then," I said; "he cannot be far off, and the time is precious."

As I said this, we turned round the corner of the buttressed wall, and came into a part of the building where two wings ran out a considerable distance, and formed a sort of square recess between them. In the centre of this recess we found Thady kneeling on the prostrate body of the man he had chased, and busily engaged in fastening his limbs with a rope.

"What is that you are after, Thady?" said the Priest, as we approached.

"Jist taching him to lie still till I wants him, yer Riverence," replied Thady; "it's a long pair of legs he has of his own, and I won't take leg-bail from him for the next half hour."

"What was he doing here, Thady?" asked the Priest.

"May be he'll spake for himself," replied Thady, rising; having now finished his task, and made the poor fellow as fast as if fettered in iron.

"Who are you?" asked the Priest; "and what brought you here?"

The man returned no answer.

"Will you reply?" continued the Priest; "it may be all the better for you."

Still no answer was returned, and the Priest turning round to me, observed,

"Here is another specimen of the Hoolaghan breed. Let us leave him to repent of his folly; and now, Thady," he continued, "how shall we find this unfortunate lady?"

"By a secret passage through the wall, at the foot of the left-hand stair," said a soft, sweet voice, above us; and looking up, we beheld the dim outline of a female face, at a small loop-hole in the wall.

"It is the Lady Anne—it is the Lady Anne," shouted Shamus, leaping and capering with joy, and dancing about half frantic with delight; in which I felt half inclined to join, so much was I rejoiced to find her still alive, after the heavy and painful doubts I had experienced on her account. The poor old Priest appeared equally pleased, and in his usual way offered a fervent ejaculation of praise for this happy event; while Thady burst out into one of his wild strains, and at the very top of his voice roared out, without regarding the time,

"'Is there a heart that never loved?
Nor felt soft woman's sigh?
Is there a man can mark, unmoved,
Dear woman's tearful eye?'

Myself 'ud bate the life out of him if he did," continued Thady; "and Shamus, sure ye's be afther kissing Cathleen the morn's morrow."

"Oh! wereasthrue," replied Shamus; "she'll think me kilt intirely—bud the Lady Anne ull make it right."

"Aye, true, true, the Lady Anne," said the Priest; "the Lady Anne. Thady, can you find the passage?"

Thady had apparently got into one of his singing fits, for without replying to the Priest directly, he sang,

"I'm the finest guide that ever you see:
I know every place of curosity
From Ballinafad to Tanderagee,
And if you're for sport come along wid me."

He moved as he sang, and leading the way, entered the walls of the Abbey through a low door, which was nearly concealed in one of the huge buttresses in the corner; and still singing as he went on,

as if to let us know the way he was going, he opened first one door and then another, and ascending by a narrow, winding stair, he brought us at length to a low gallery which ran along one side of the pile, and was lighted by narrow apertures through the carved stone-work of the old windows.

At the farther end of this gallery was a door, strongly bolted on the outer side, and studded with iron knobs, as if designed as a place of confinement. There was no difficulty in shooting the bolts, and with a mixture of feelings not easily described, I stood ready to enter the apartment where the fair young girl was confined.

"Will you go first?" I said to the Priest, at the same time stepping deferentially back.

"The shepherd should care for the lambs of his flock," said the old man, "and I will pass on in the name of the Most High."

He opened the door and entered. With emotions of a very powerful kind, I followed, and Thady and Shamus brought up the rear.

The room was large and lofty; stone arches ran along the top, and the walls were of the same strong material. A rude pallet bed was at the farther end, at the foot of which was placed a small crucifix. Two or three rudely-shaped chairs stood about the floor, and an iron lamp was burning on a small bracket in the wall. The lovely inmate of this dreary apartment had risen from her chair, and was just in the act of returning thanks for her deliverance, when a part of the solid wall appeared to open, and the same tall figure in white, that we had seen so often, glided into the room, and stood within a few yards of the Lady Anne. For half a minute the latter appeared sinking with terror—then suddenly changing her looks to the most animated expression of delight, she rushed forward, and flinging her arms round the figure in white, she exclaimed,

"My mother—oh! my dearest mother"—and sank delighted on her breast.

TO MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKEN.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

Omen of rising wind and wave—
Dark hoverer o'er the seaman's grave—
Child of the lightning and the blast,
Skimming the billow tops so fast,
And dashing on through foam and spray,
Floating in air thy liquid way—
Come, show us where the tempests rise!
Whether from ocean, earth, or skies!
And whilst around they fling their spell,
Acquaint us where the storm-fiends dwell!
Are they in caverns of the sea,
Holding their fearful revelry:
Then shrieking in the sailor's ears,
Torment his mind with doubts and fears,
As clinging to the topmast-head
Visions of dying and the dead
Flit by, with piercing howl and yell,
To sound a drowning messmate's knell:
And when the spectral crew have flown,
Leave presage it may be his own?

Or tell us of the softer charm,
That lulls the gale, and brings the calm:
Or the sweet influence of the breeze,
That wafts us o'er the rolling seas,
Which sparkle in the sun's bright rays,
Cheering the heart to joy and praise:
Or moon-beams, dancing on the stream,
Emblem of Hope's delusive dream!

Art thou a tenant of the clouds,
That play amongst the lofty shrouds?
Or do thy weary pinions rest,
Folded across thy downy breast,
Cradled in Nature's balmy sleep,
Upon the bosom of the deep?
Art thou the imp of sighs and groans—
The messenger of Davy Jones—
That sire of mischief and of trick,
By lubber landsmen named old Nick?
Or dost thou skim along our lee,
Then dip, and straight to windward flee,
An honest, gen'rous, friendly sprite,
That in thy rapid, swimming flight,

Dare tell us of approaching gales,
And warn us to reduce our sails,
Before the fury of the storm
Comes down, the waters to deform,
And fling them upwards to the sky,
In billows running mountains high!

Come, tell us all—bring in thy bill,
Whether it be for good or ill—
We will not shrink, whate'er betide,
Whilst o'er the crested waves we ride;
Claiming, by arduous skill, to reign
As Monarchs of the azure Main.

CROSSING THE LINE.

(With an Illustration.)

For several days we had been laying in a continued succession of calms, broken only at short intervals by light and almost imperceptible airs, that carried the ship stealthily along towards the equator. The sails drooped listlessly from the yards, occasionally flapping against the masts, as the undulating swell of the sea gave them motion. The helm had no control, and the head wavered round to all points of the compass. The rain, at intervals, came pouring down in torrents, as if the windows of Heaven had opened, as in the days of yore; and then the sun would shoot out his intense rays, bringing weariness to the body and a faintness to the spirit—the vast ocean, like a burnished shield, threw off the brilliant reflections from the gorgeous luminary, dazzling to the sight and bewildering to the brain—and notwithstanding the awnings were spread, fore-and-aft, to screen the decks from the scorching heat, both Officers and men of a fine seventy-four were lolling about as if they did not care to stir a single limb. The afternoon came—the sun was descending in the due west when the lofty and lighter canvas slept, though not a breath of wind could be felt below, and the feathered dog-vane clung round the staff—the ship stole silently through the water, and became obedient to the helmsman, who brought her to her proper course, and anxious whistlings were heard, as if by harmony to court the breeze. A piece of paper thrown overboard fell perpendicularly upon the glassy surface of the water, but in a minute

or two had passed away astern, marking the progress of the ship ahead. As evening advanced, her speed was accelerated—the top-sails began to slumber—the sea lost its look of brightness, and assumed a deeper blue, whilst white bubbles arose from the cutwater, and ranged away in mimic foam along the vessel's bends, leaving in her wake a long line to show the track over which she had recently passed. Then came the gentle breeze, sweeping above the bosom of the deep—bracing up the nerves and invigorating the system, as it filled the heavy canvas that swelled to its delicious breathing. All was animation—the topmen busied themselves aloft—the studding sails were set—there was a chattering under the bows, as the ship cleaved the liquid element—the log was hove, and six knots reported. "Hold on, good wind," said the Officer of the watch, "and before daylight we shall have crossed the line."

It was a glorious night, and onward went the seventy-four, as steady and as majestic as the monarch of the waves. Early dawn was seen streaking the eastern horizon with its lovely light—the seamen were preparing to wash the decks—yet scarcely a sound disturbed the quiet of the hour. Suddenly a distant rumbling noise was heard, and a loud splashing in the water, like a shoal of grampuses at play. Soon afterwards, an indistinct utterance of voices seemed to be hailing the ship, and in a few minutes a single, or it might be a double pair of lungs, vociferated, "Ho, the ship ahoy."

"Halloo," responded the Lieutenant of the watch, through his brass trumpet, and every one stood still.

"What ship is that?" demanded the voice. "From whence came you, and where are you bound to?"

"This is his Majesty's ship B———, from England, bound to Rio Janeiro," answered the Lieutenant. "Who are you, and where do you come from?"

"Jist back your main-yard and stop her way a bit, if you please," returned the voice, "for my sea-horses are getting rusty from good feed, and won't mind their helm. Stop her way, and you shall soon see who and what I am."

The main-yard was squared—the progress of the ship was deadened—and again, amidst much splashing and confusion under the bows, the same voice shouted, "Gee—wohoy—woay—wo—avast there, and be blowed to you—can't you be still? Heave us the end of a rope, some of you grinning lubbers upon deck—what are you all staring at?—why, did you never any on you see a Triton afore?" The rope was thrown. "Well-behaved, my lads; now jump over here, one or two of you, and lend us a hand aboard." This request

was also complied with, and presently a most uncouth-looking figure appeared, with half of his naked body above the bulwark, whilst the whole watch, and many who came stealthily from their hammocks, gathered on the forecastle to see what was going on. A huge mass of sea-weed and twisted rope-yarns formed a covering for the head, in the shape of an enormous wig, with a considerable length of pig-tail behind—the body was covered with large fish-scales, that looked, however, very much like tin and pewter—the arms were bare, but ornamented, as was also the neck, with sea-shells and pieces of rock-coral, all of *divers* colours—the face, as much of it as could be seen, was of a dingy snuff-shaded red—the eyes and features displayed a laughter-loving fondness for fun and mischief.

"Here I am, your honour," said he, taking the forelock of his sea-weed covering between the finger and thumb of his left hand, and lugging it a little forward.

The Lieutenant raised his hat in return to the salute. "And what are your commands with us?" asked he.

"I am a Triton, your honour, sent as a messenger by King Neptune, to welcome all hands of you to his derminions," answered the strange-looking being; "and to say as he purposes to pay you a wisit, with Queen Hampertight, to muster the ship's company and claim the humbug (he meant "homage") of his subjects as have never crossed the equiknockshall line afore. And your honour knows as it's of no use to try and gammon him in the regard of the overhauling, for here's a list of names as he expects to see, to do him soot and sarvice, as well to give a friendly hail to owld shipmates—that is, I means friends and acquaintances."

"And that's kind on him, too," said the boatswain, who just made his appearance; "but I'm saying, my scaly blade, do you think that he'll recollect us all?"

"No doubt in the world, Master Blowbellows," answered the Triton; "you see as I knows you. But there's much in regard of the cut and shape of the figure-head, and yours arn't to be easily forgotten, any how."

A most insubordinate burst of laughter followed this response, for the boatswain had about as ugly a countenance as any mortal would be glad to get rid of; and he slued round, mumbling to himself, "Ho—ho—that's it, is it?—all discipline hove to the devil. But never mind, my fine fellow, I'll pay you off for your joke before many dog-watches are out, never fear."

When order was somewhat restored, the Triton handed the list to the Lieutenant—(who had laughed as hearty as any of the rest)—

and again touching his sea-weed, he disappeared. There was the same splashing under the bows—the same "kim up" and "gee wohy," but in a few minutes all was again silent, the sails were filled, and the watch returned to their several duties.

As soon as the decks were washed and dried, a spare topsail was triced up athwart-ships to the after-shrouds of the fore-rigging, so as to conceal every thing forward from those who were abaft; the hammocks were stowed, and the boatswain's mate piped to breakfast. During the meal, the past and expected visits of the morning were amply discussed, and most terrific pictures were given to the uninitiated, of the tortures they would have to undergo.

The breeze had subsided to a light pleasant air, that just kept the sails sleeping—the water was as smooth as a mill-pond, and the decks nearly as level as a paved yard. None but those who had crossed the line before were permitted to witness the first reception of the liquid deity, but exactly at four bells (ten o'clock) in the forenoon watch, the same distant hail was heard and answered—the splashing and noise was much greater than before, and shortly afterwards the screen was raised, and the procession moved aft along the gangway. First came two Tritons, as *avant couriers*, with harpoons; then followed the band, playing "Come, cheer up, my lads;" and next were four other Tritons, two and two. To them succeeded the car (a gun carriage) of Neptune and Amphitrite, drawn by eight most unruly sea monsters, that caused the monarch to sit very shaky and unsteady—his glittering crown tottering on his head—and though his consort appeared to have been very recently close-shaved, yet there was something extremely main-topmanish in her look, and she had either an immense gum-boil or a huge hillock of tobacco in her left cheek; but this latter article admits of a doubt, as ladies, especially Queens, never chaw their quid. Immediately behind the car walked the most important personage of the whole—the Barber, wielding a long tremendous razor, gapped like a hand-saw; and by his side was his mate, with a lather-brush and a bucket, half filled with a compound of abominations. Next appeared Davy Jones, on the back of one of his subordinates, both displaying sprouting horns on their forehead, and

"Such a length of tail behind."

The procession was closed by Tritons and other aquatic attendants, in their proper, or rather improper costume.

The Captain received them on the quarter-deck, and after the

usual compliments and ceremonials, they proceeded to a large tub of water abaft the mainmast, over which a piece of plank was placed for a seat. The first name on the list was called, and being brought up blindfolded, he was placed on the plank to undergo an examination by Davy Jones, whilst the Barber and his assistant stood ready to shave him. The first question was relative to his birth and parentage—and if the innocent dear opened his mouth to reply, slap went the brush, well charged, right into it, and this was repeated as often as he answered. The lather was then daubed over his chin, and the razor roughly scraped a portion of it off; the plank was drawn from under him, and he was left to flounder out of the tub the best way he could, whilst numbers stood ready with buckets to repeat the dose as he ran from his tormentors. The shaving occupied three or four hours, and grog flowed in abundance till the whole ceremony was completed; the decks were then cleared up, and the people indulged in mirthful recreation through the remainder of the day.

PRINTED BY R. ALLEN, ALBION OFFICES, NOTTINGHAM.

BBL